

No 2

MARCH

# WAAFFY DONKEY COMICS

10¢



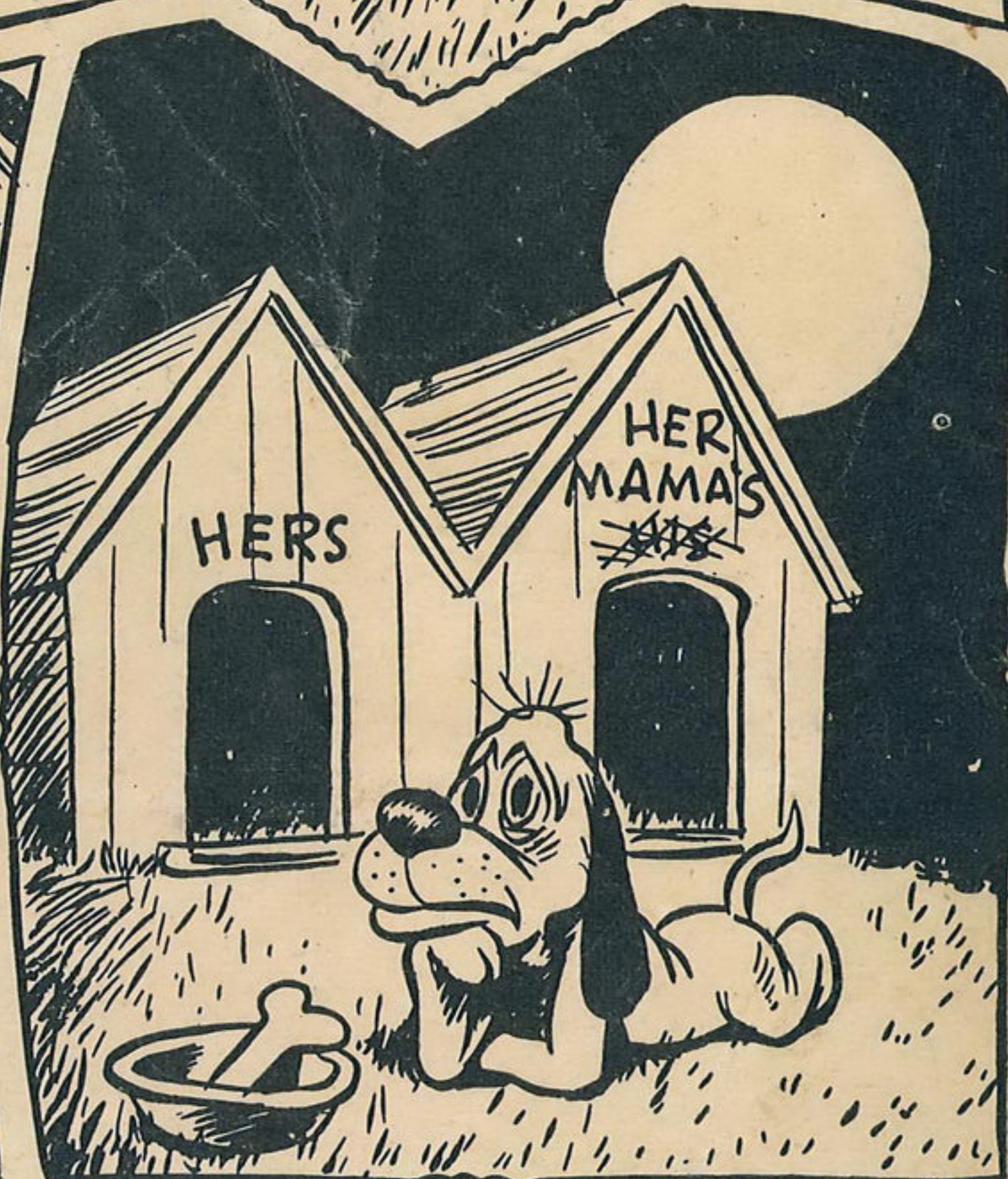
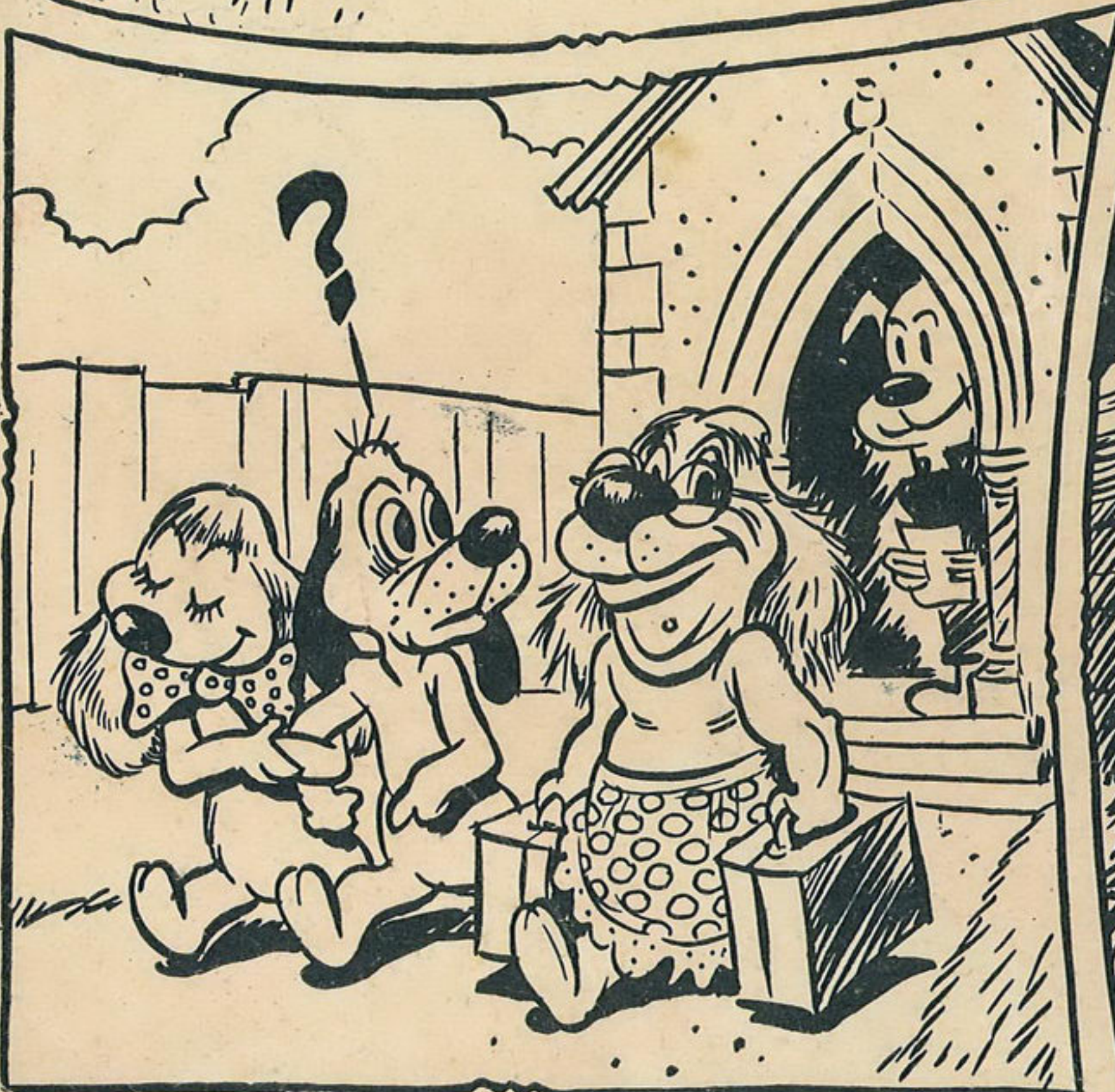
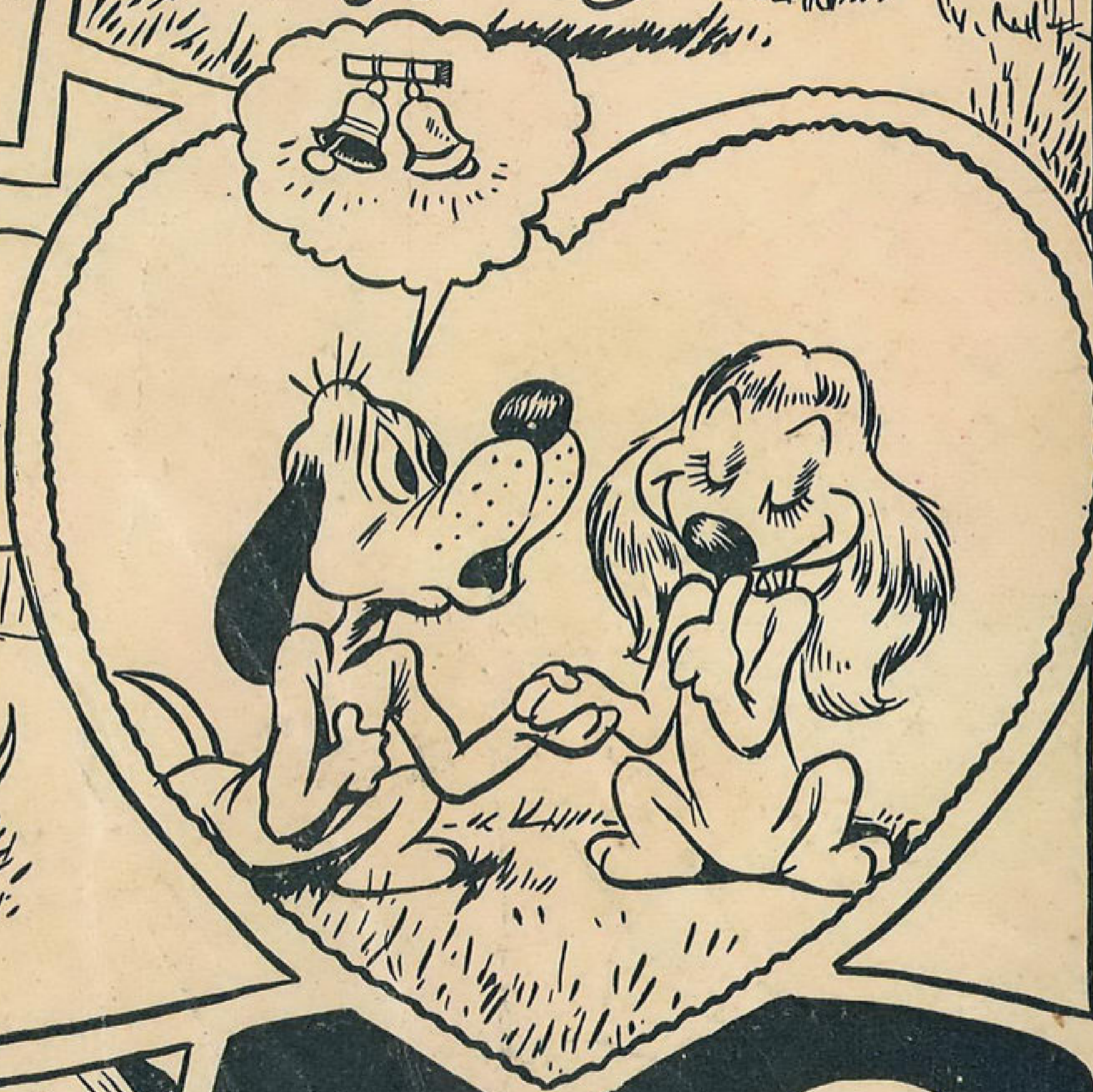
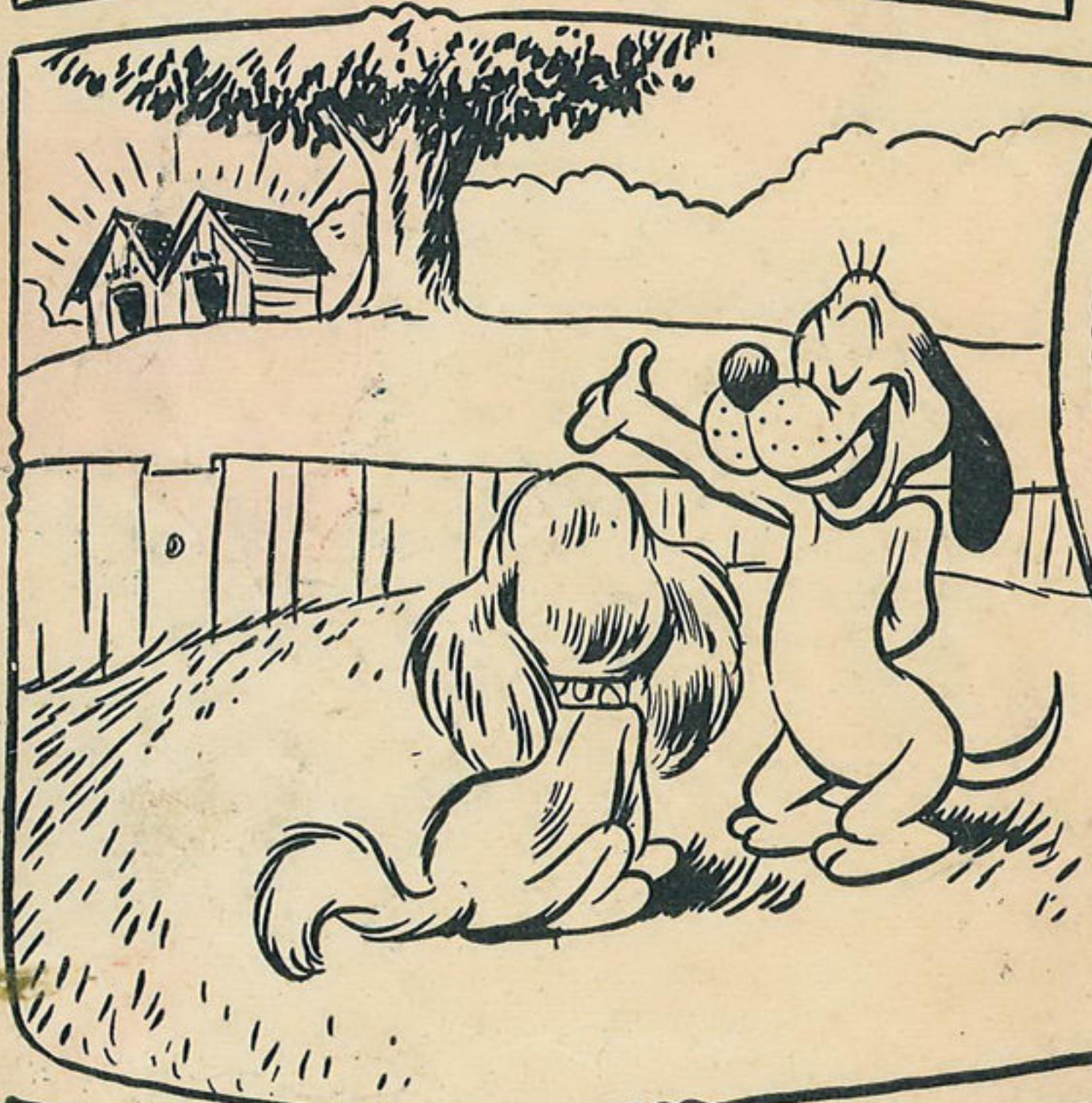
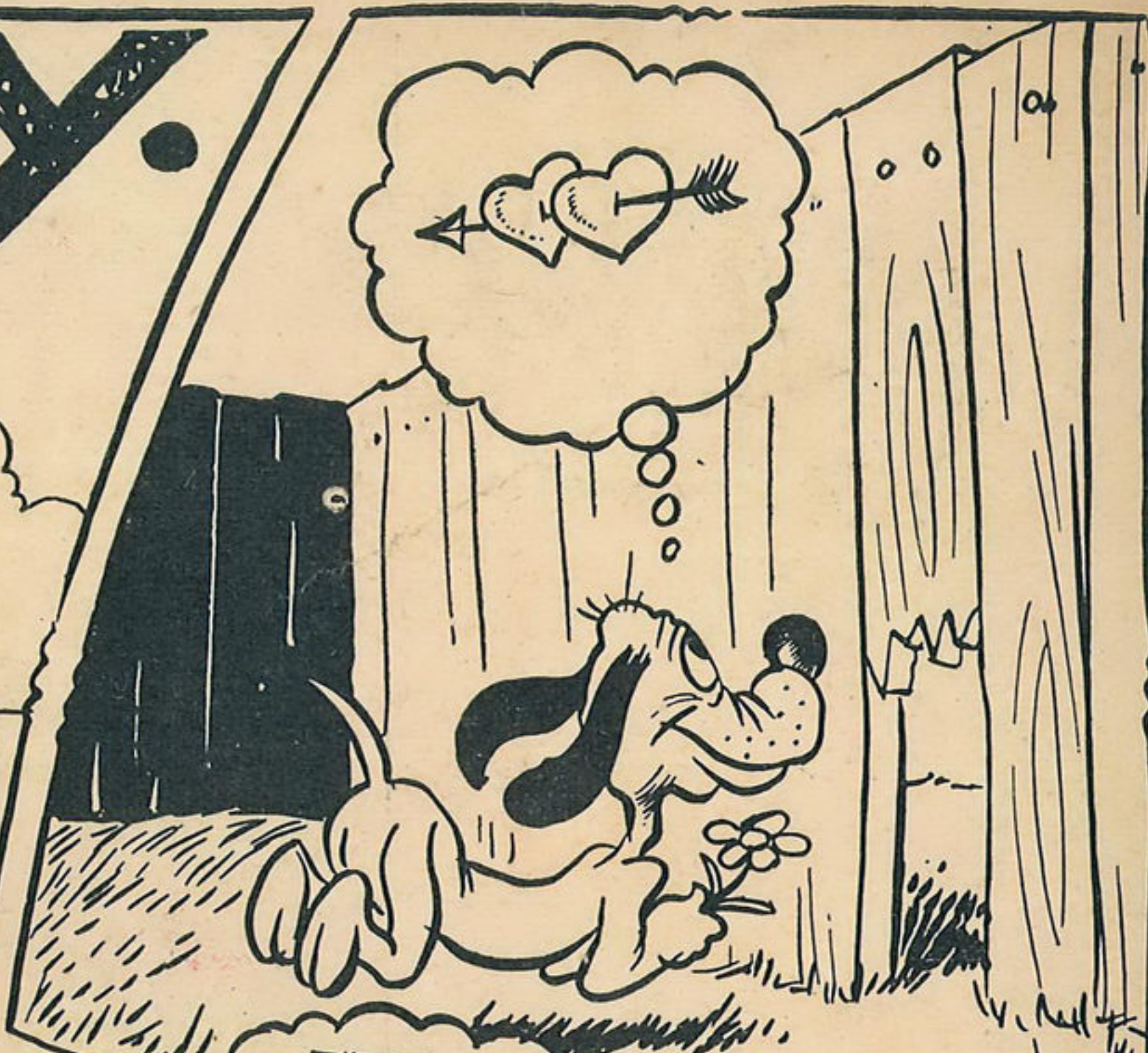
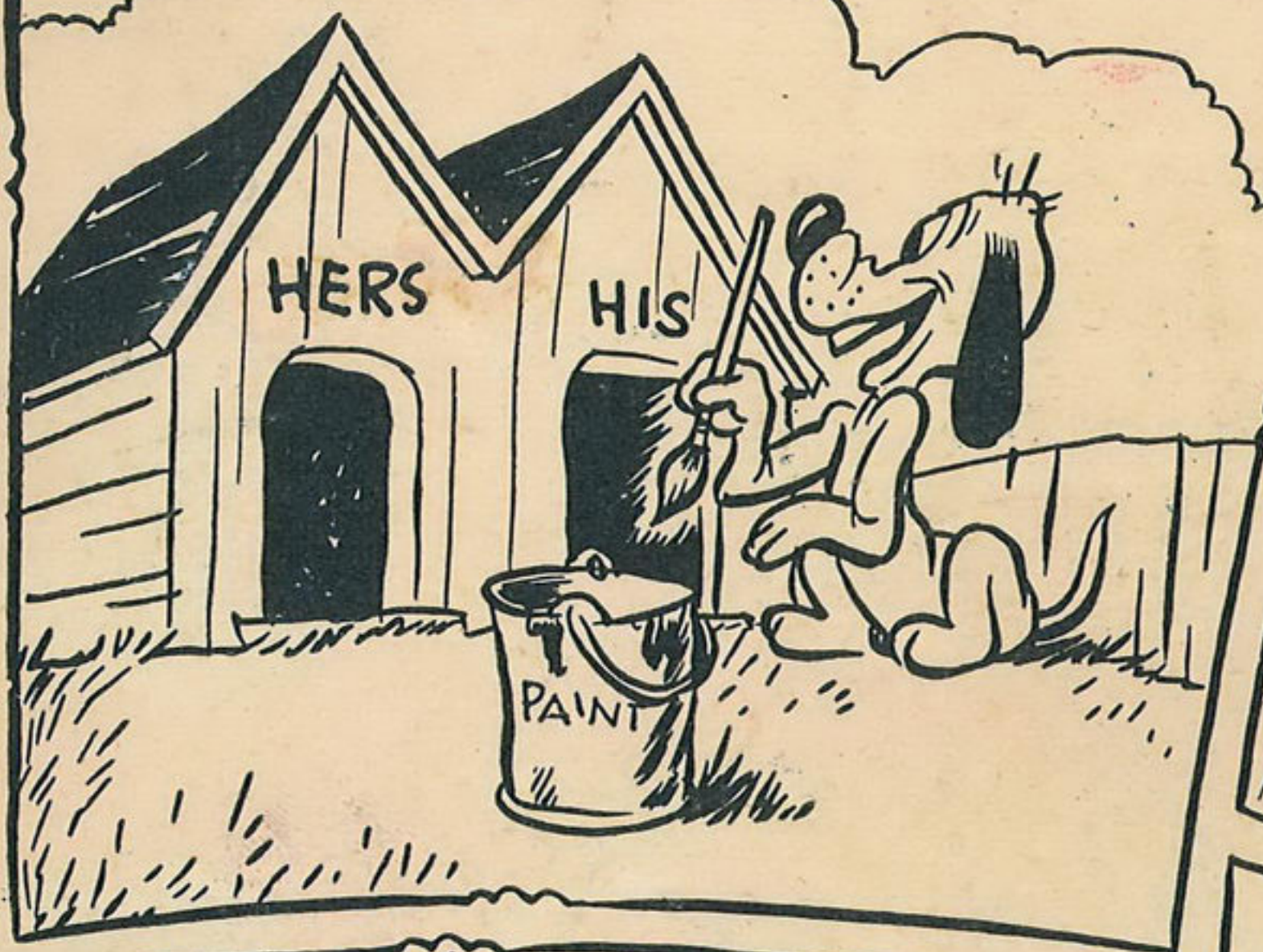




WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# DROOPY.





# BUM BILL BEE

SO!

DAILY BLAT

AL  
HUBBARD

SMACK!

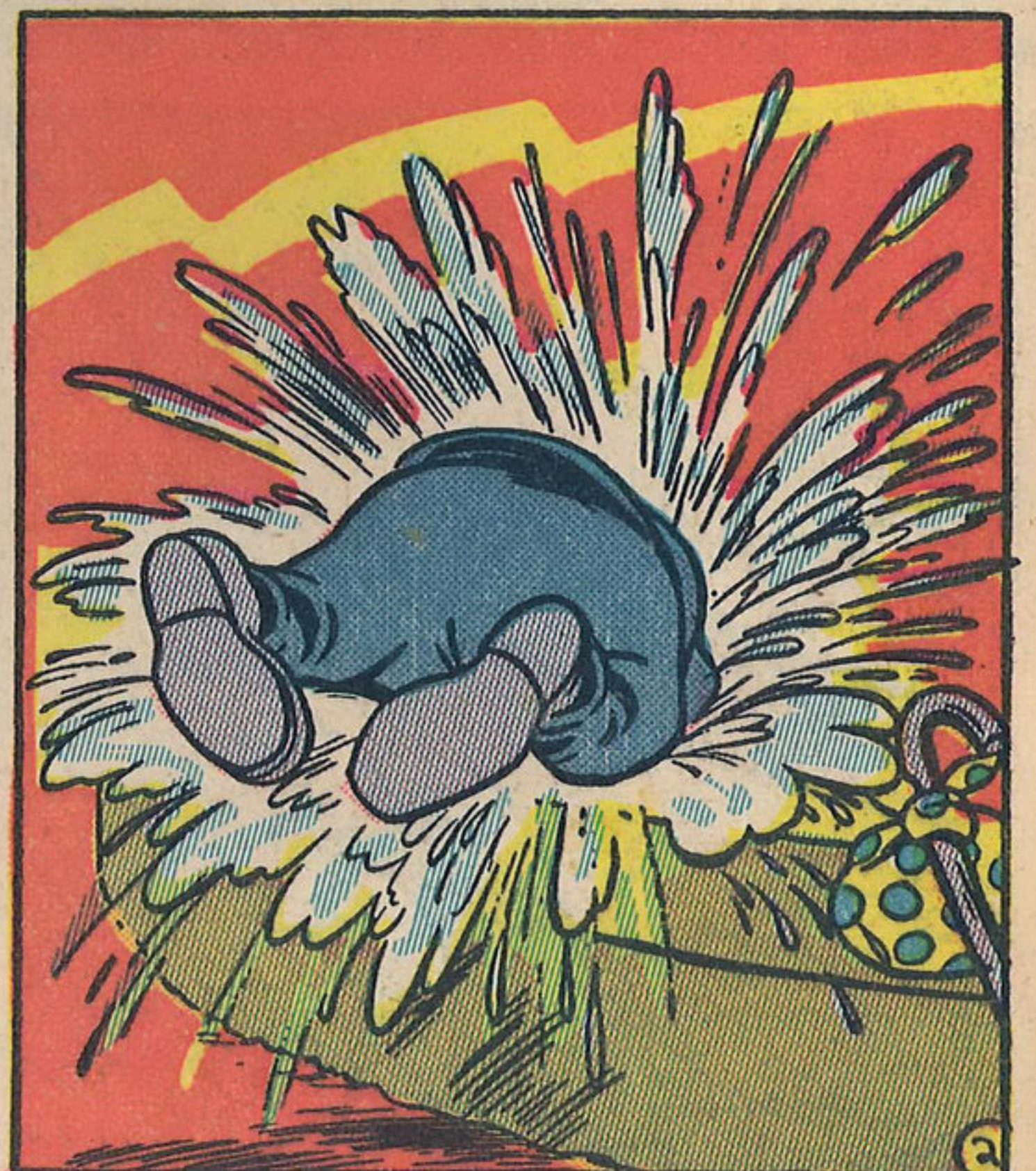
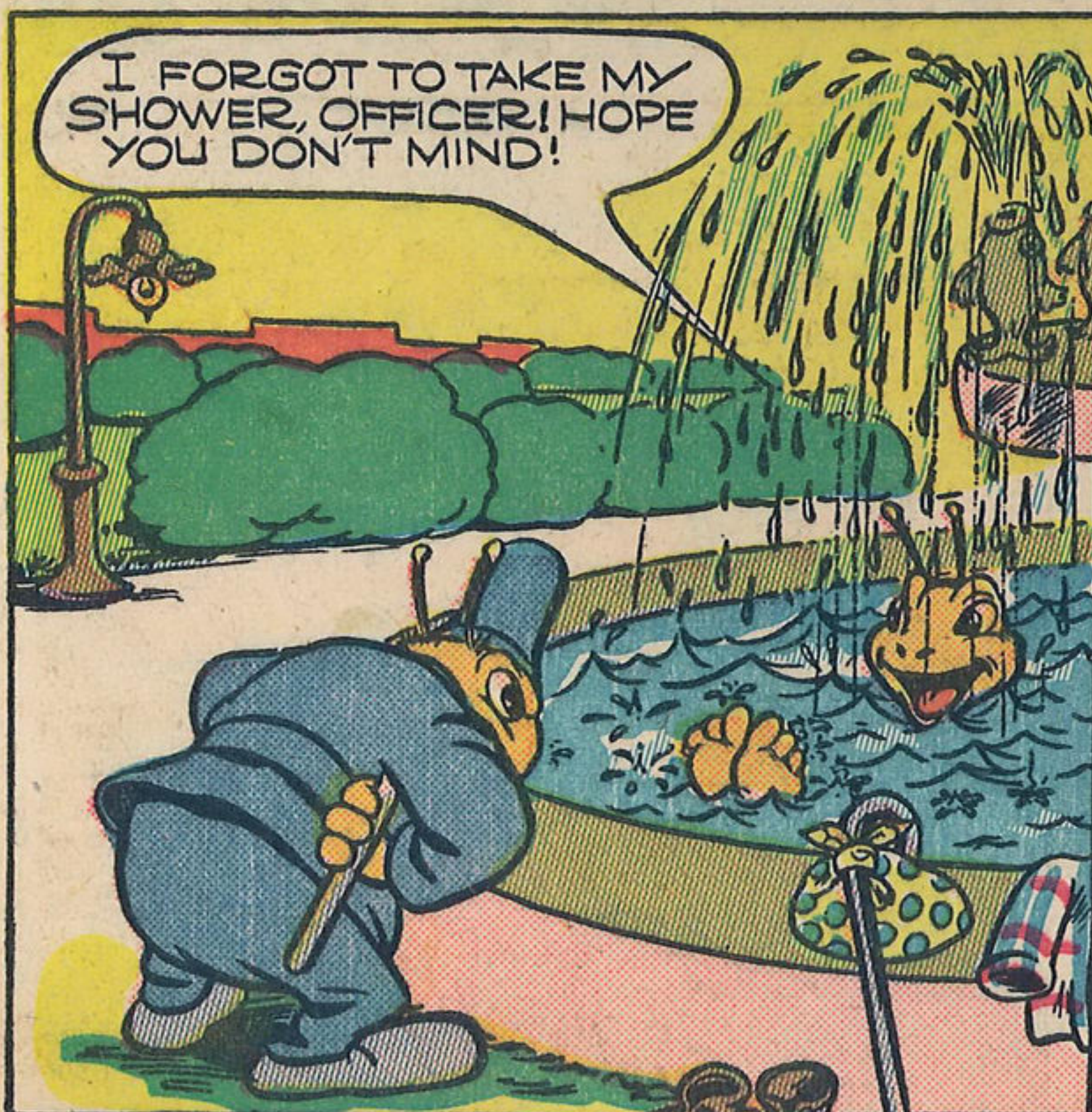
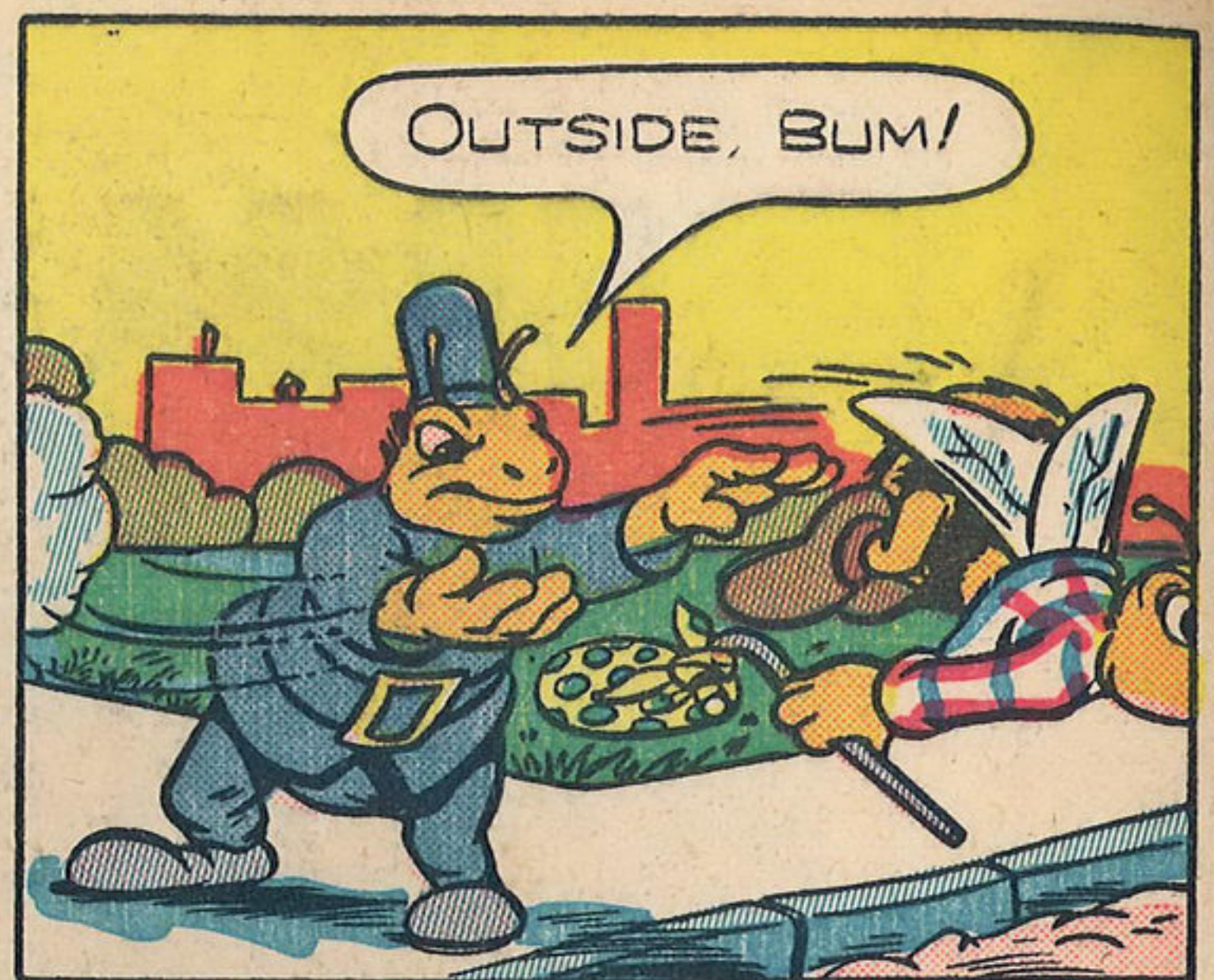
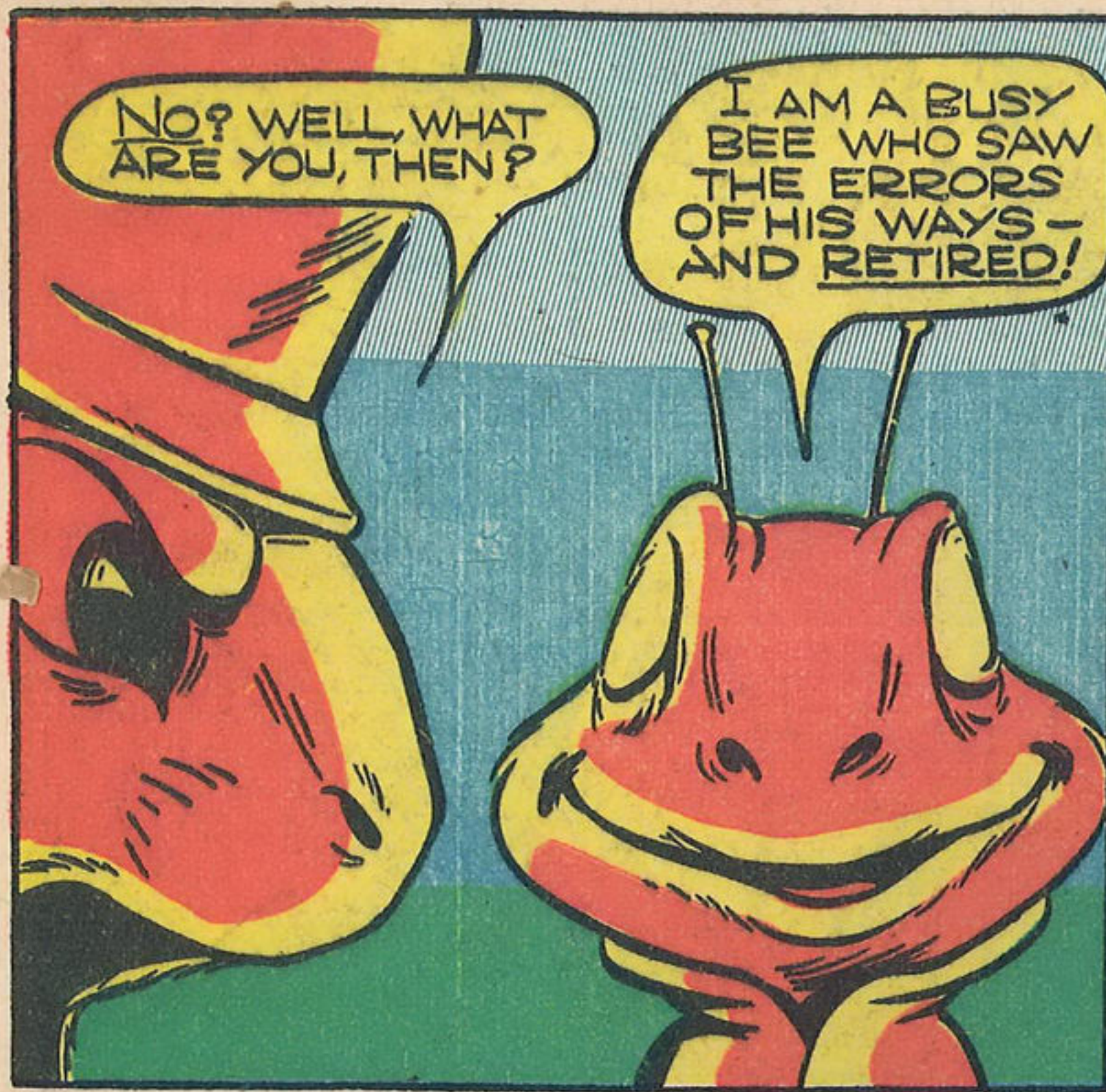
DAILY

MOVE ALONG! NO BUMS  
ALLOWED IN THIS PARK!

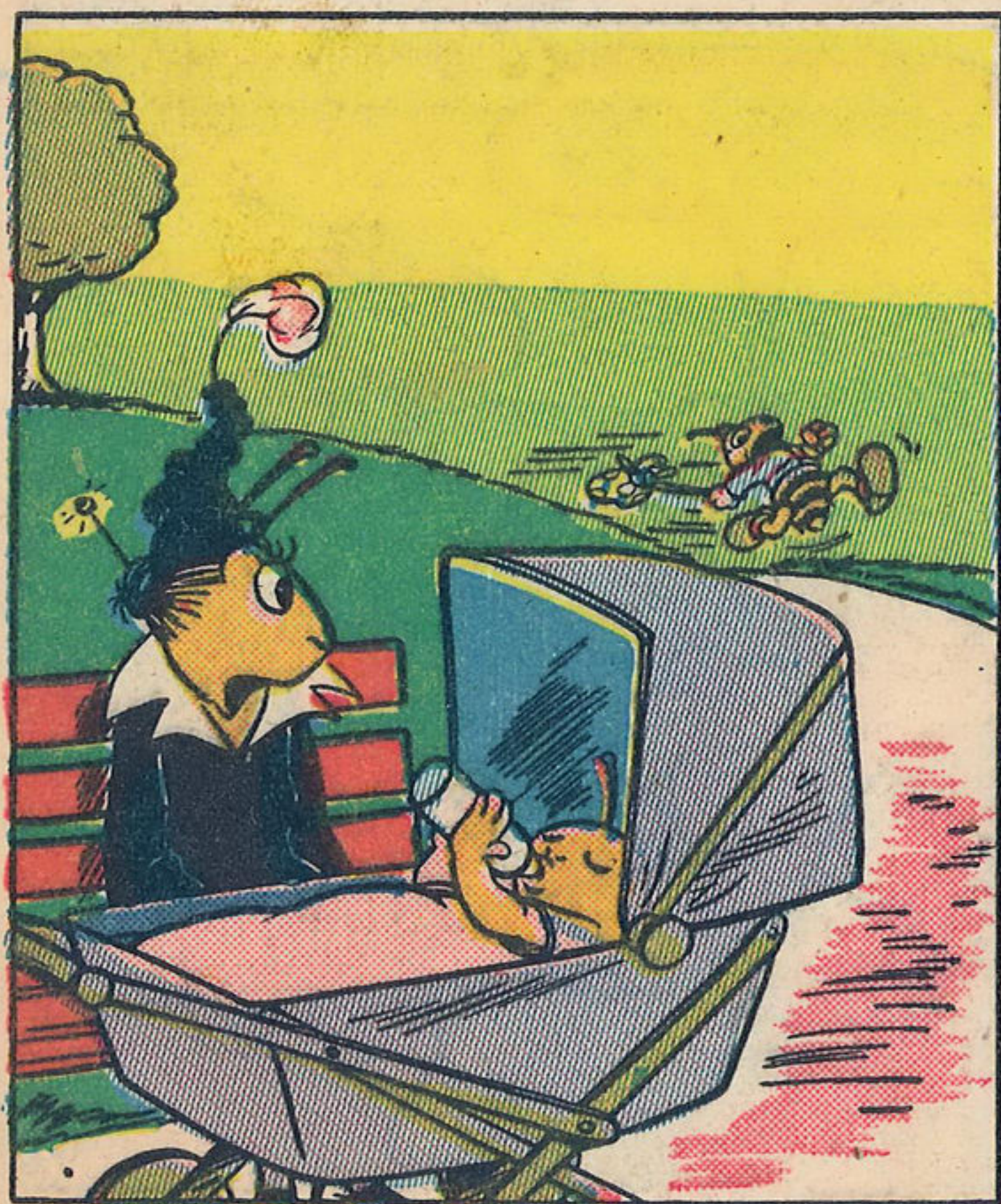
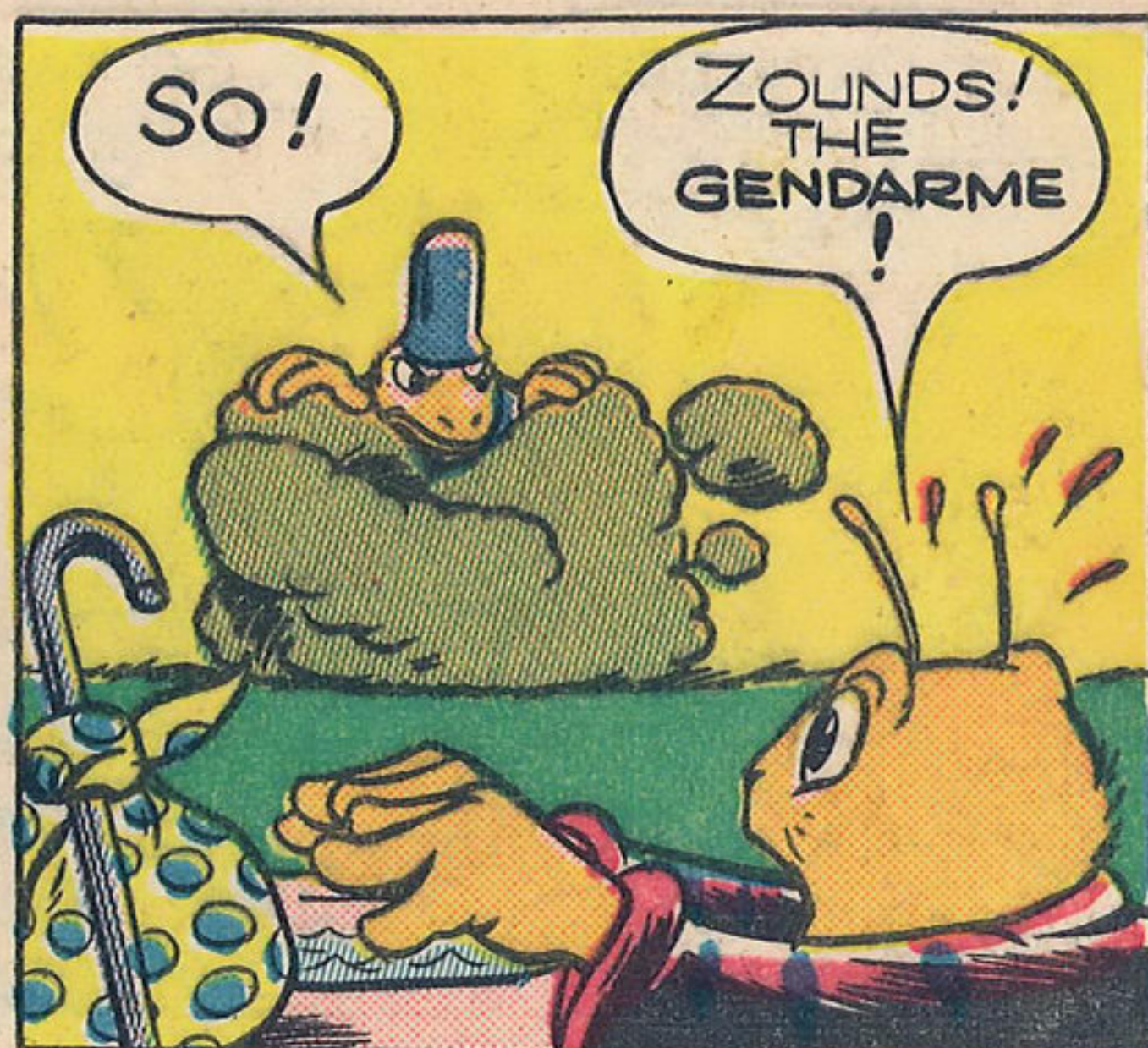
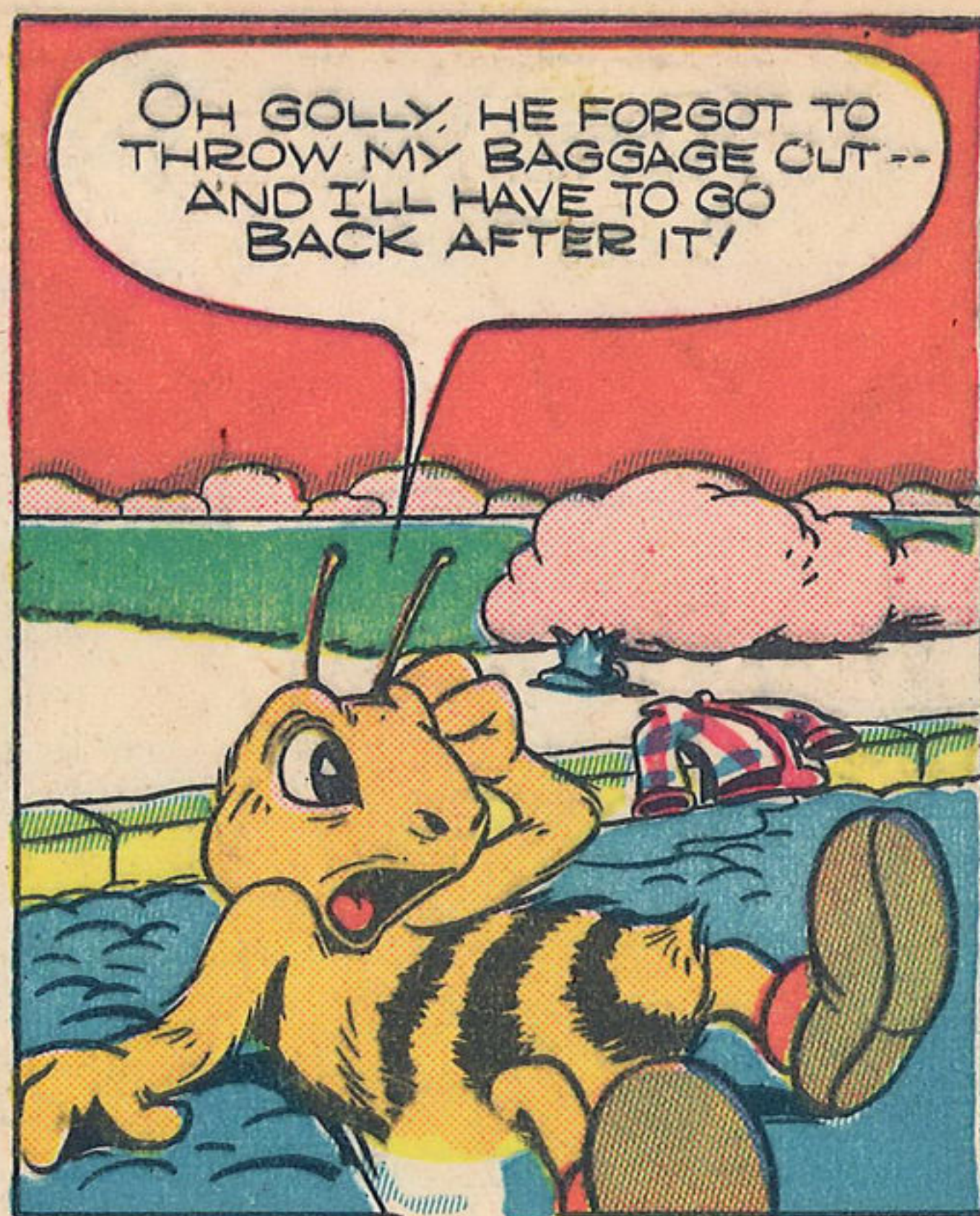
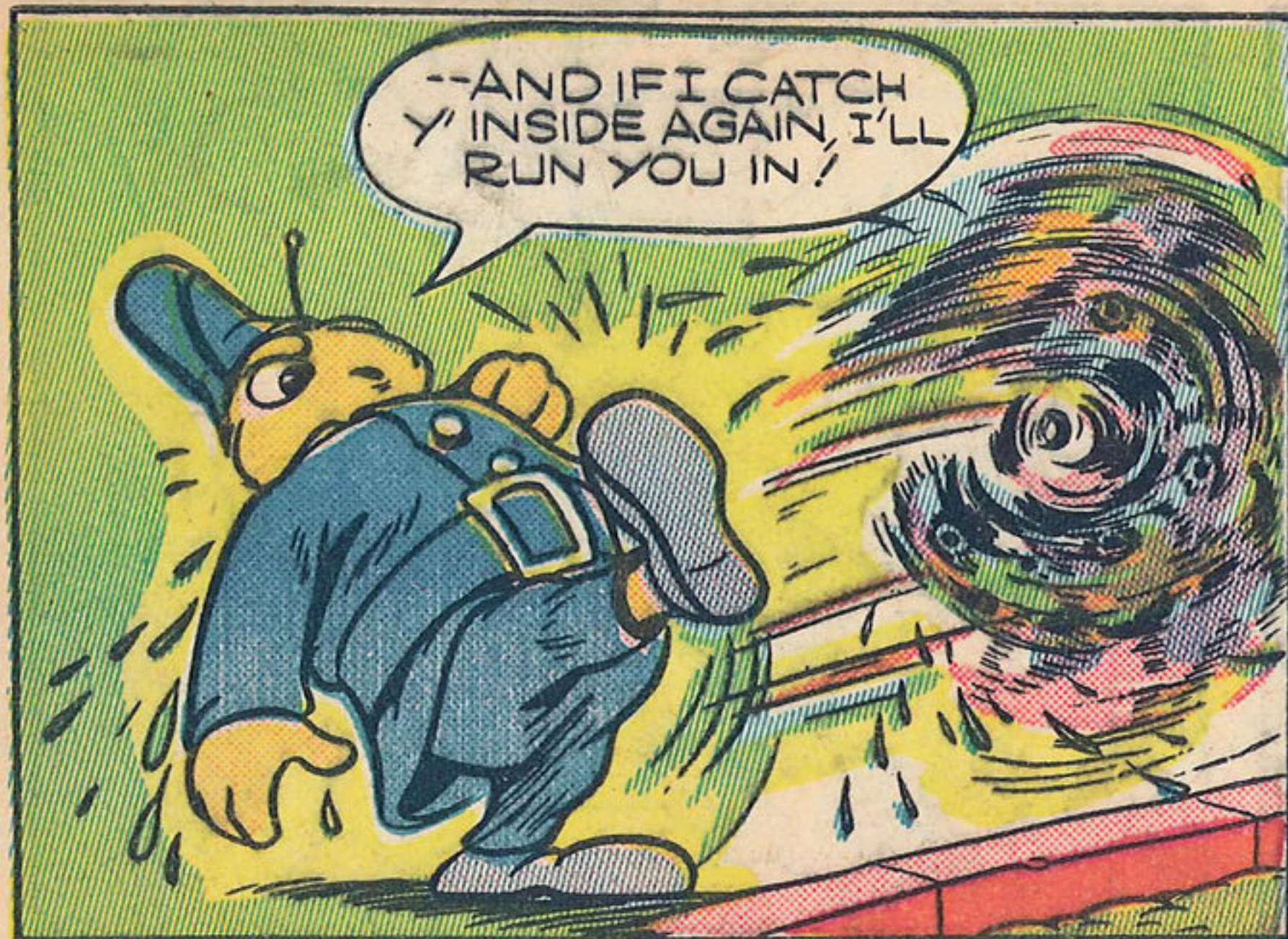
BUM!  
I BEG YOUR  
PARDON!  
I'M NO BUM!

DAILY BLAT

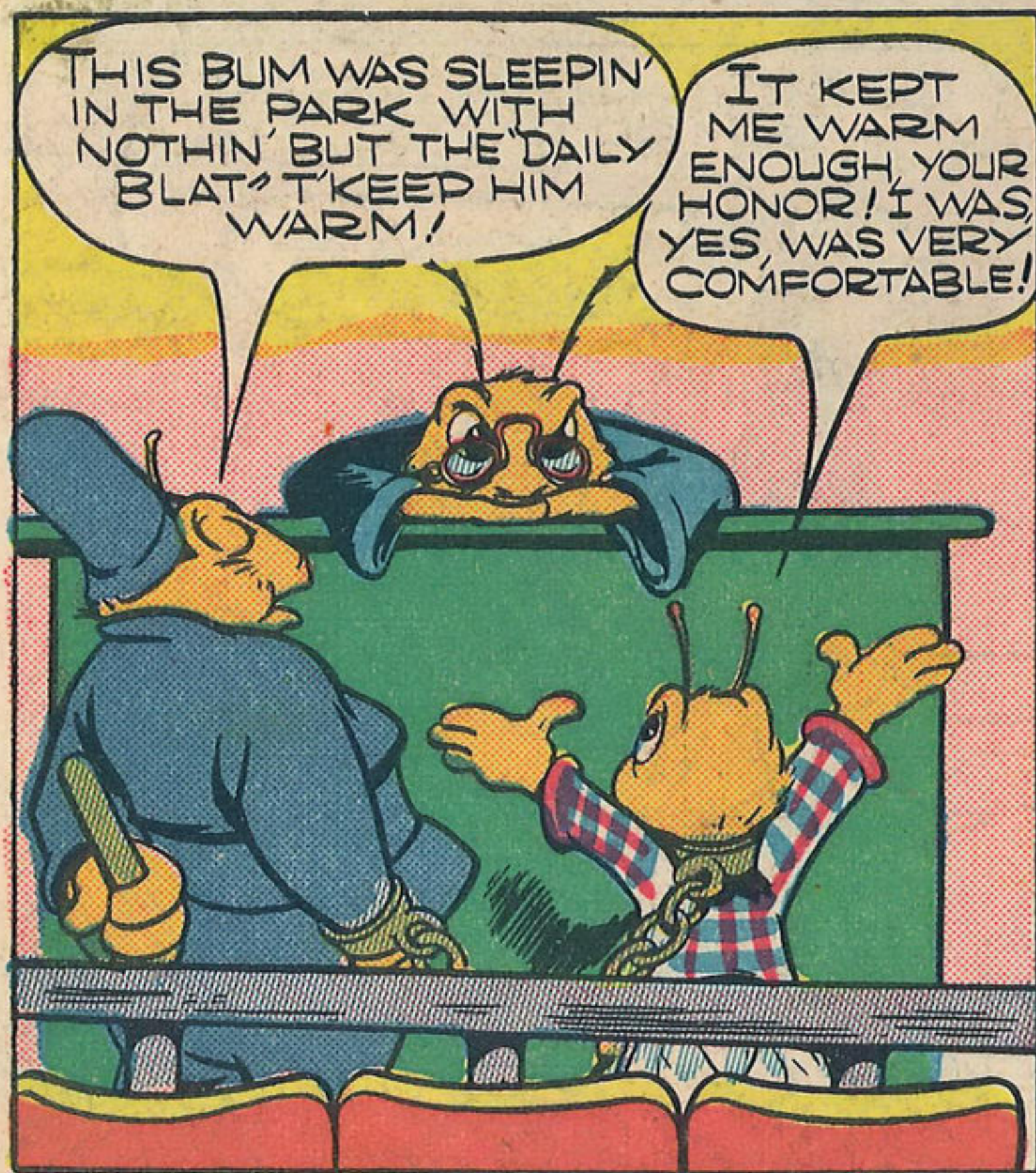
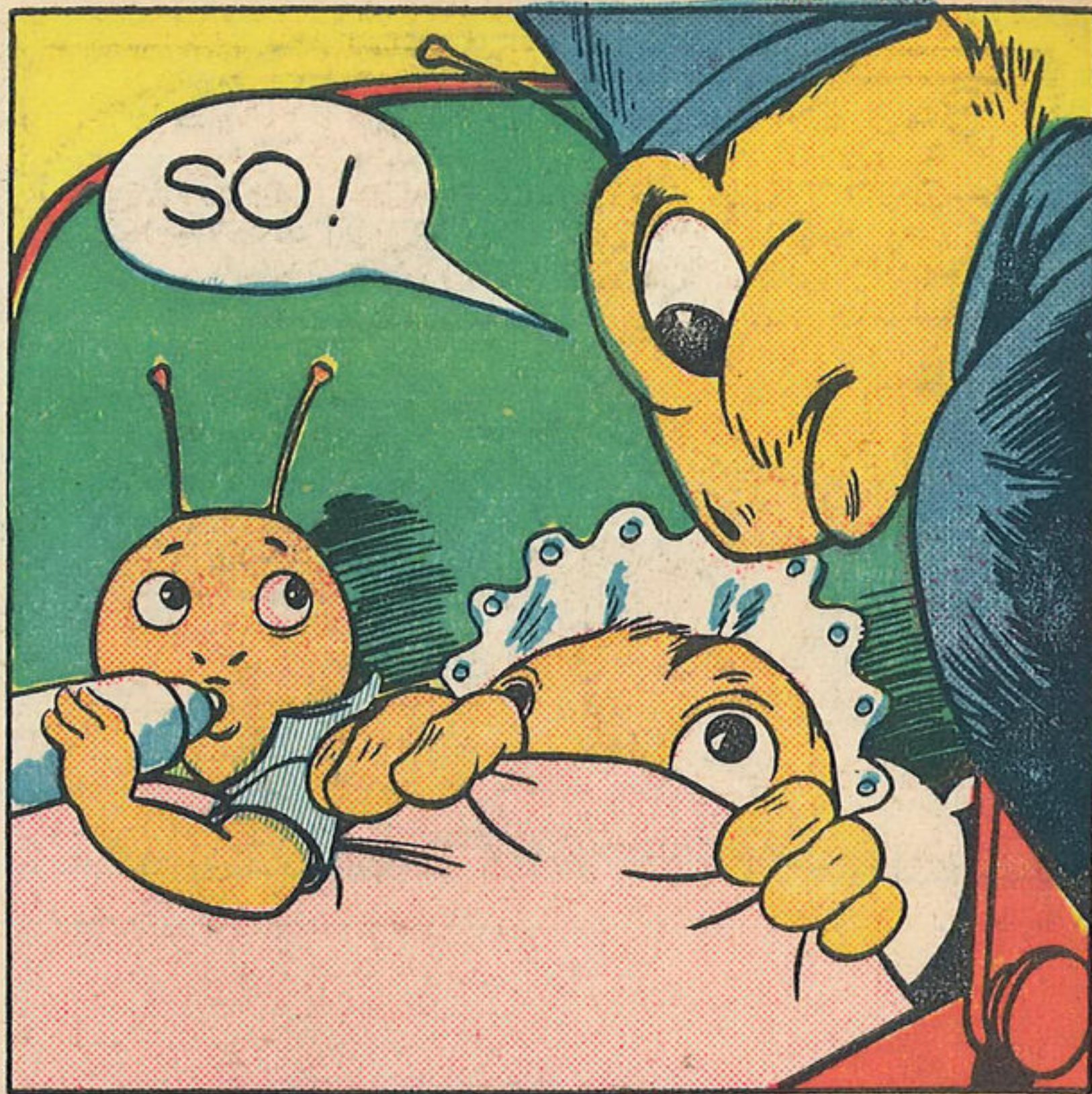
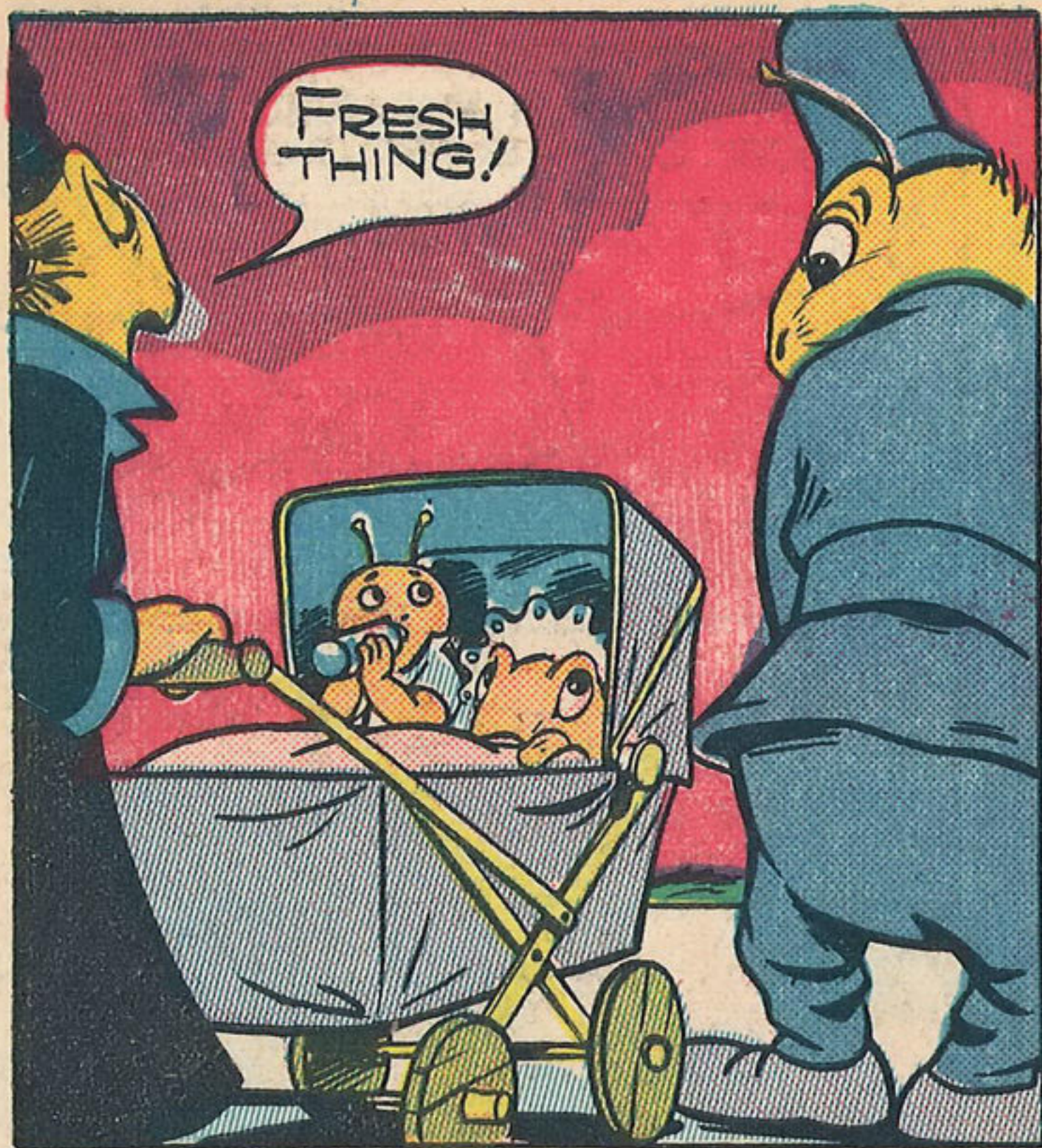




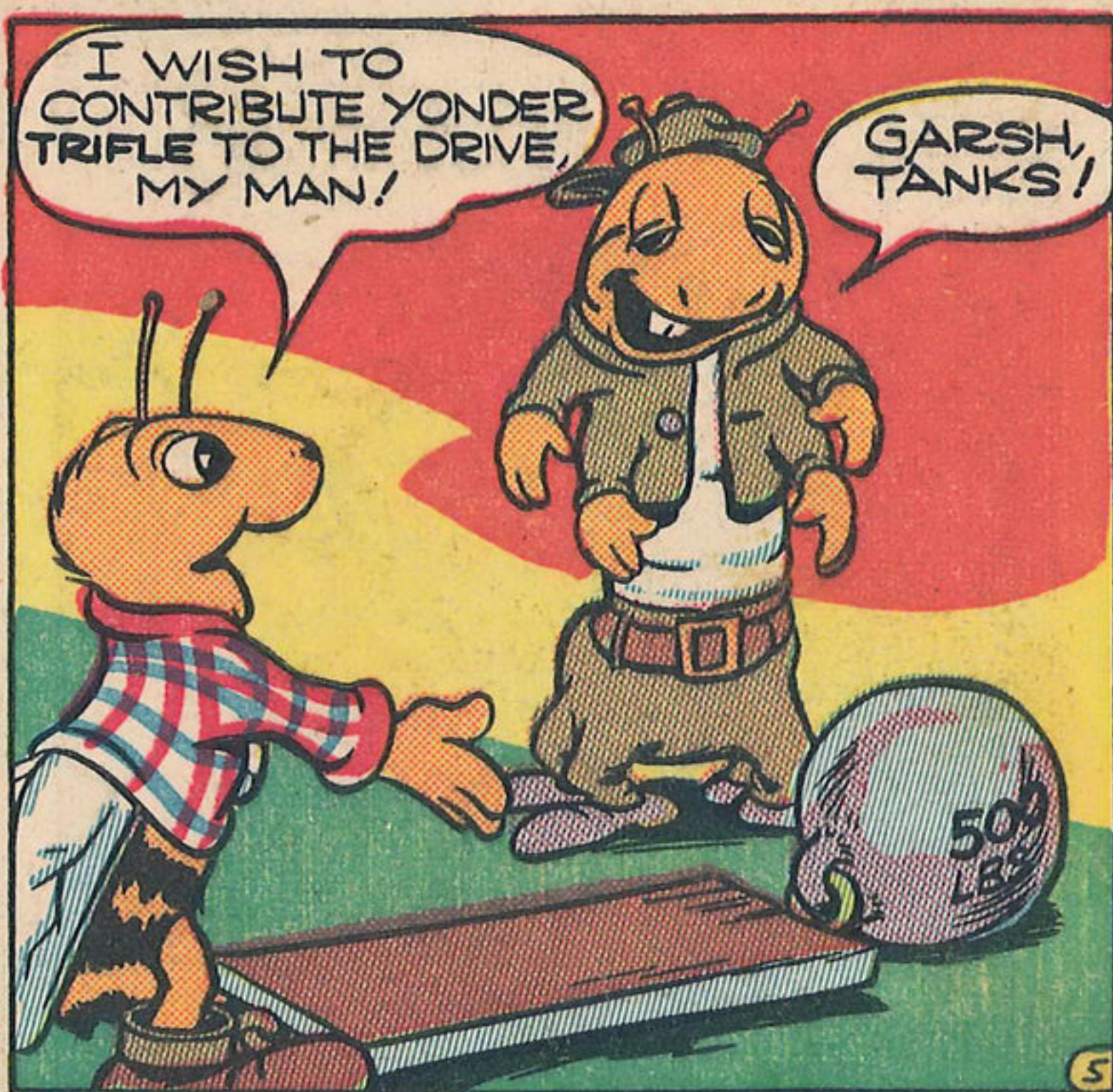
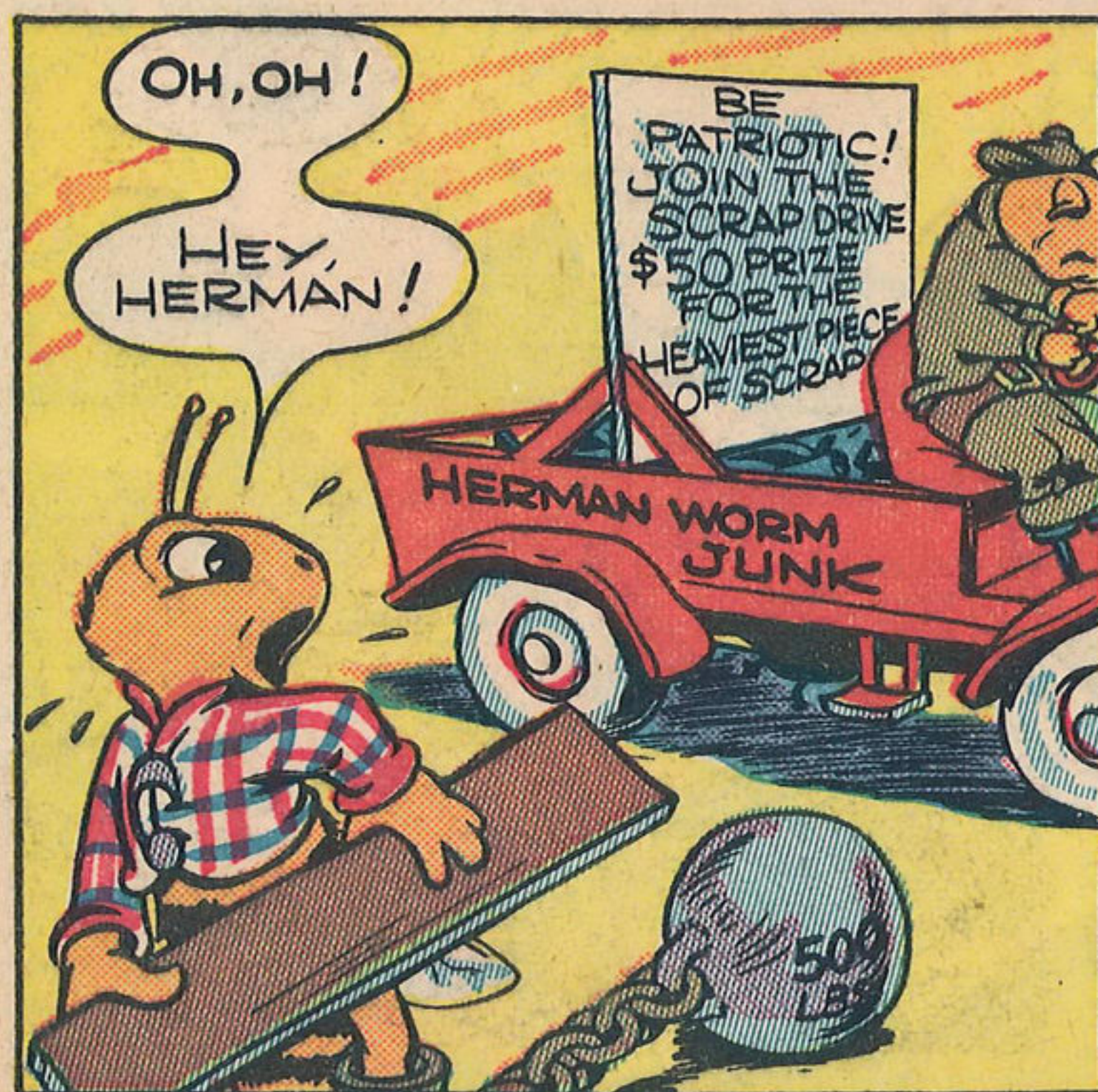
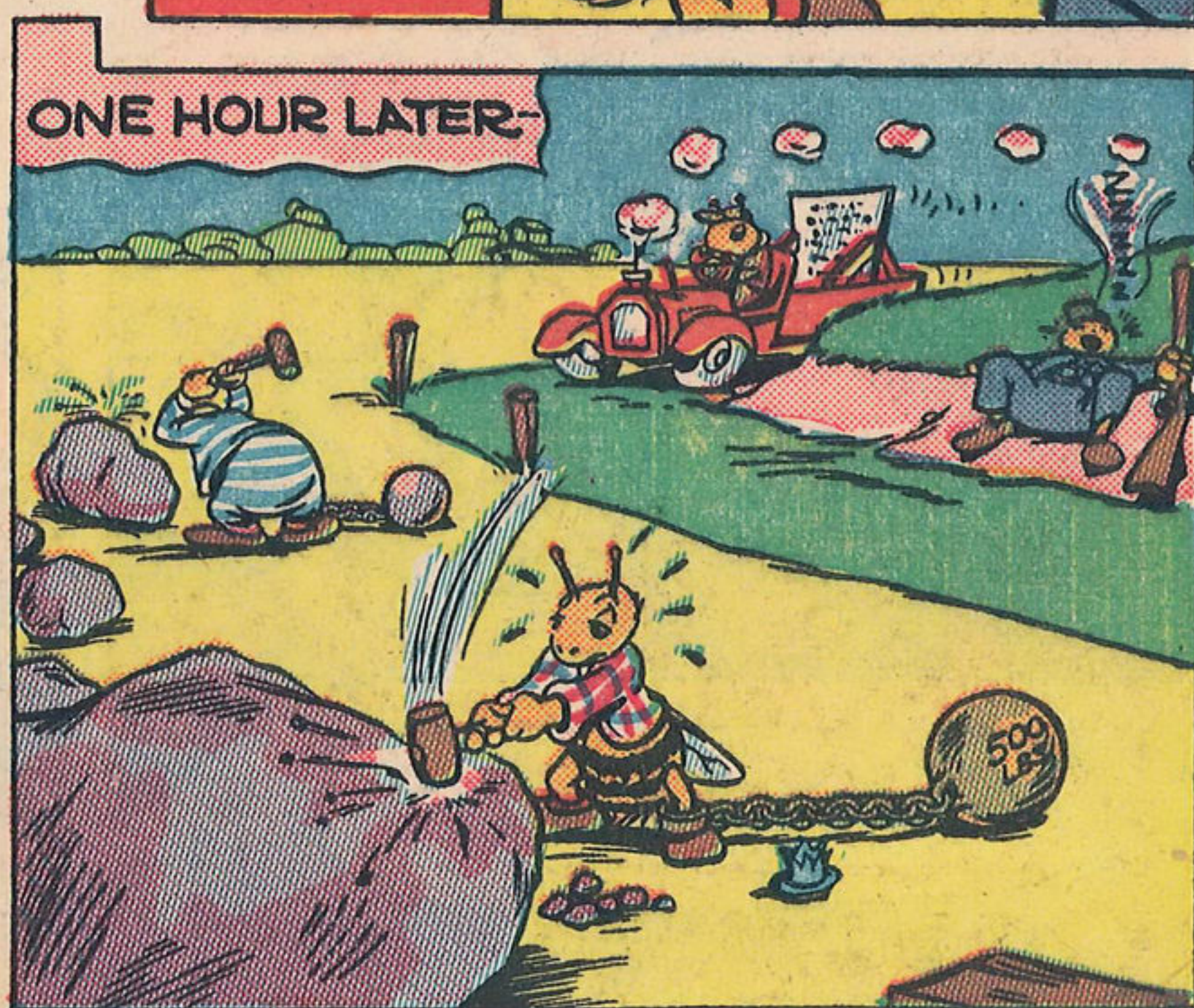
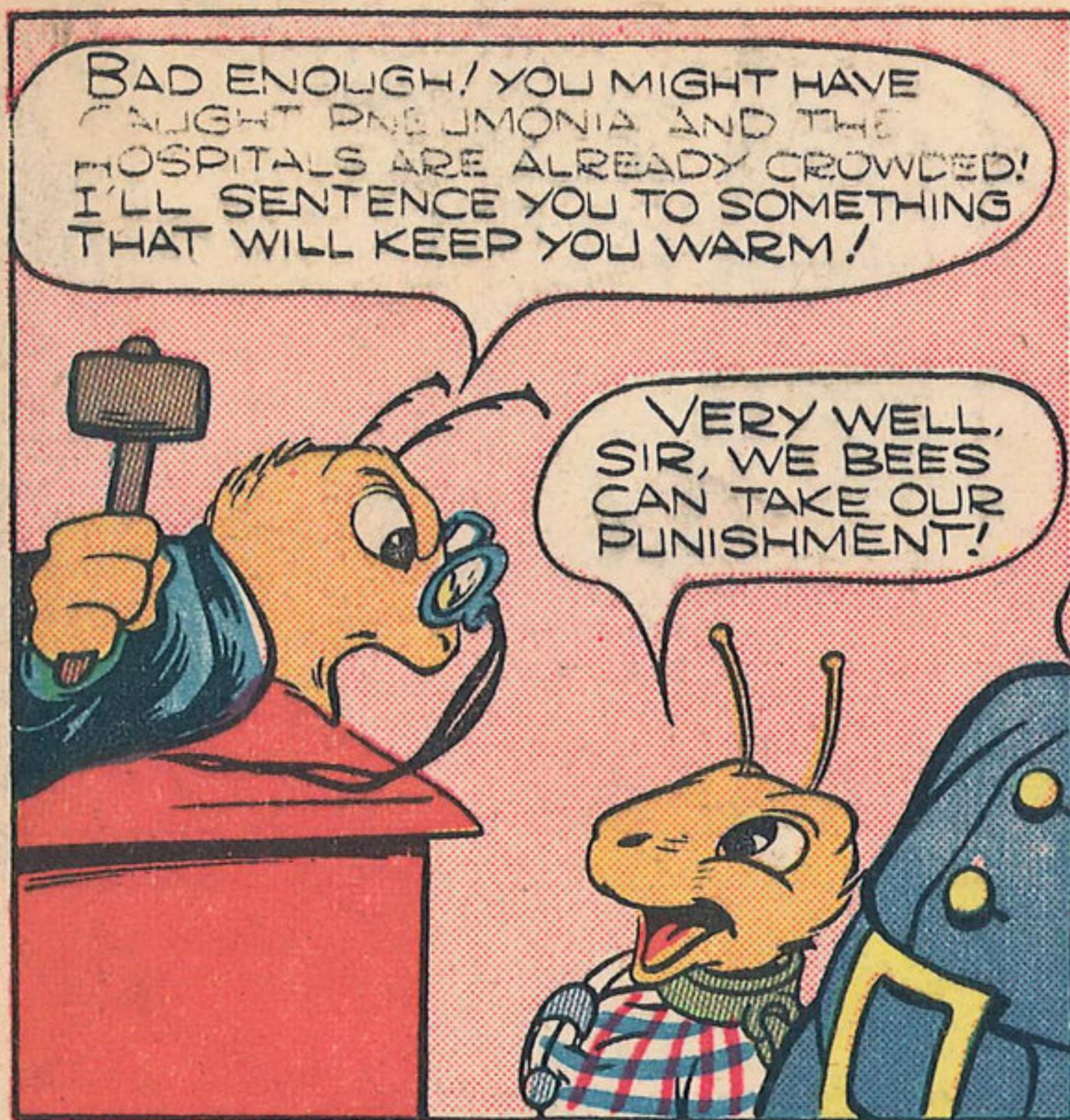




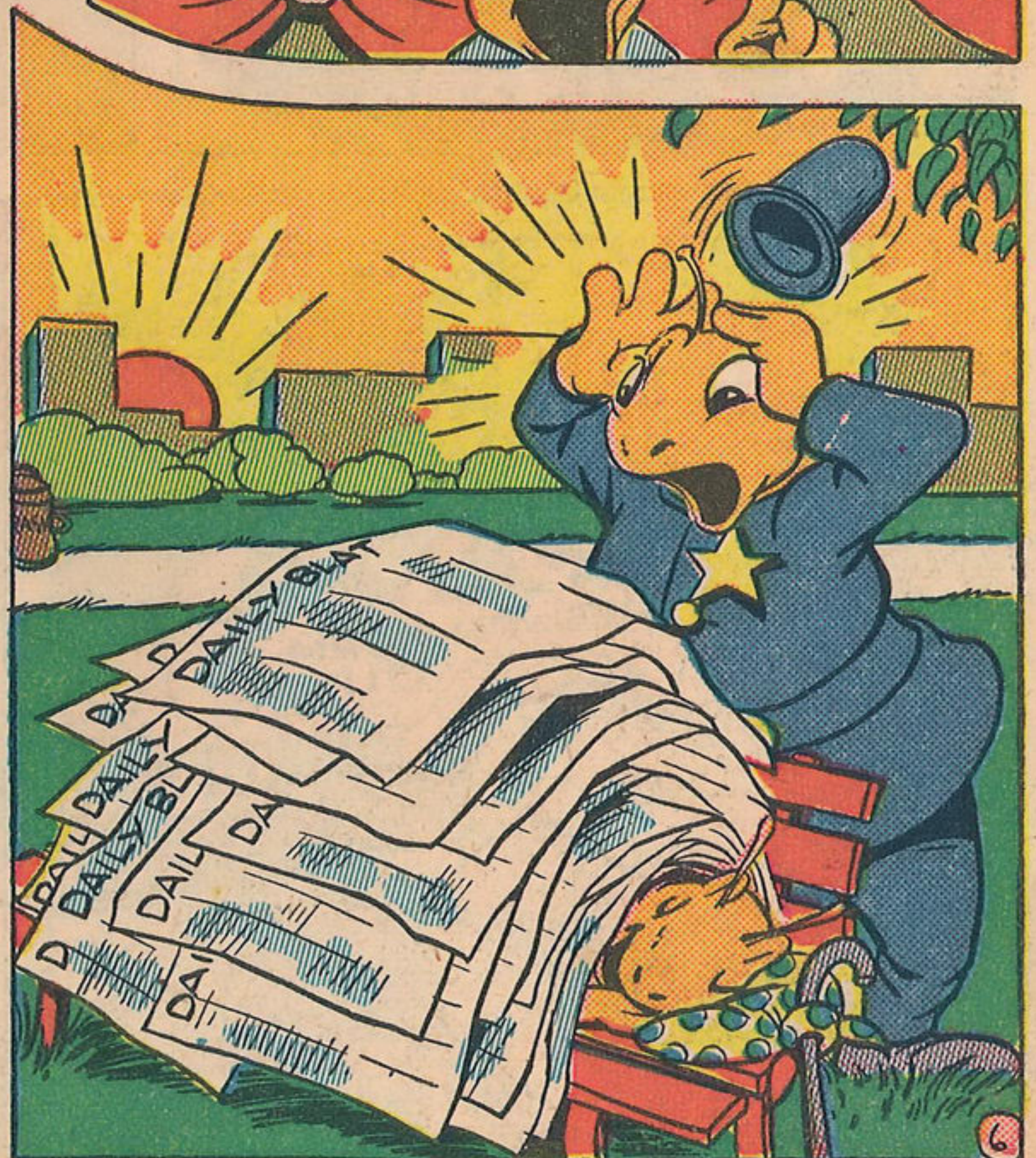
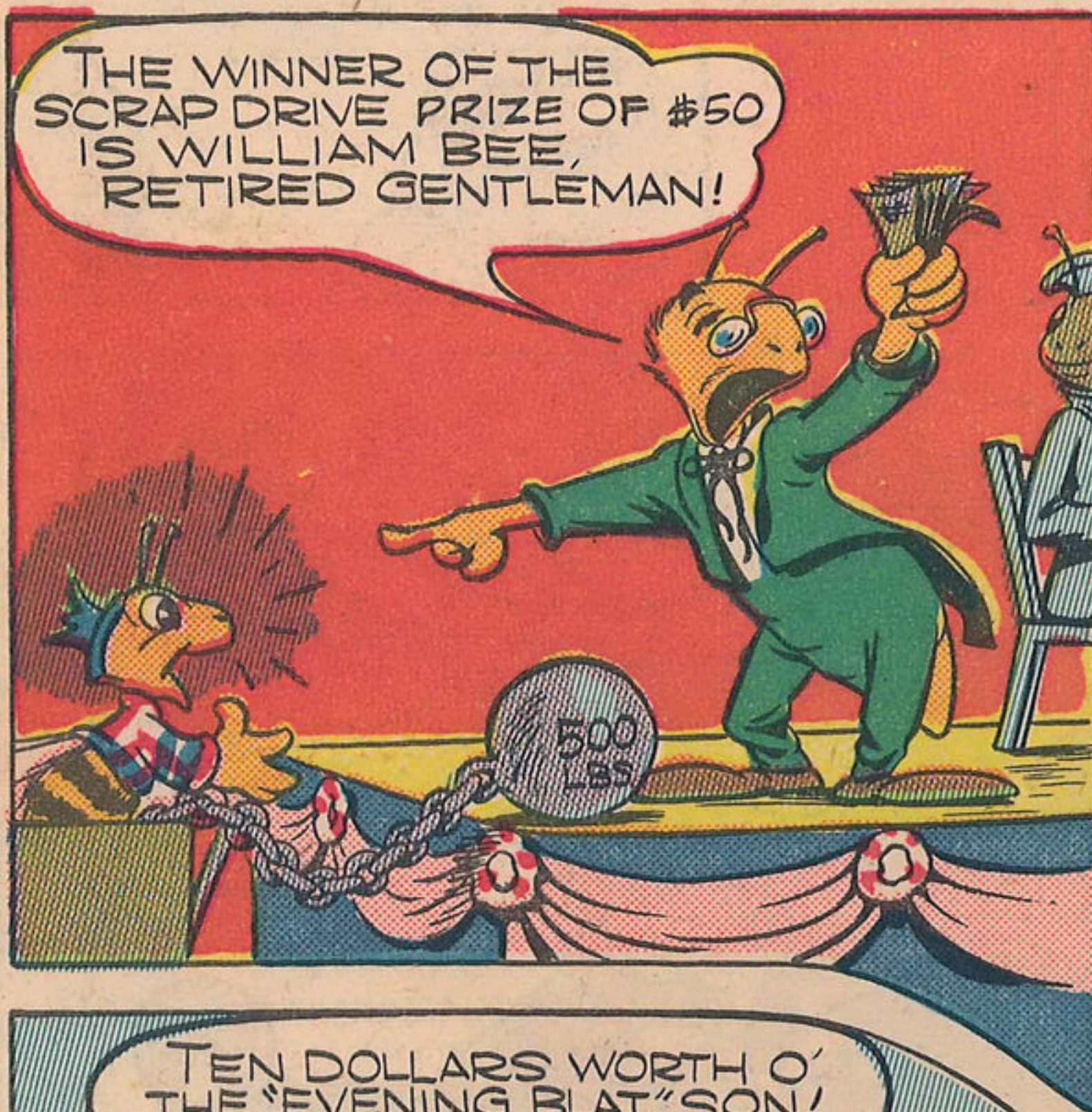
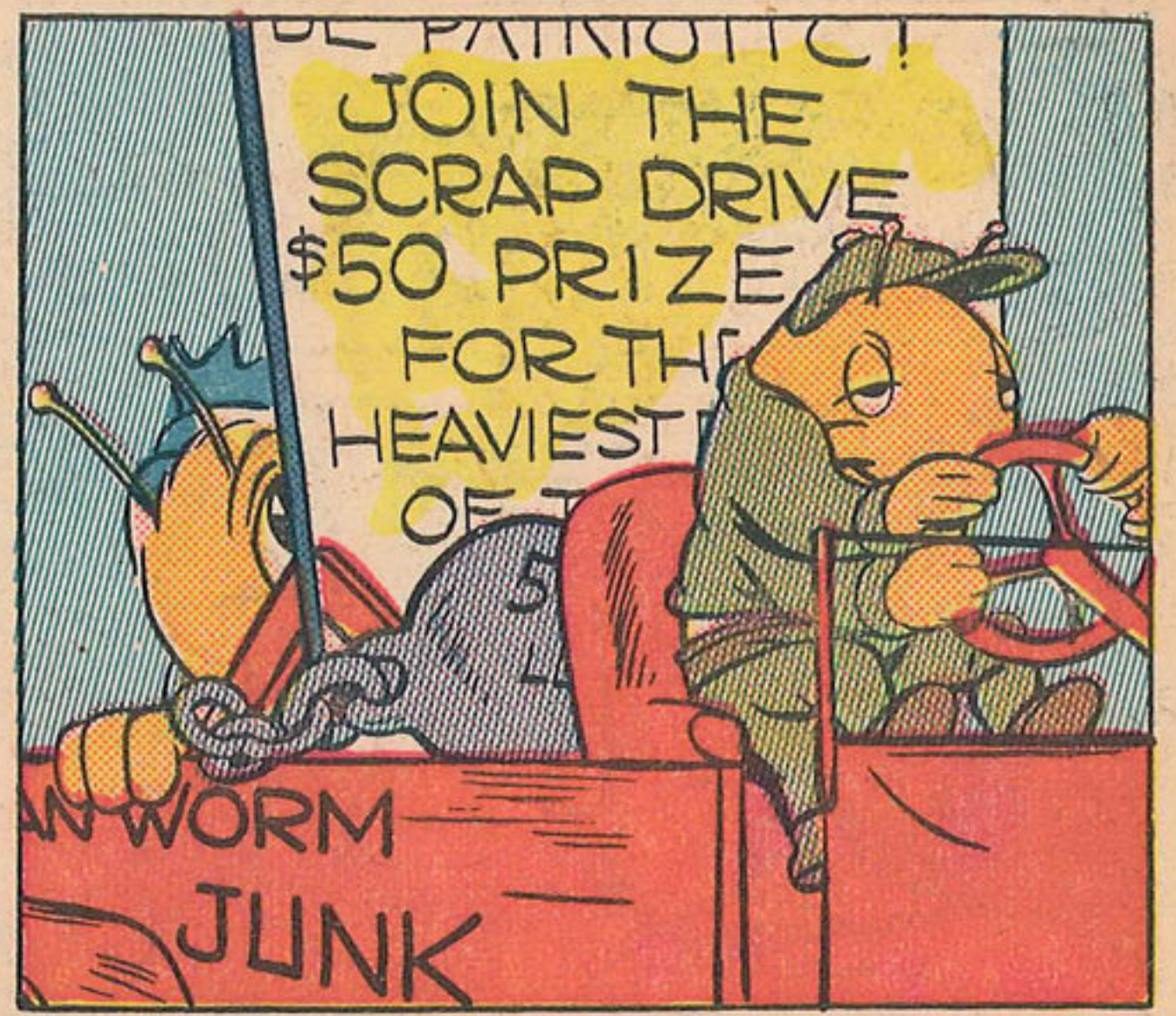
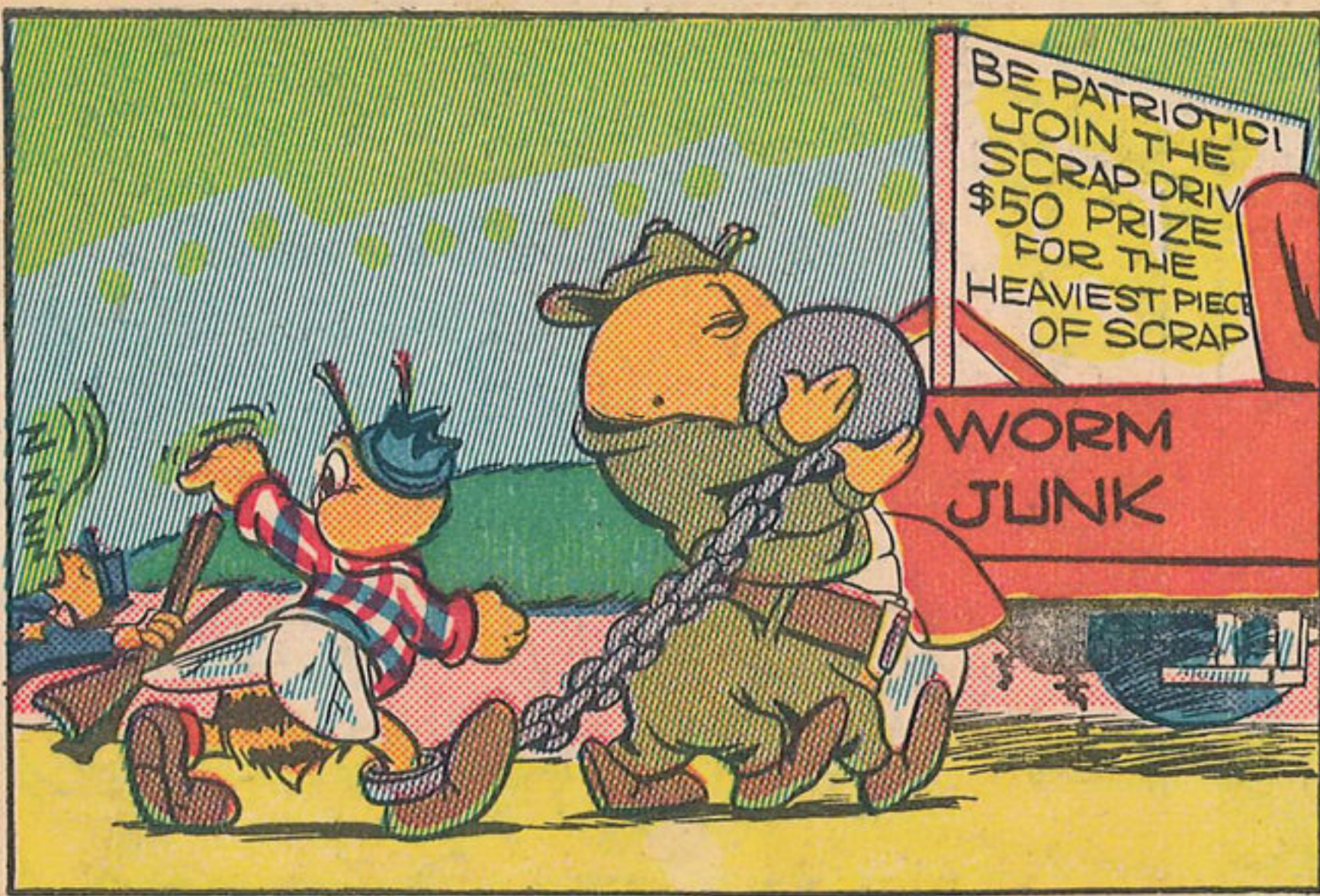








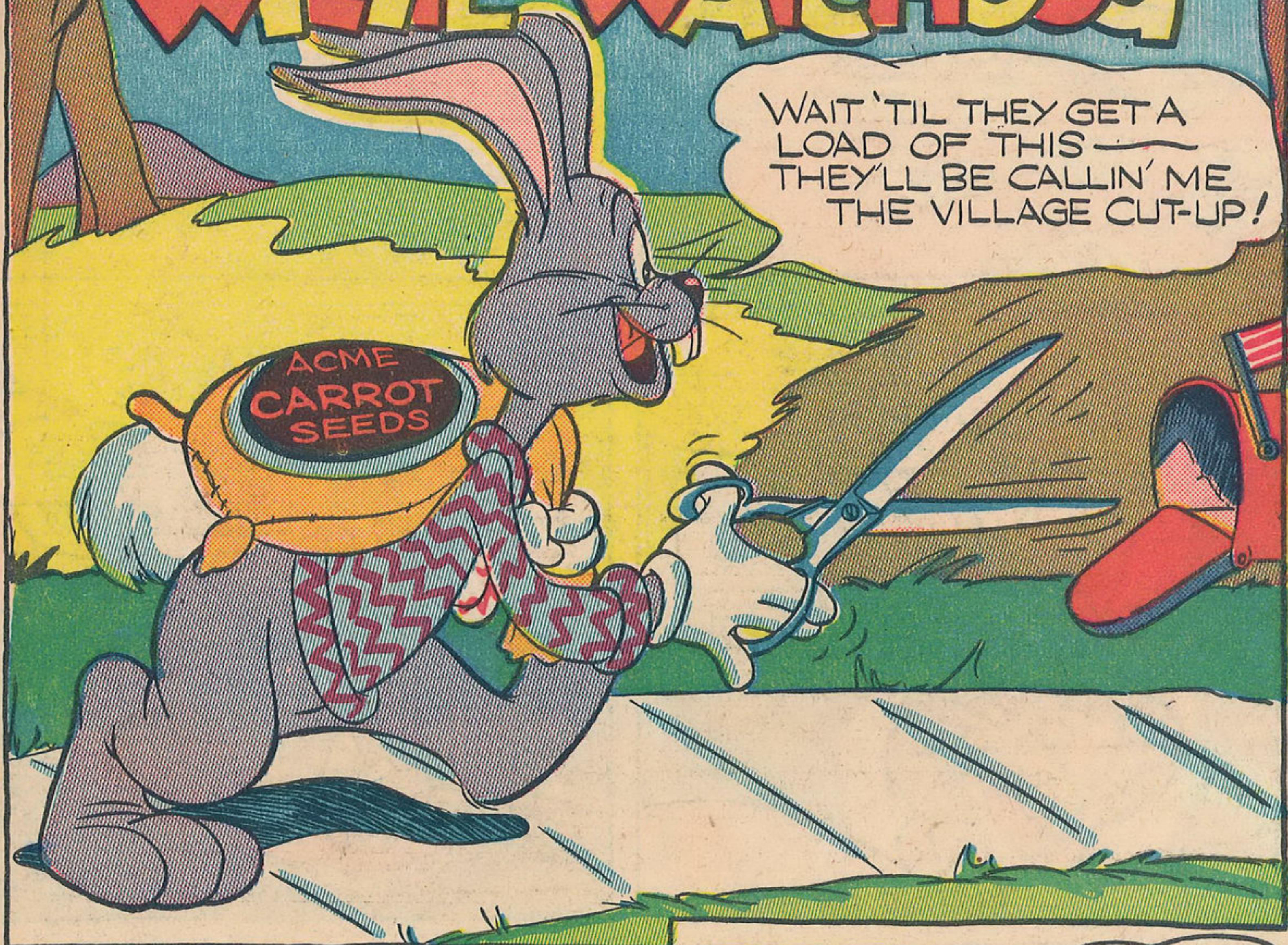




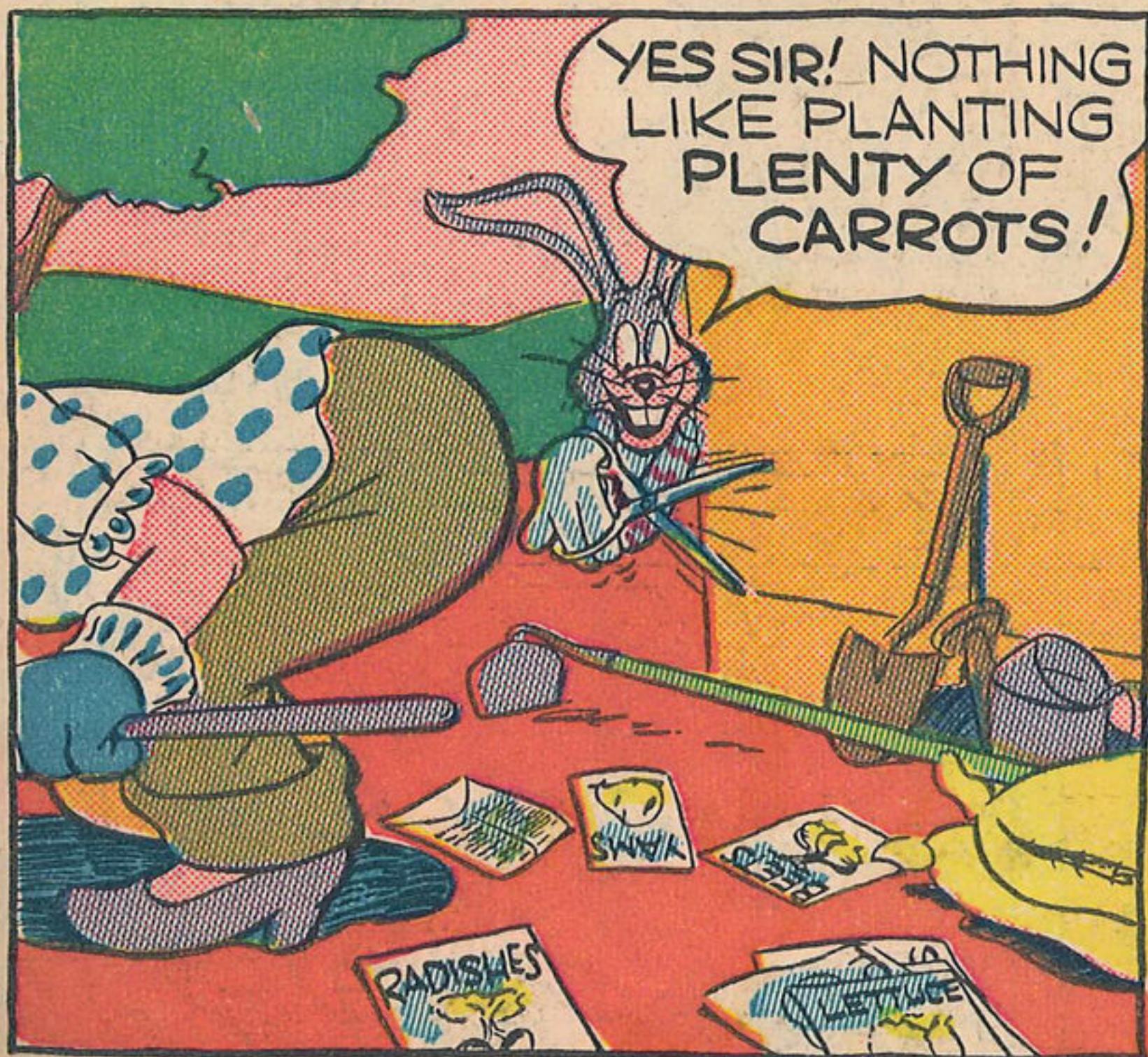


# HURRY HARE and WILLIE WATCHDOG

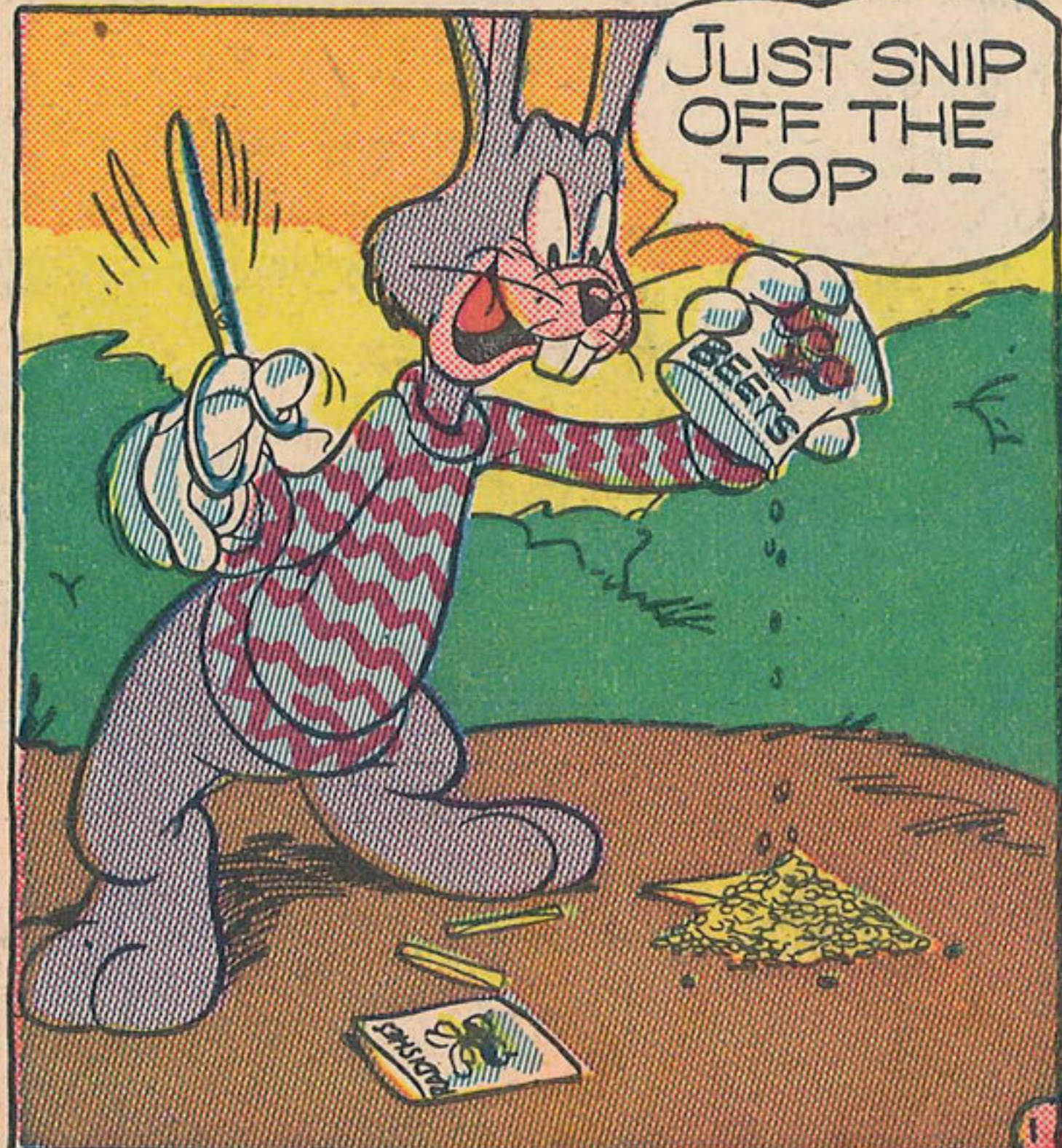
WAIT 'TIL THEY GET A  
LOAD OF THIS —  
THEY'LL BE CALLIN' ME  
THE VILLAGE CUT-UP!



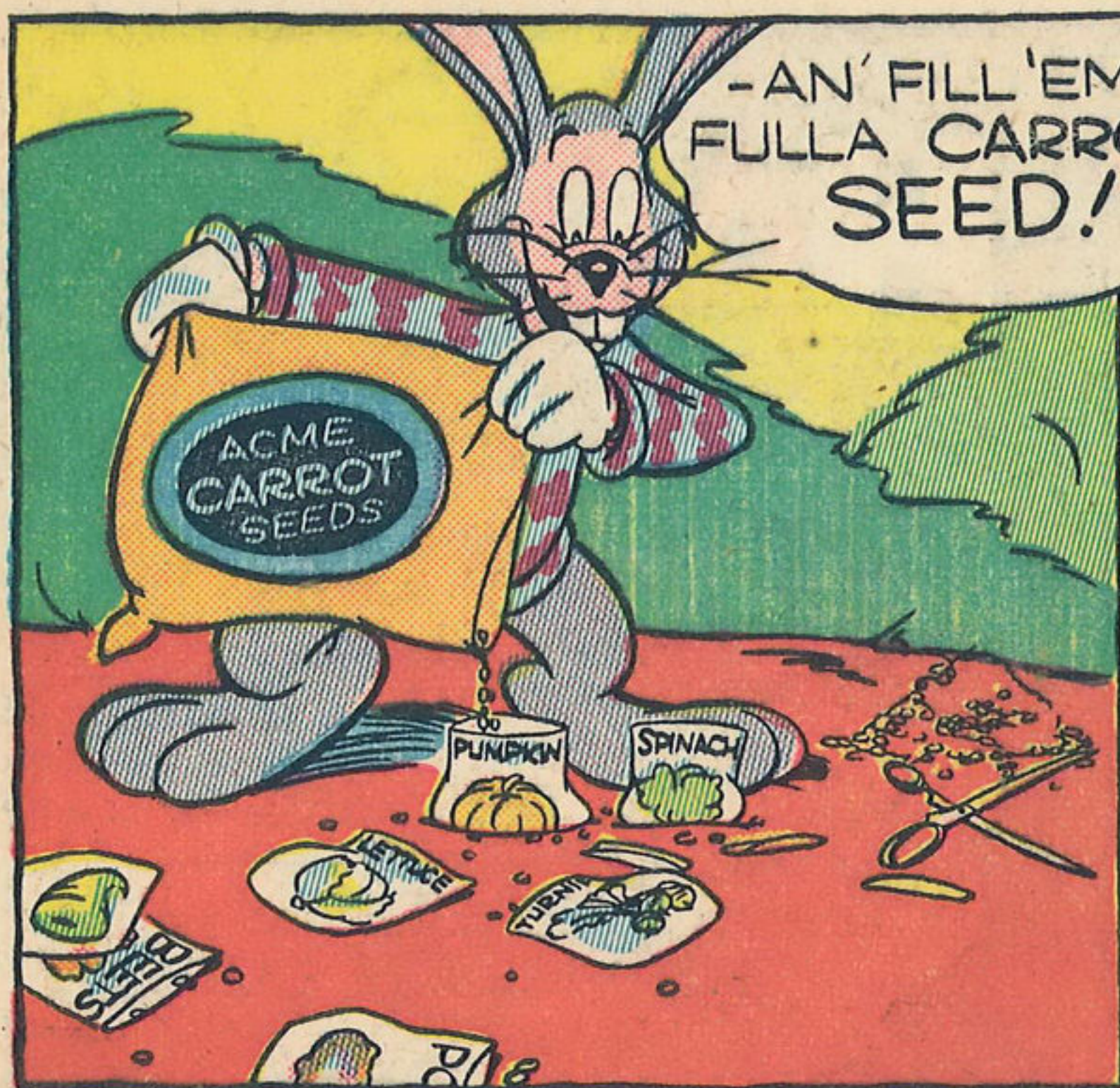
YES SIR! NOTHING  
LIKE PLANTING  
PLENTY OF  
CARROTS!



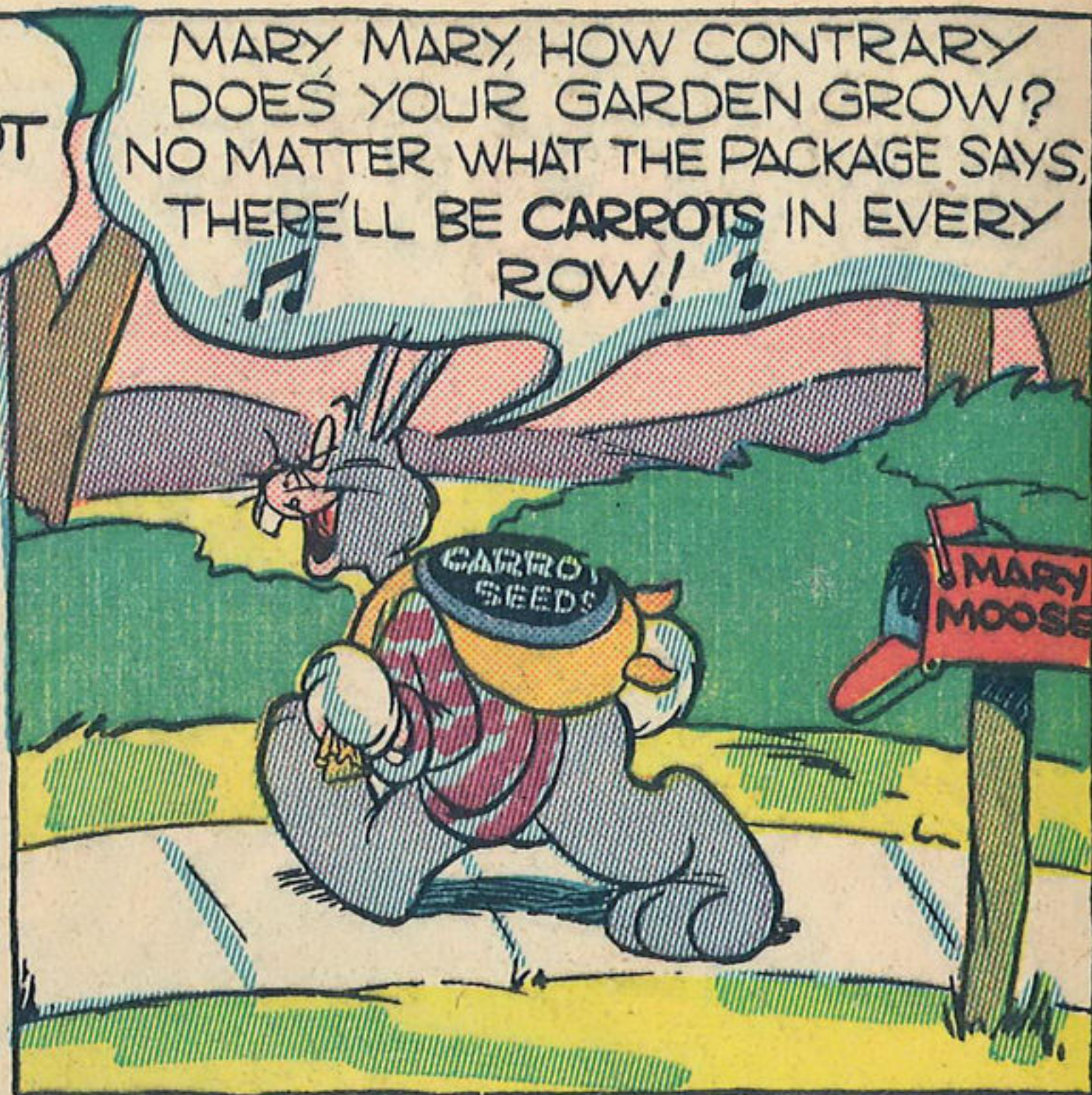
JUST SNIP  
OFF THE  
TOP --







-AN' FILL 'EM  
FULLA CARROT  
SEED!



MARY MARY, HOW CONTRARY  
DOES YOUR GARDEN GROW?  
NO MATTER WHAT THE PACKAGE SAYS,  
THERE'LL BE CARROTS IN EVERY  
ROW!

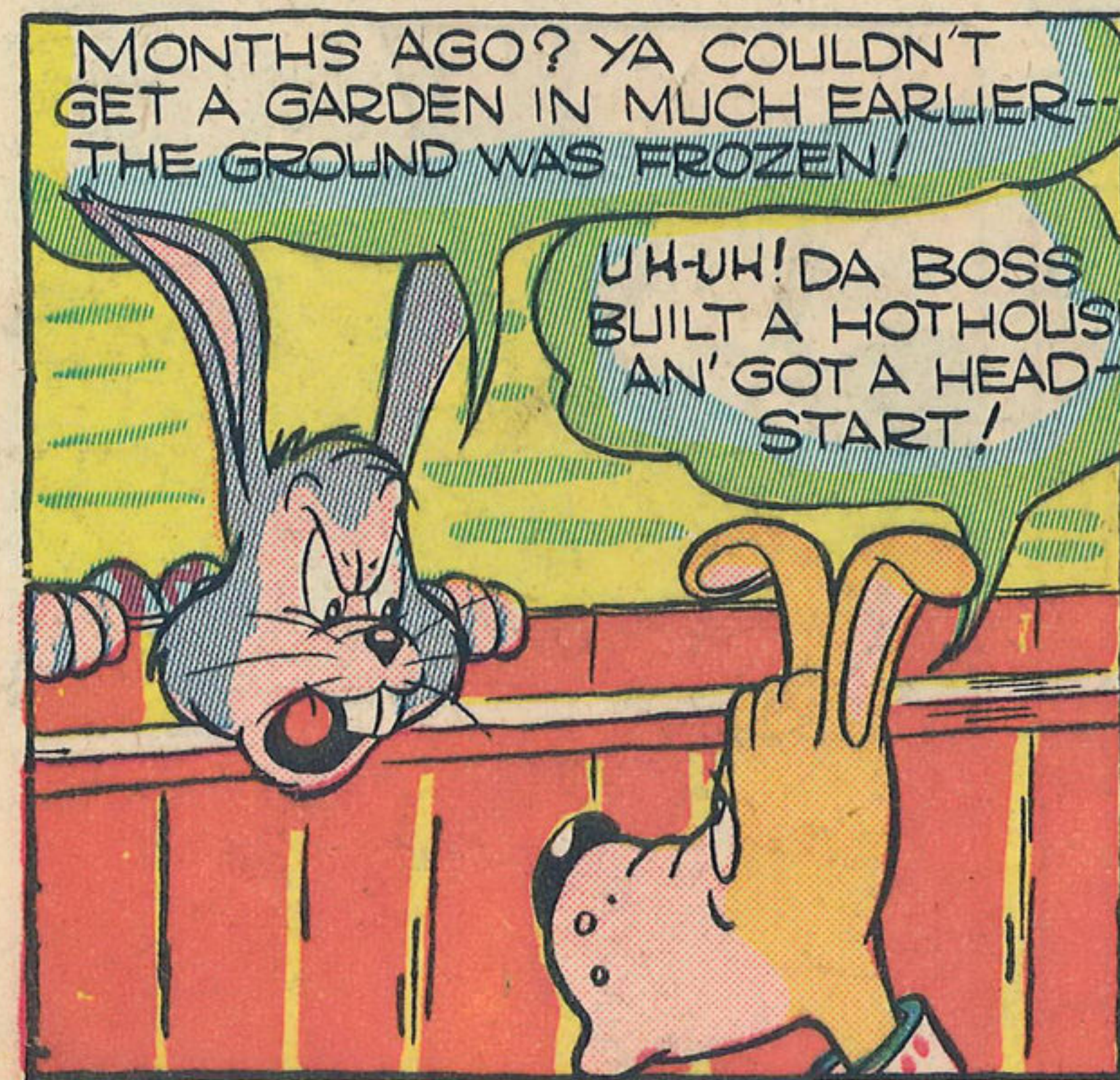


SAY, I BETTER BE GETTIN' OVER  
TO WILLIE'S PLACE — HIS BOSS  
SHOULD BE PLANTIN' TODAY TOO!



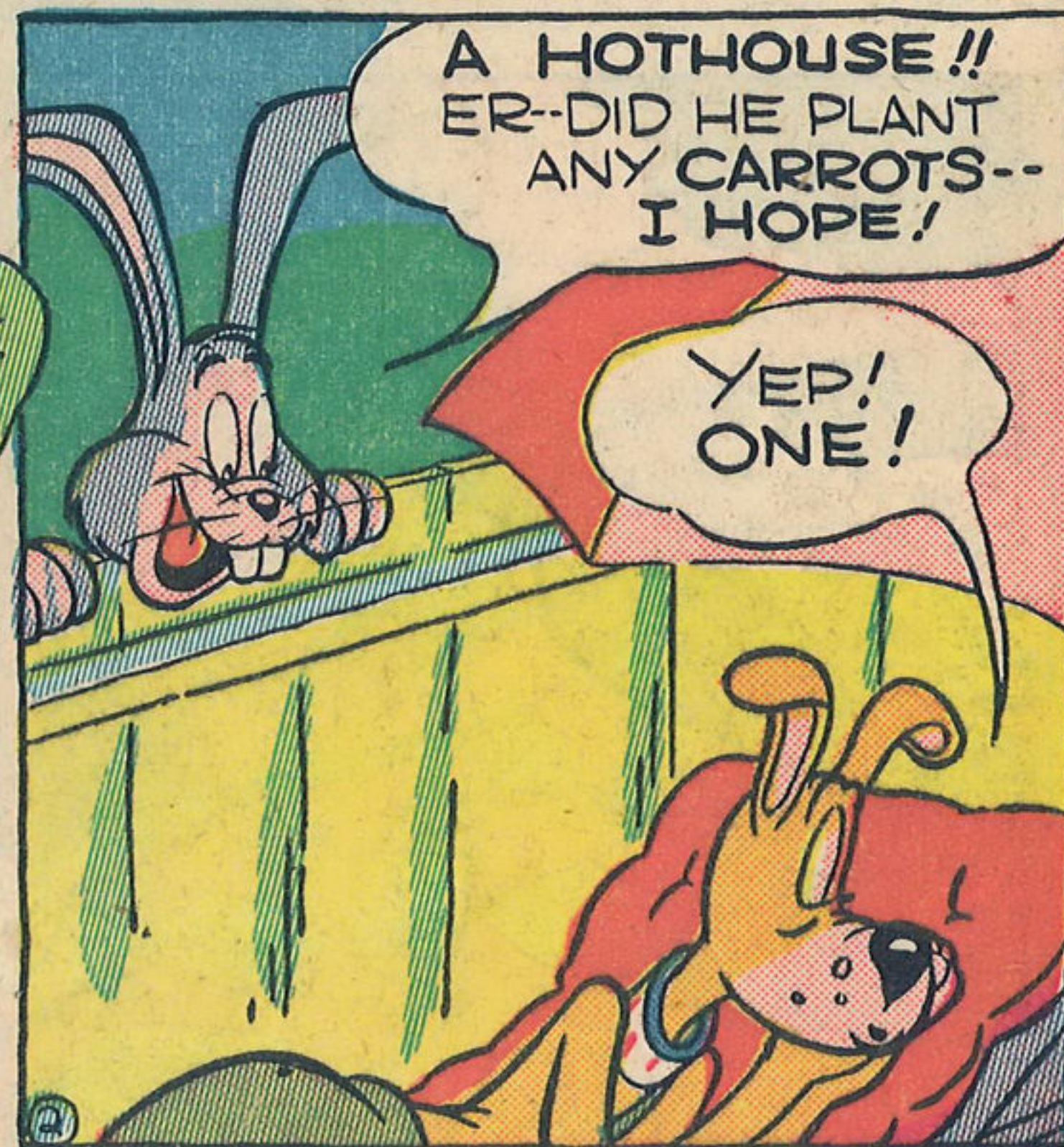
SAY, WILLIE, WHERE'S YOUR BOSS?  
KINDA FIGURED HE'D BE PUTTIN'  
IN HIS GARDEN TODAY!

TODAY! SHUCKS,  
HE DID THAT  
MONTHS AGO!



MONTHS AGO? YA COULDN'T  
GET A GARDEN IN MUCH EARLIER--  
THE GROUND WAS FROZEN!

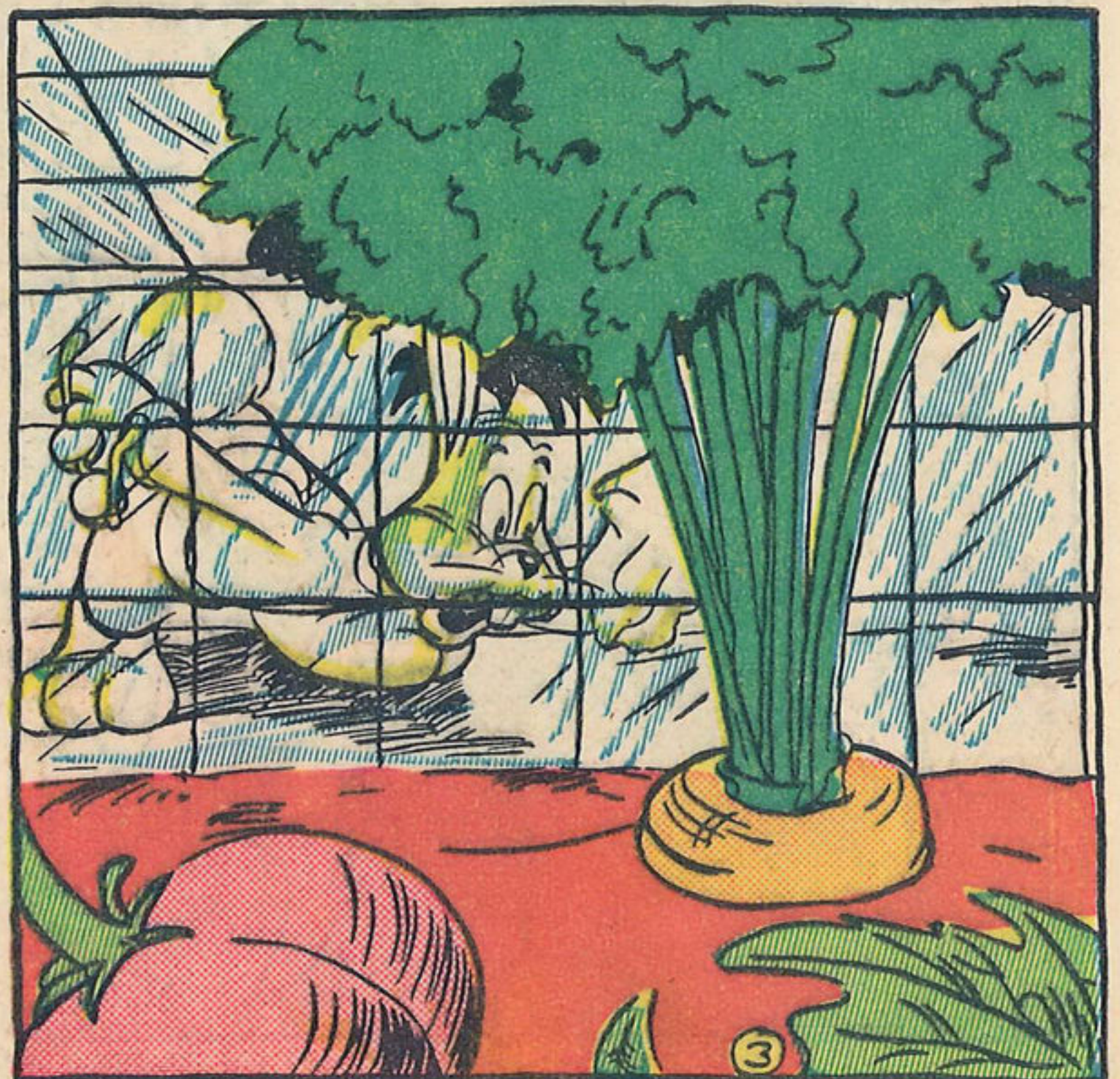
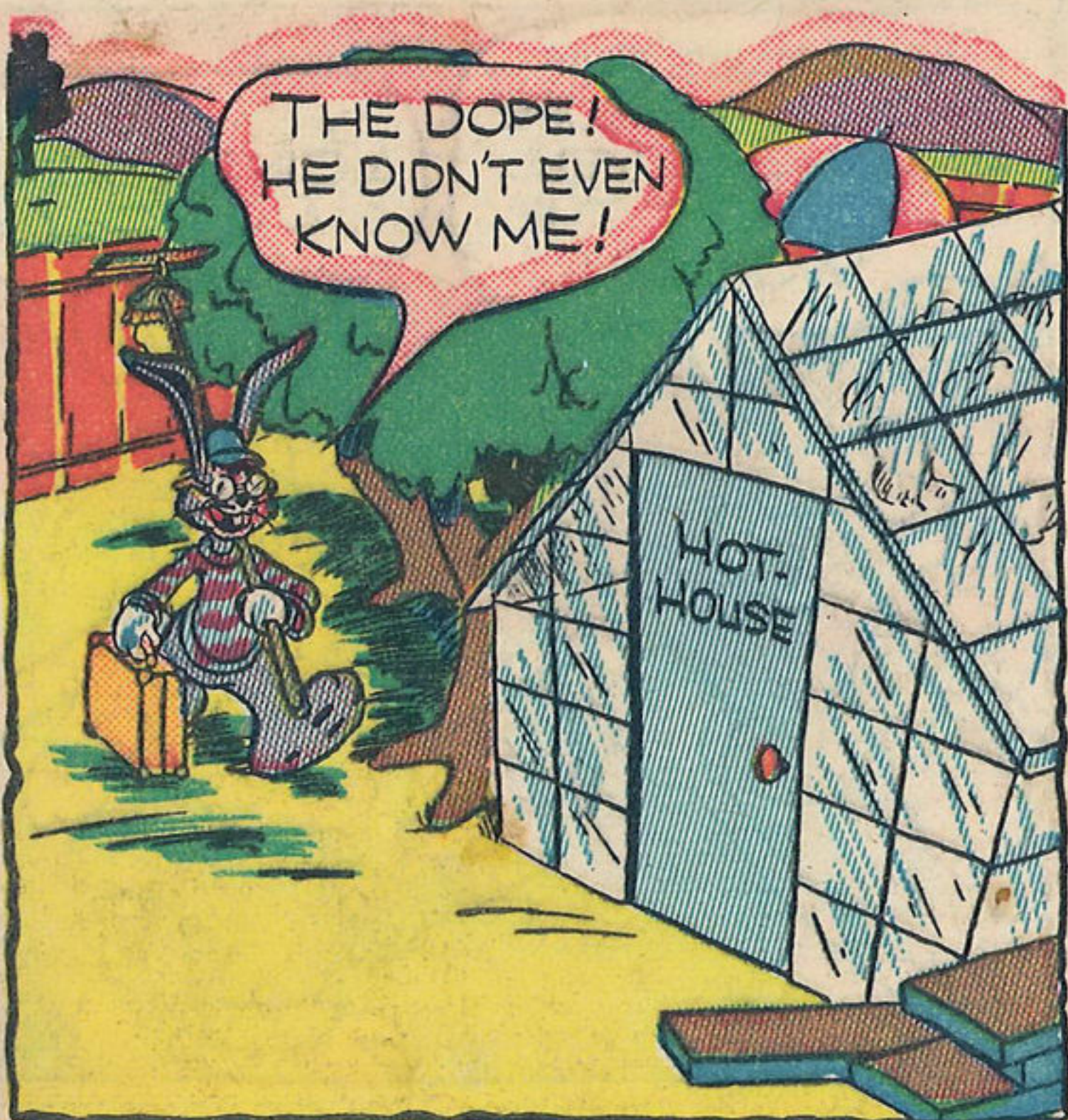
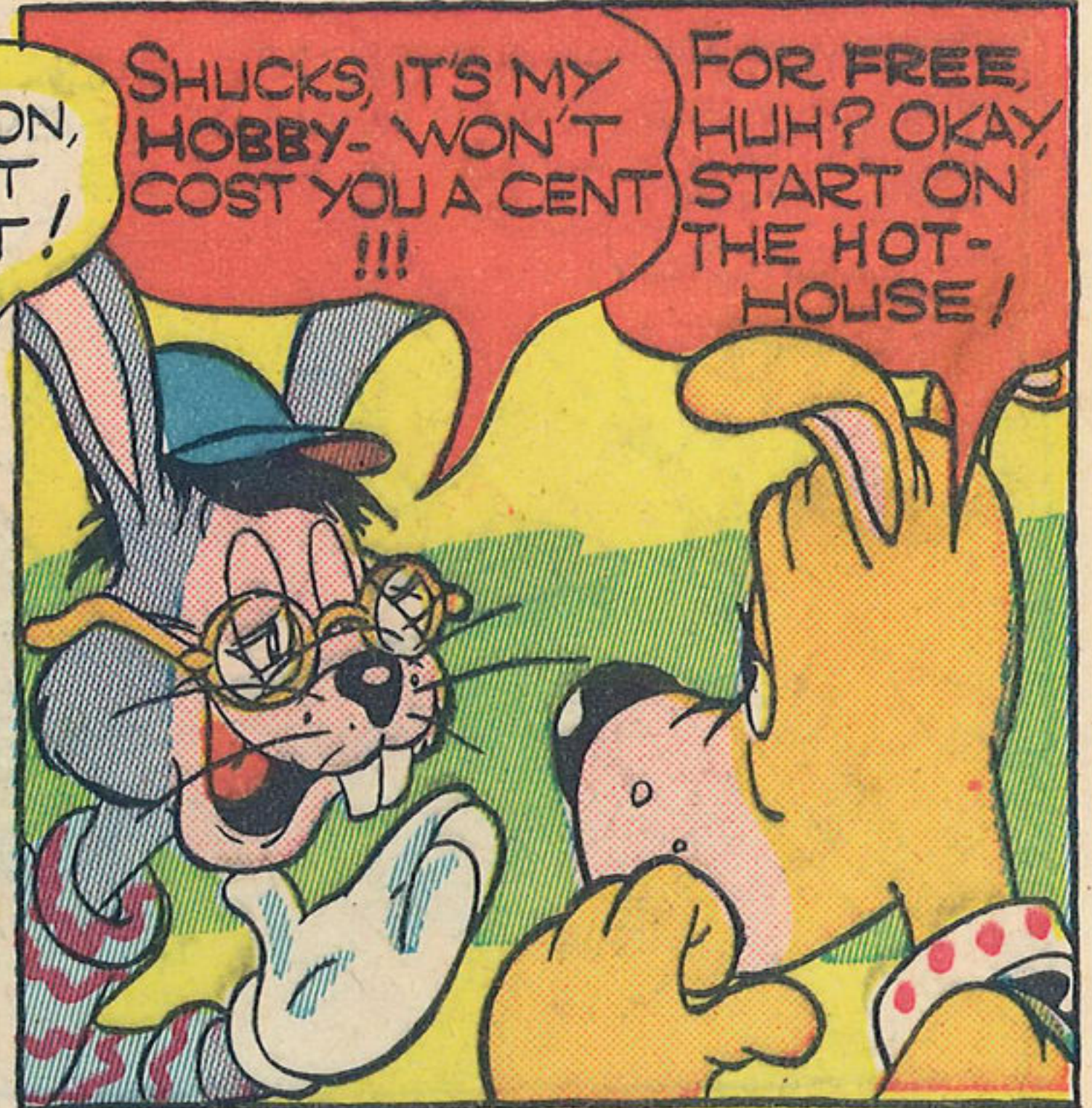
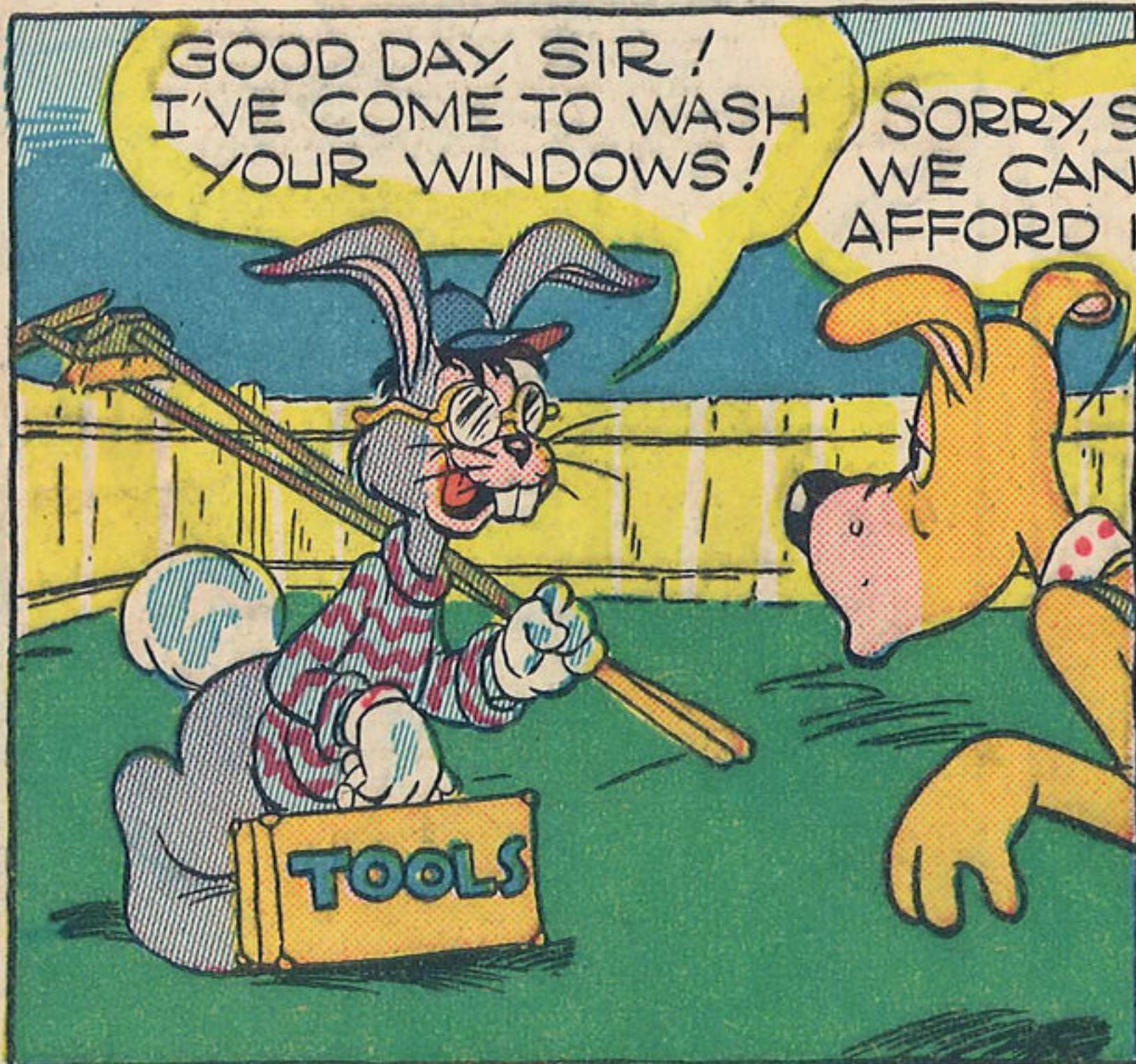
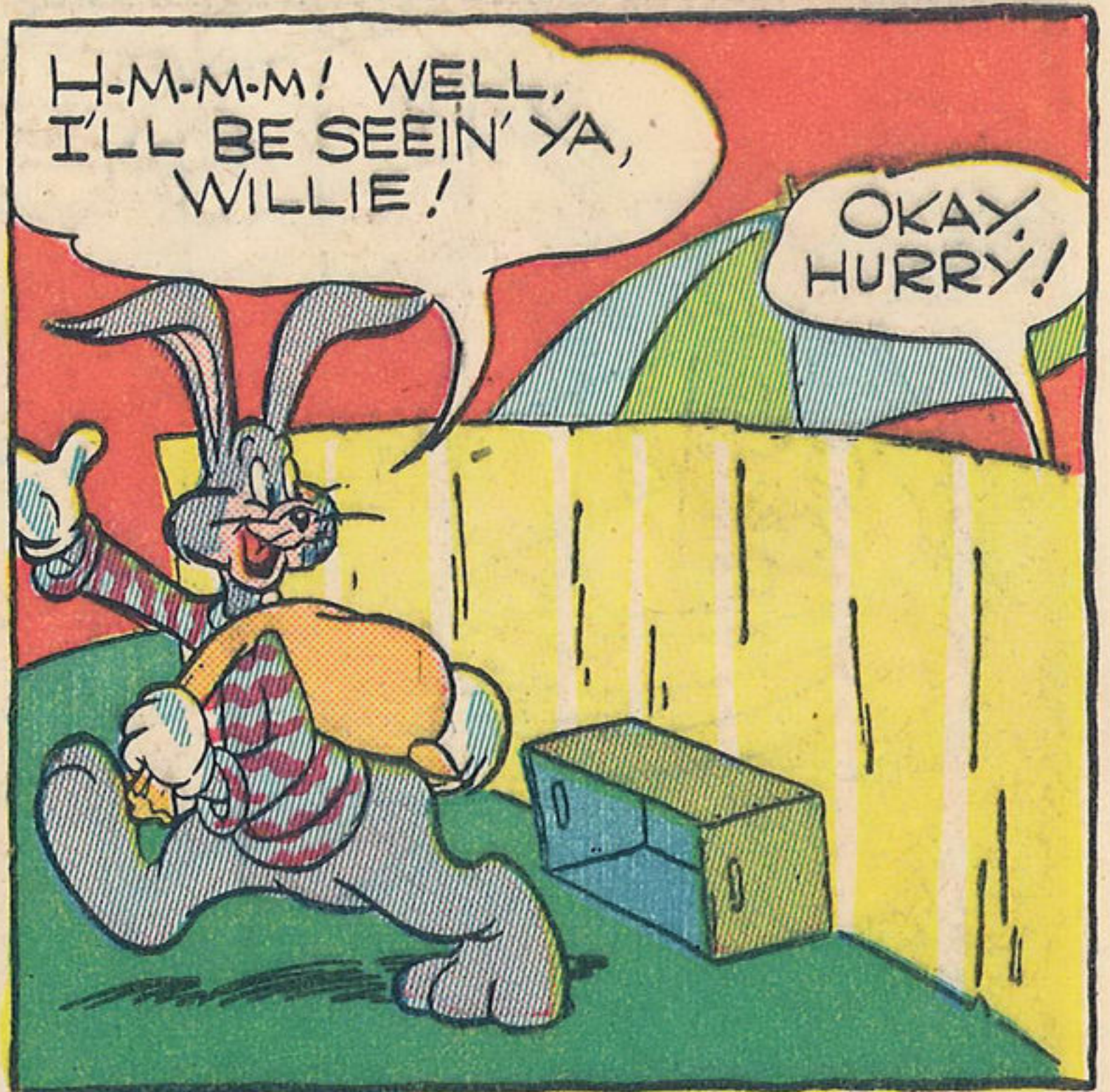
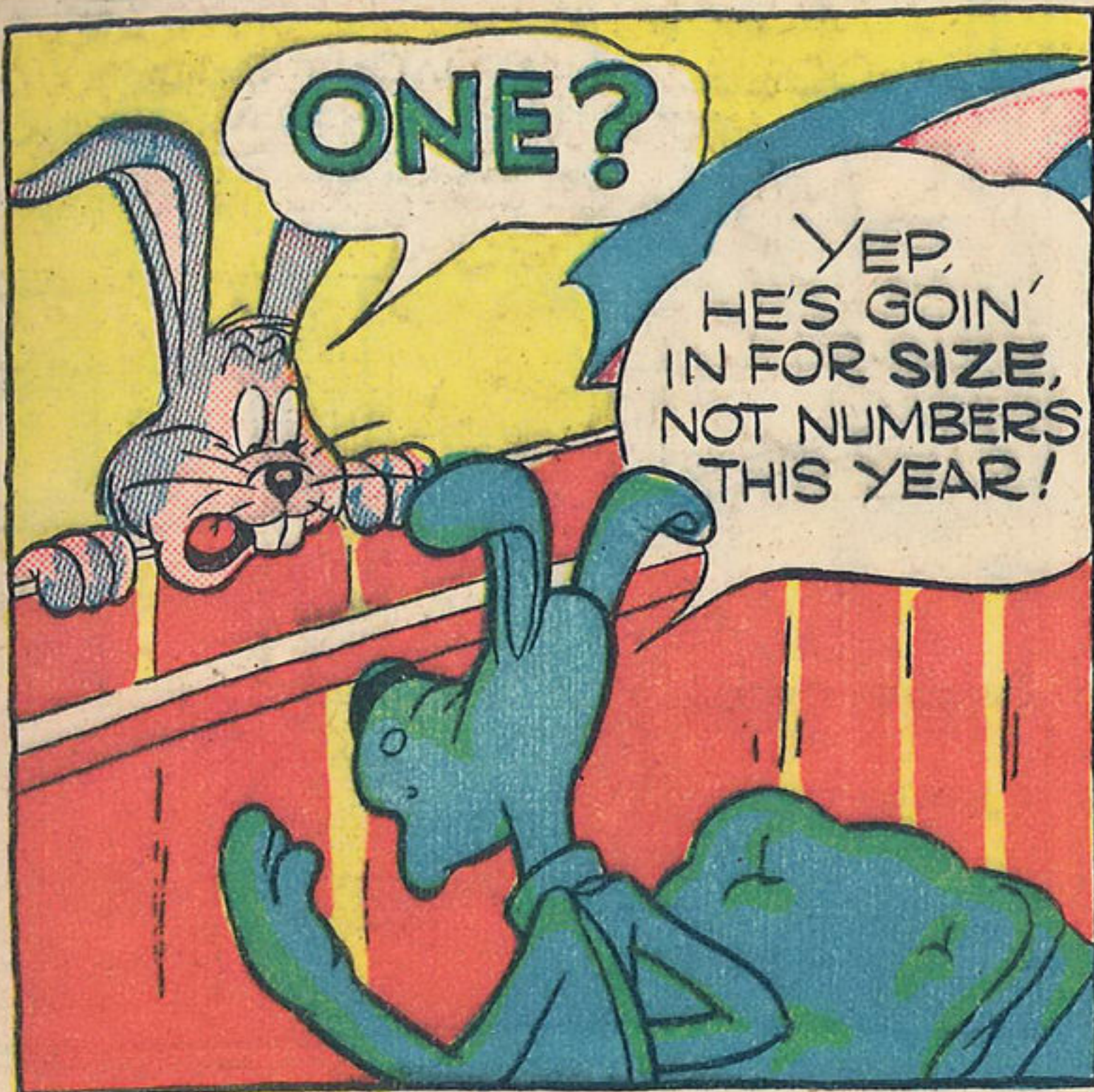
UH-UH! DA BOSS  
BUILT A HOTHOUSE  
AN' GOT A HEAD-  
START!



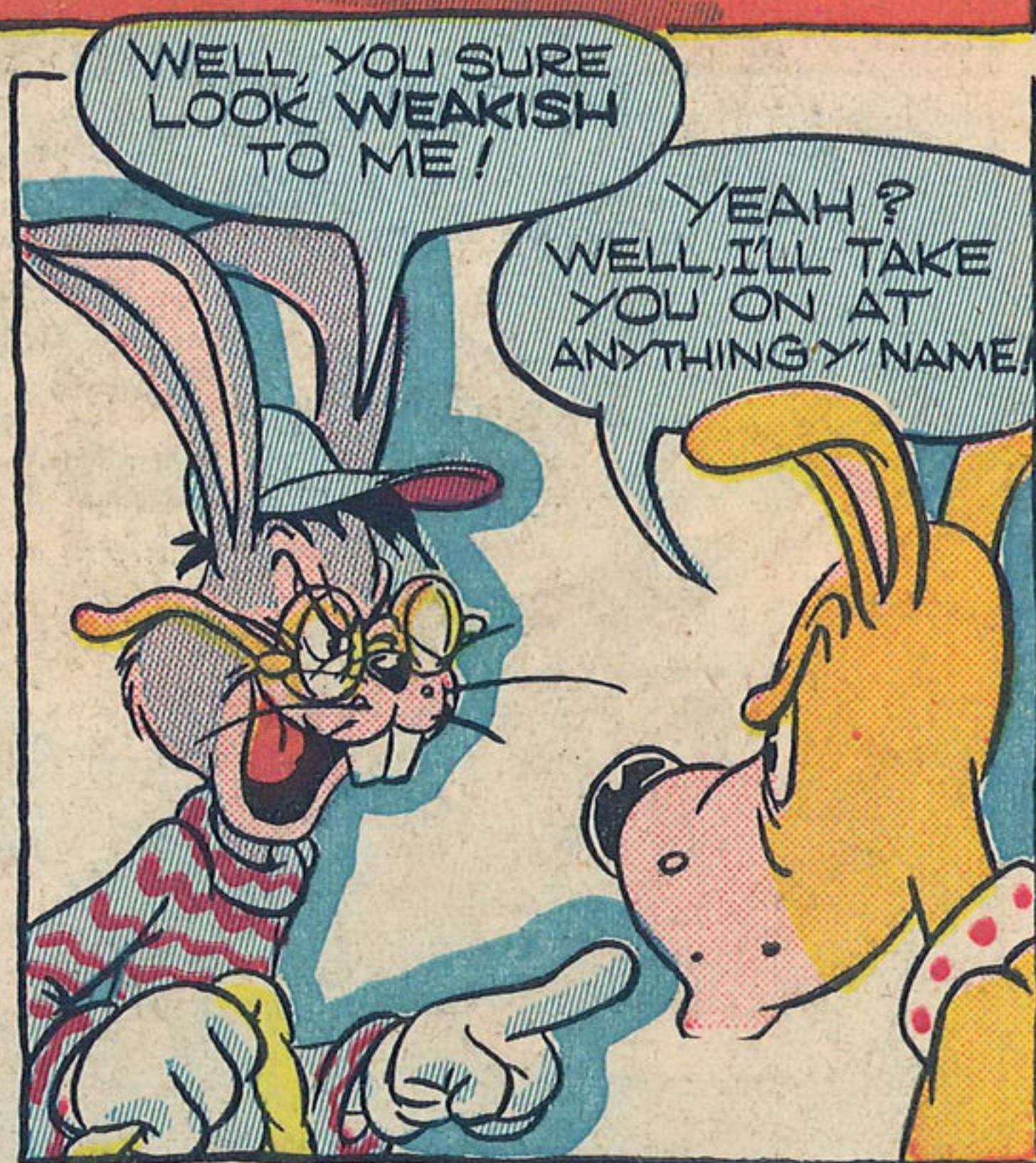
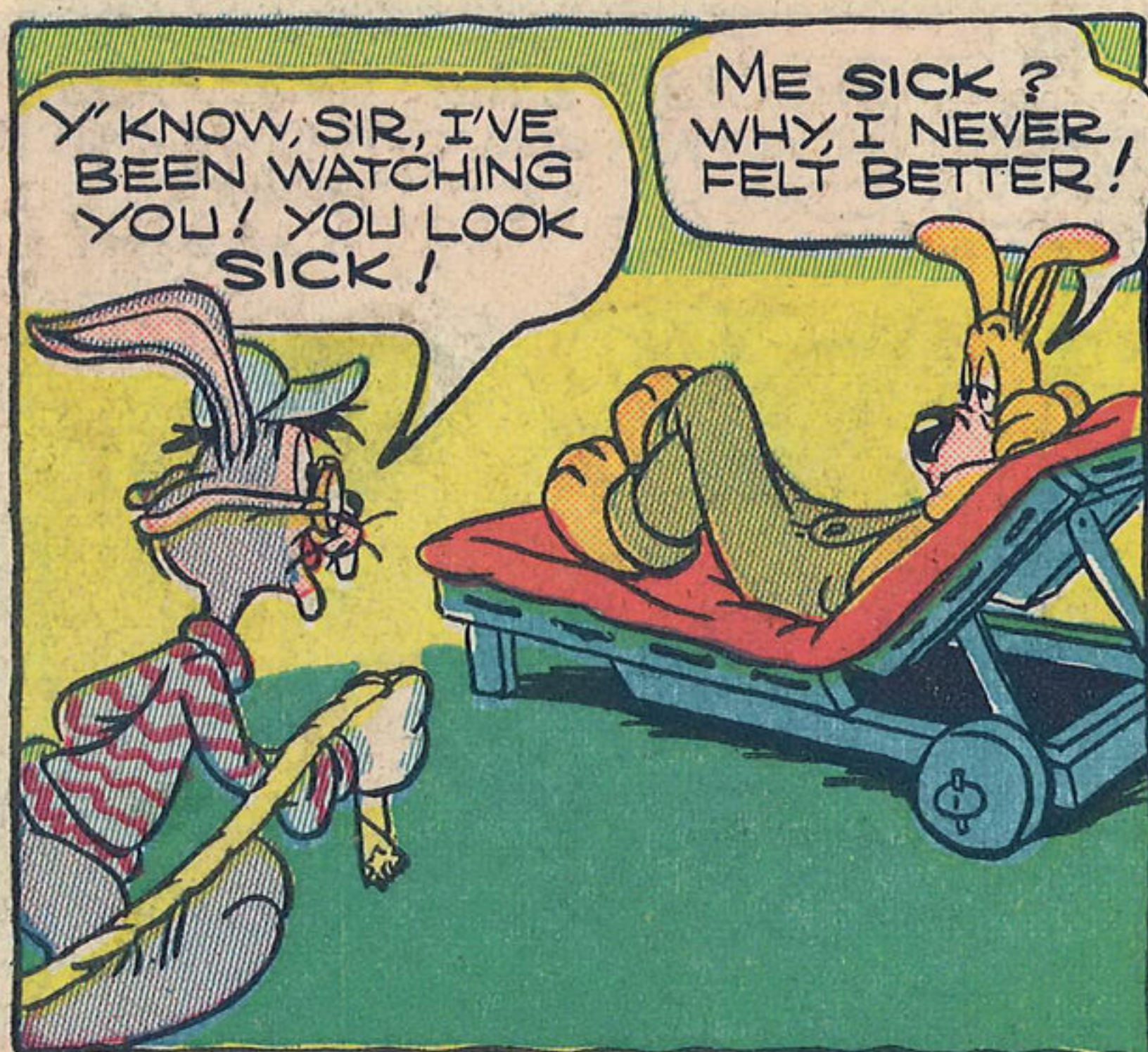
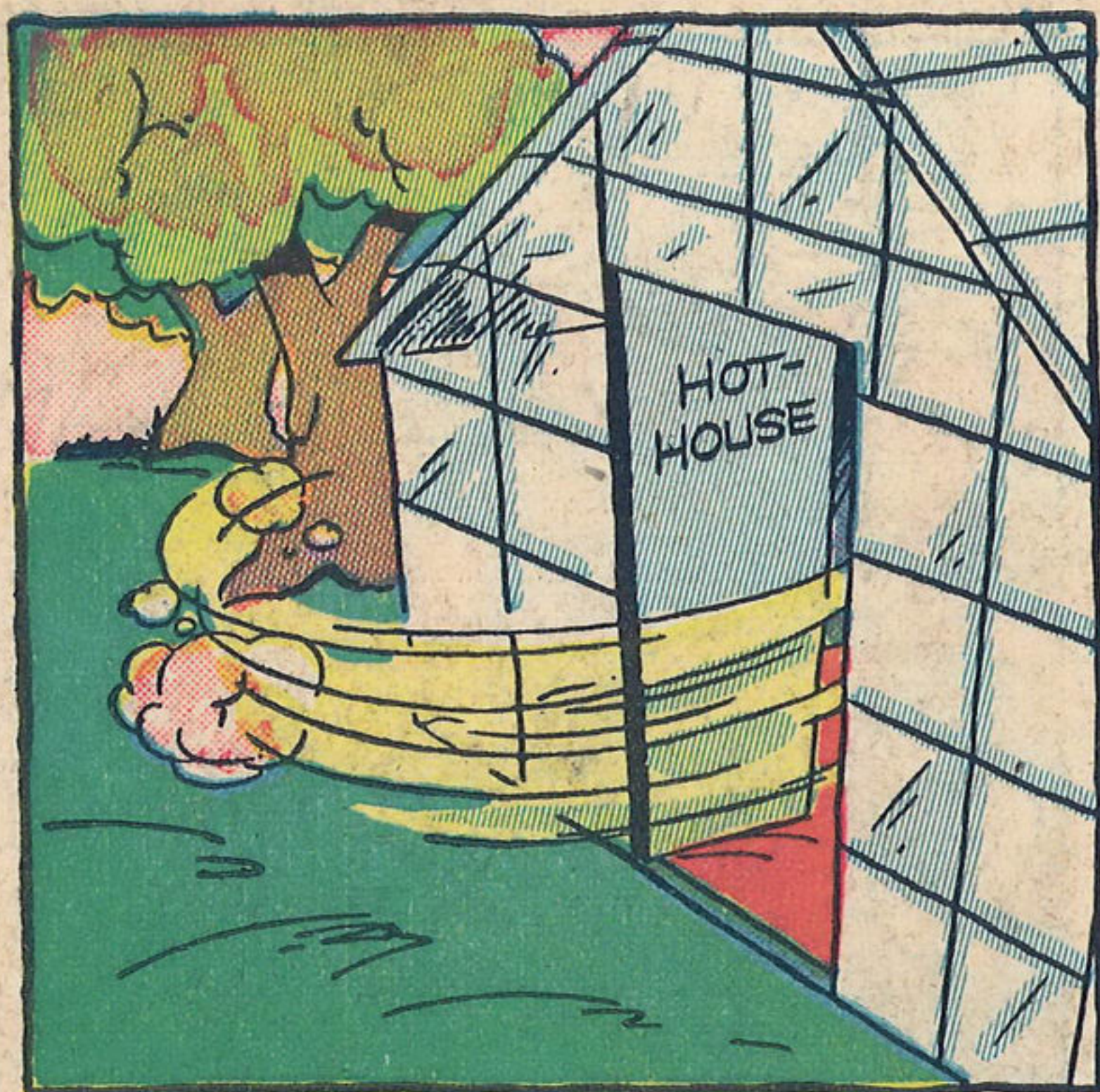
A HOTHOUSE!!  
ER-DID HE PLANT  
ANY CARROTS--  
I HOPE!

YEP!  
ONE!

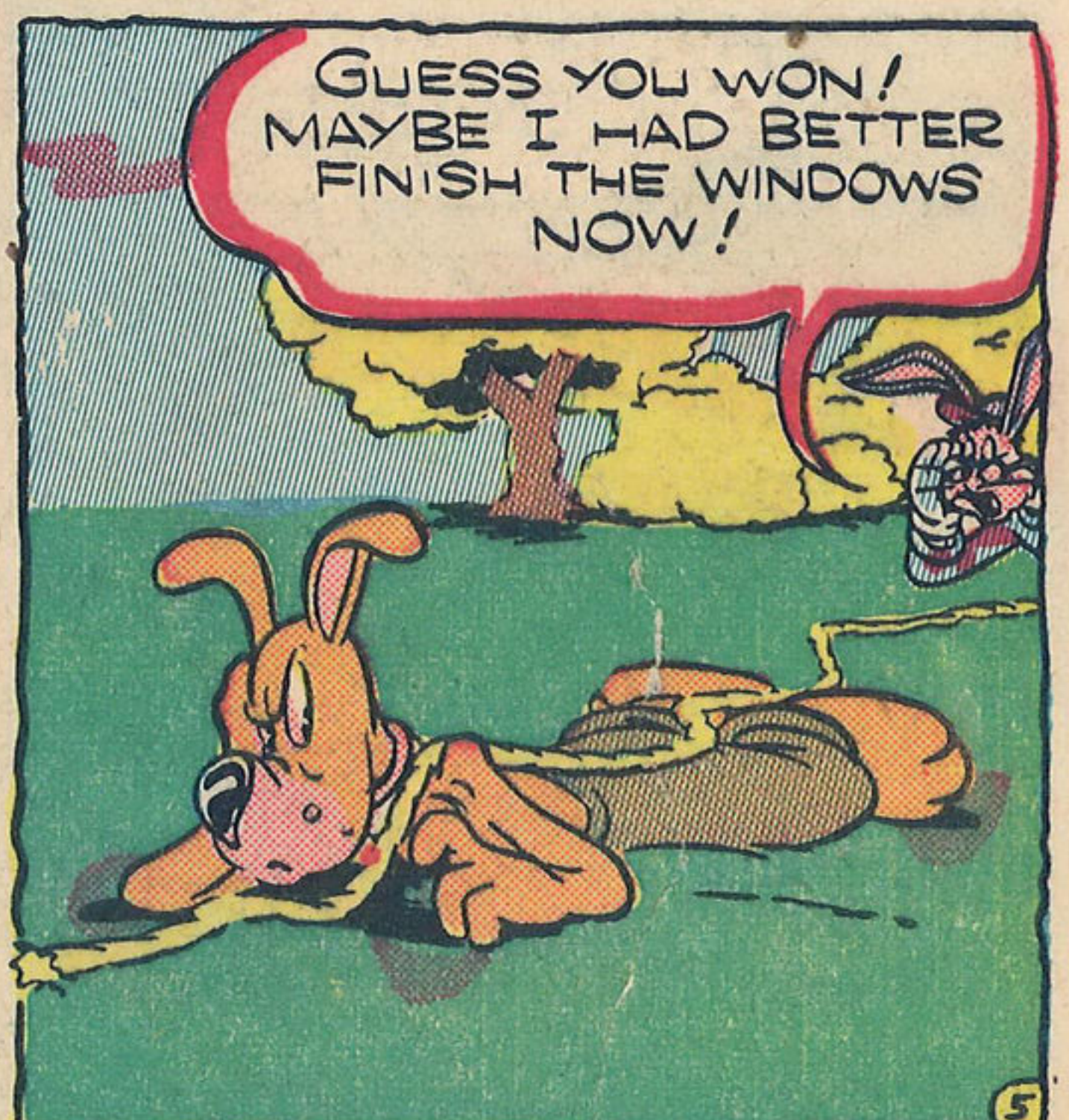
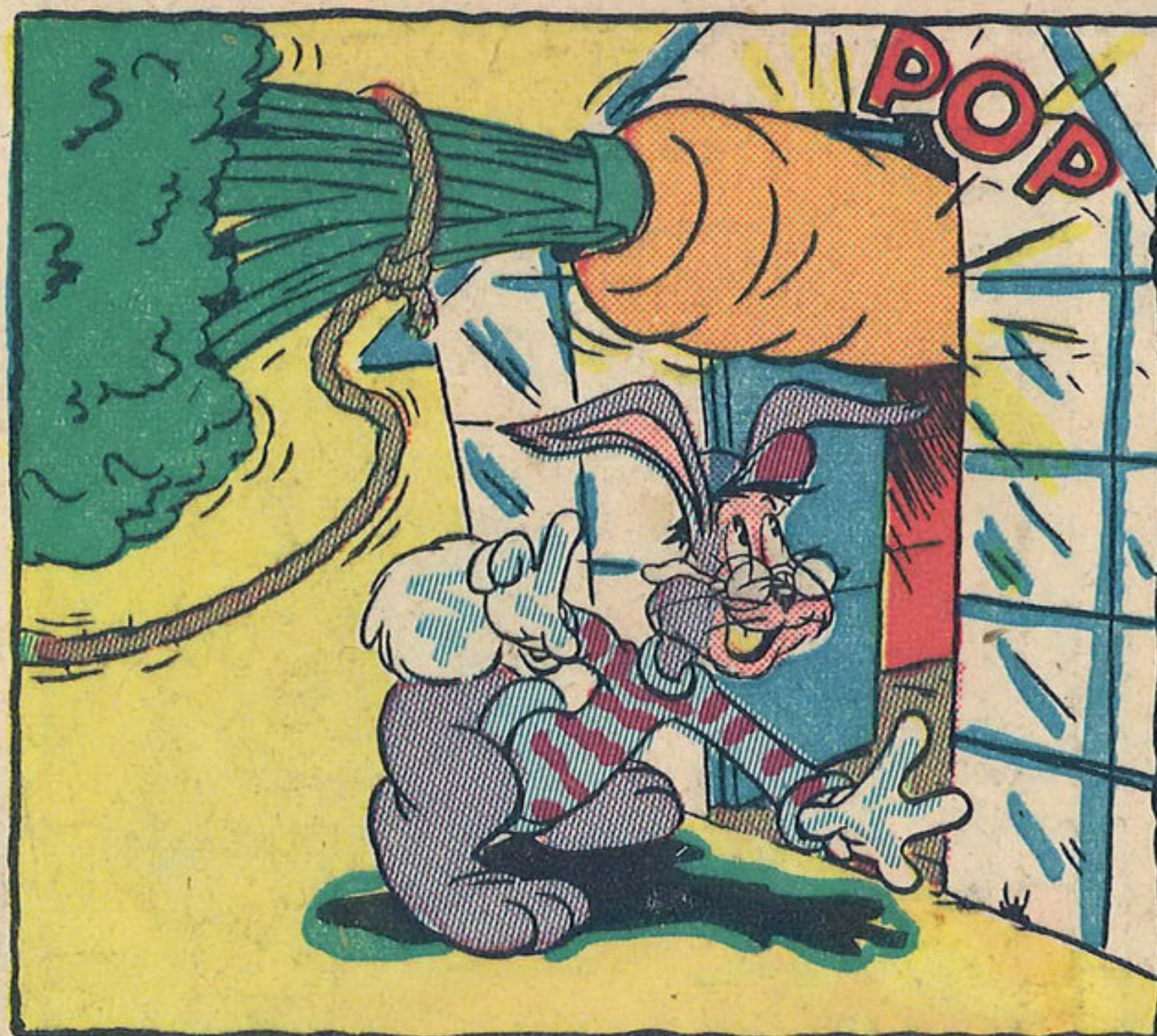
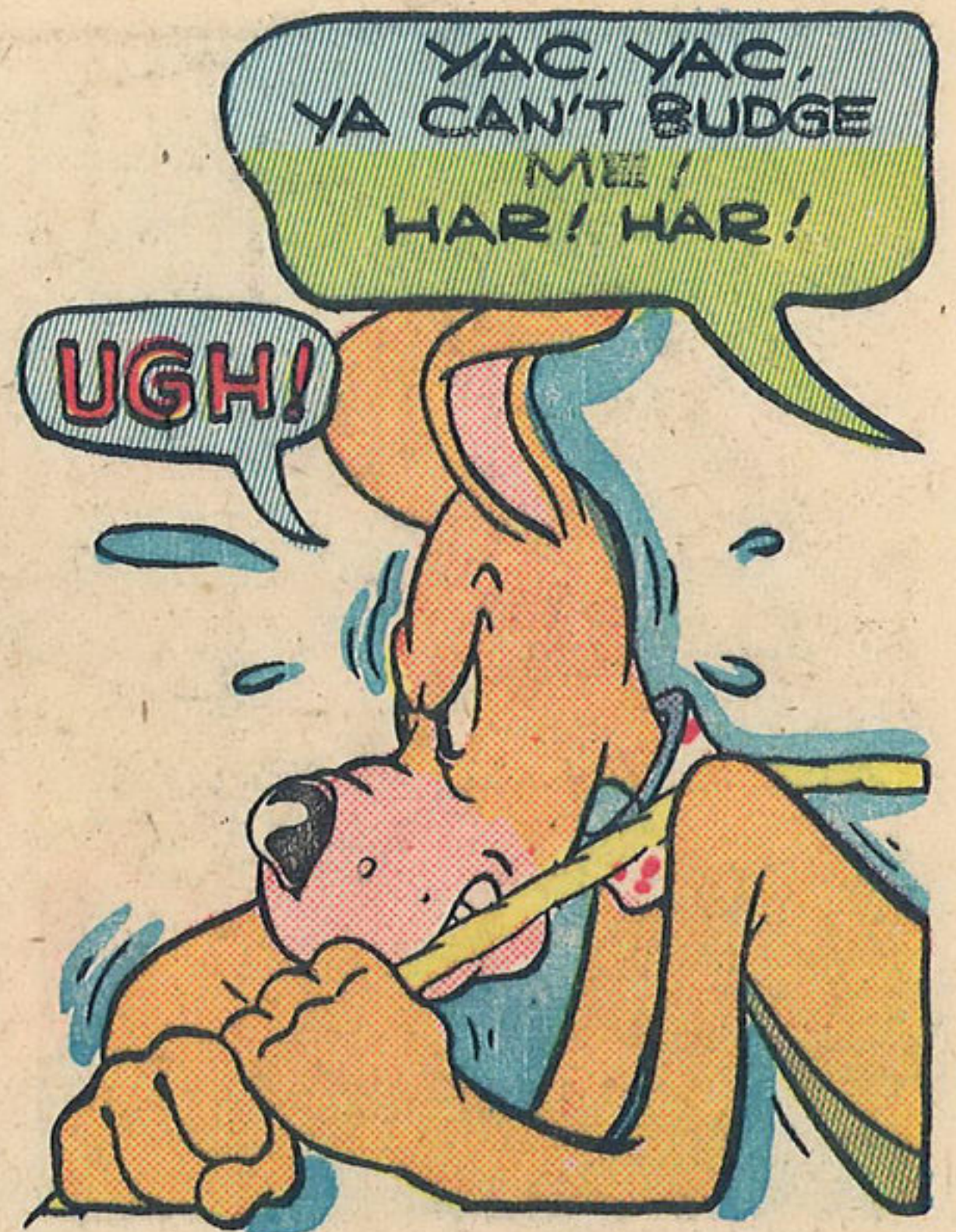
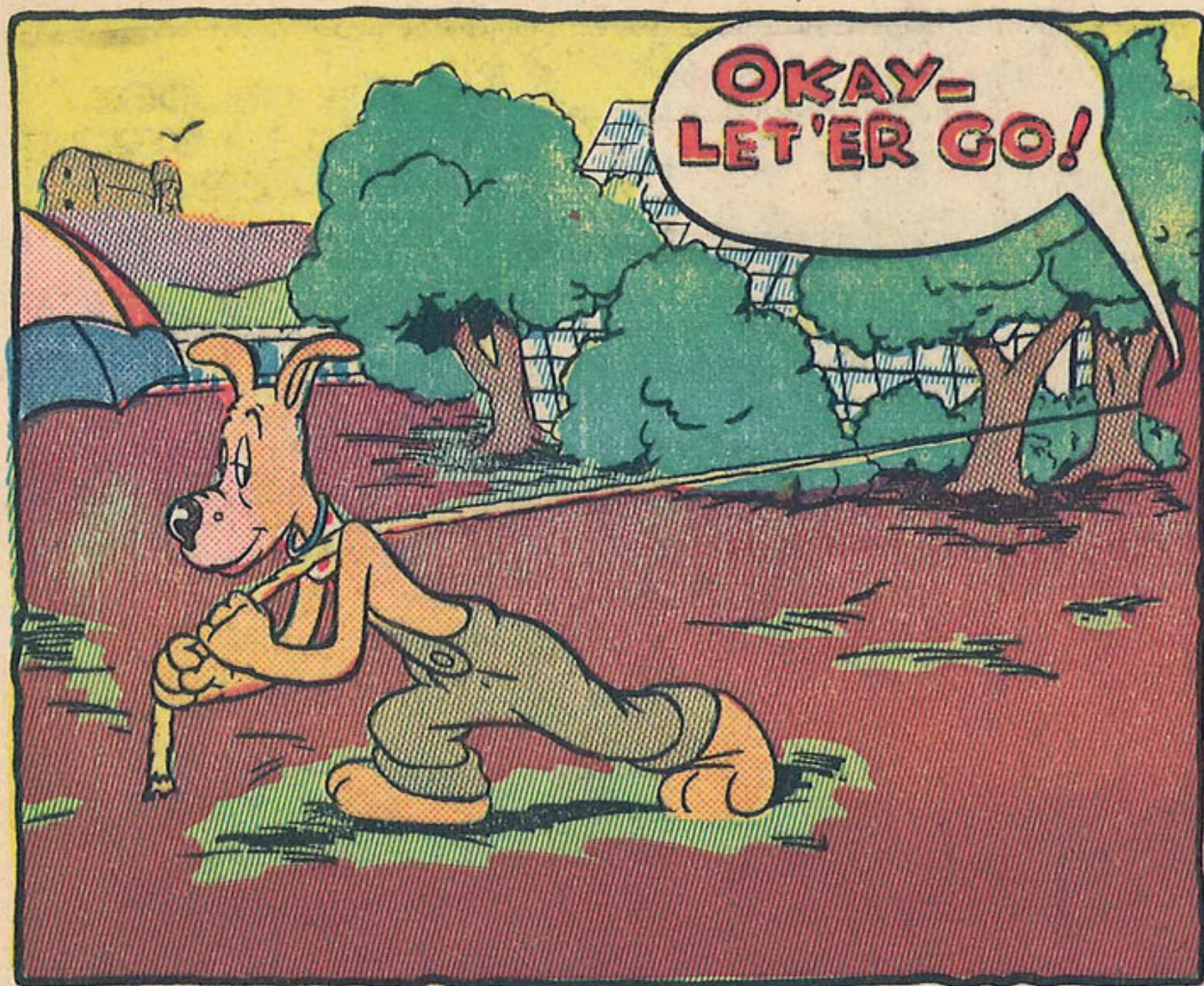




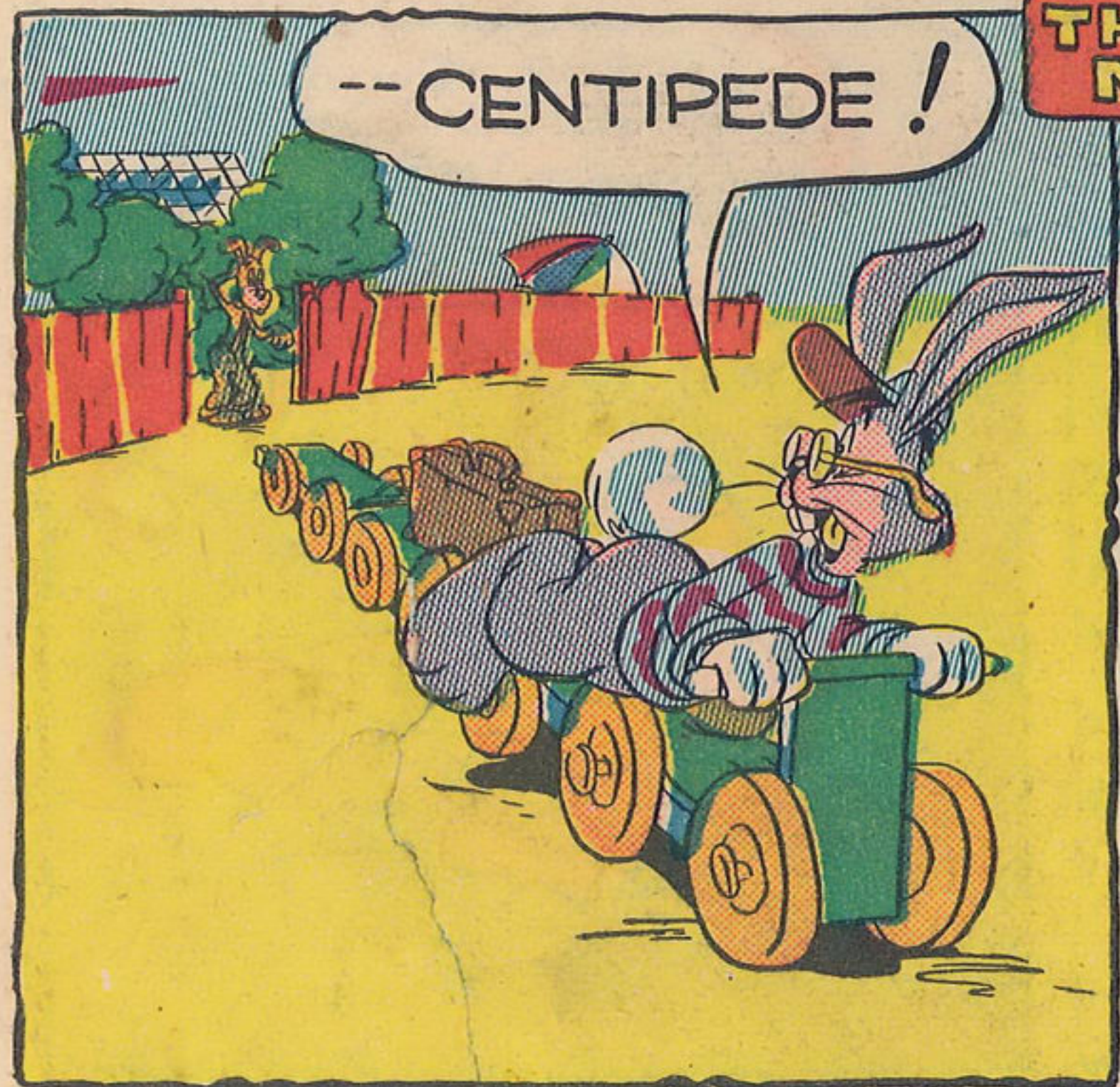
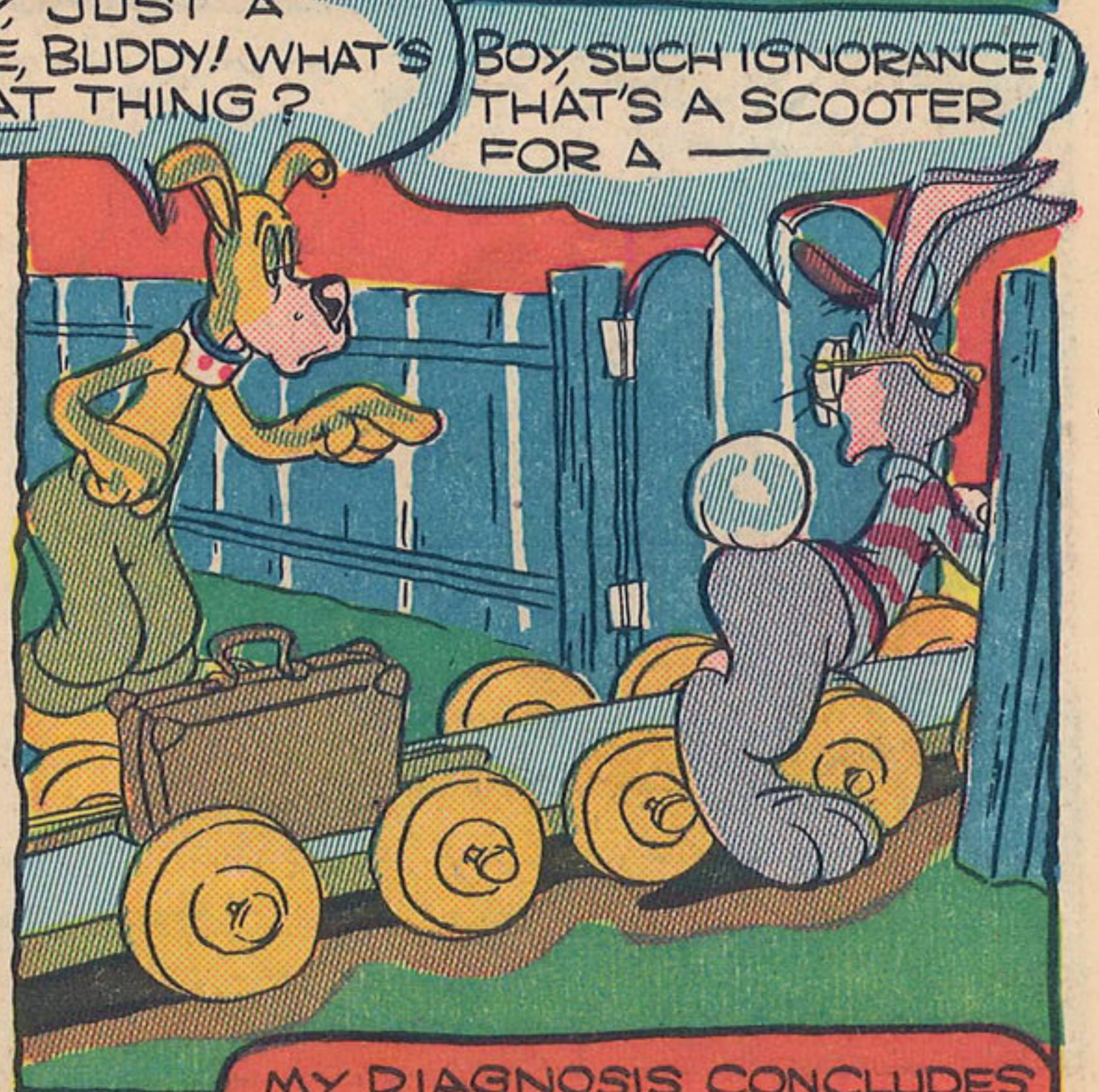
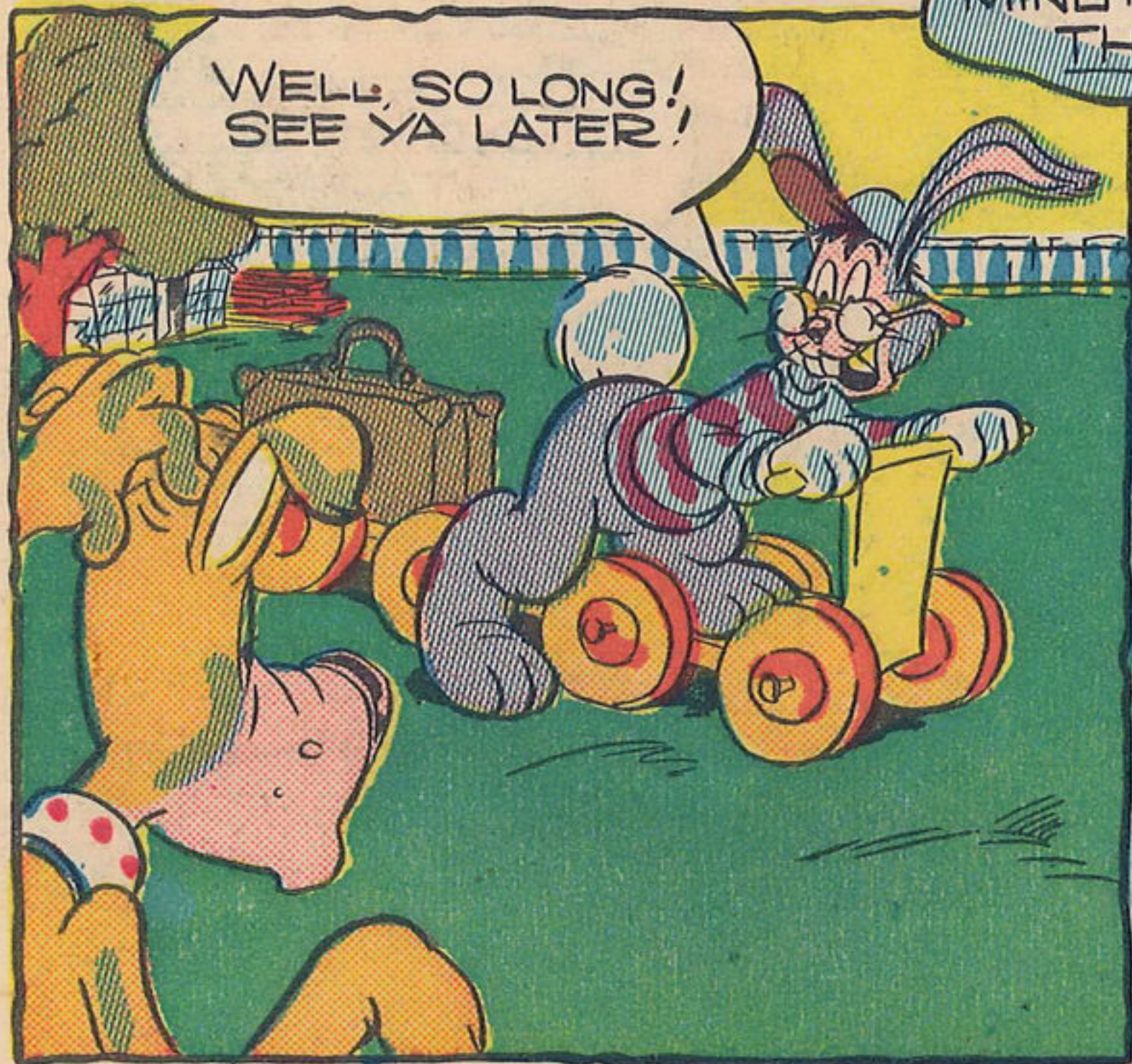
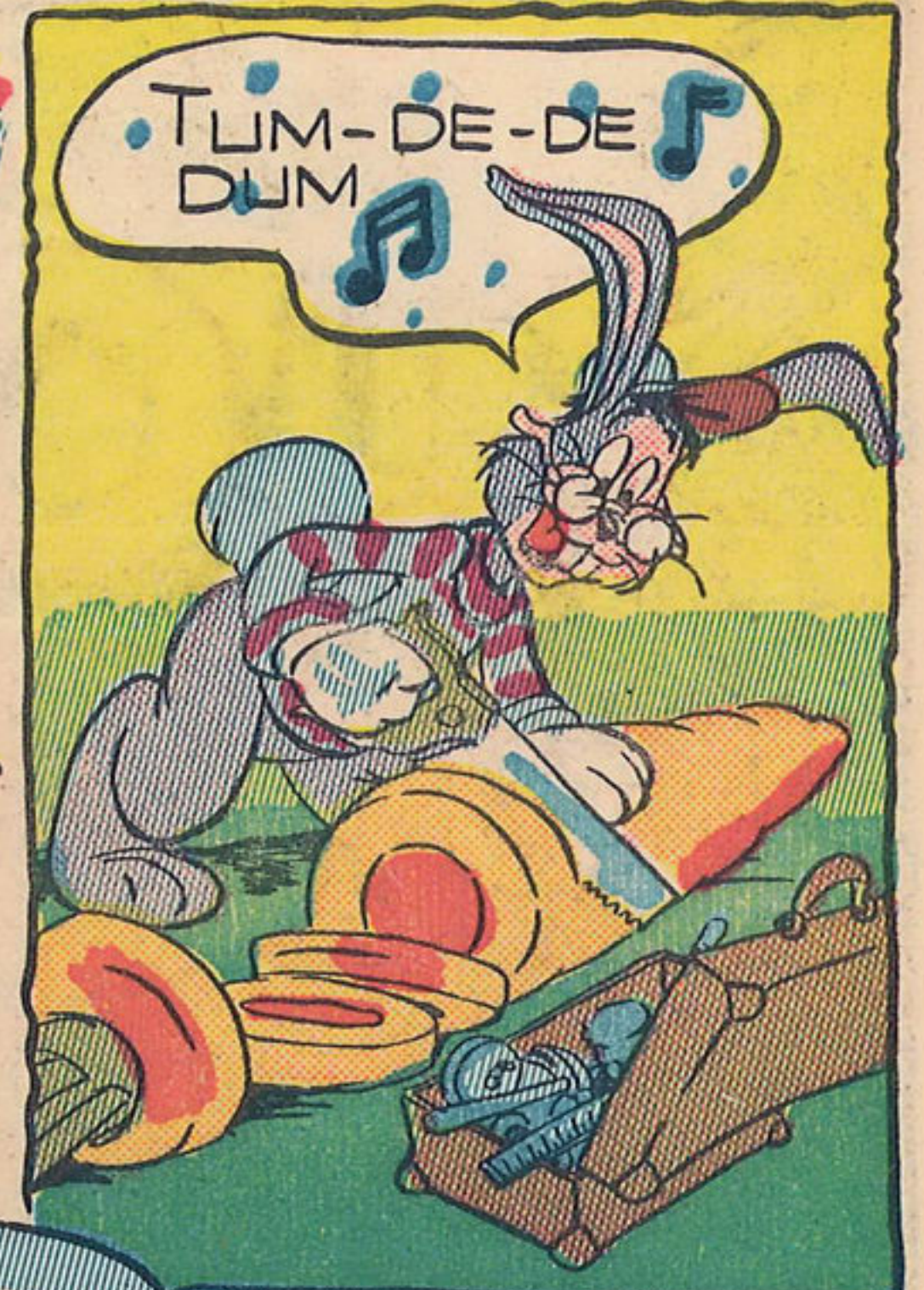
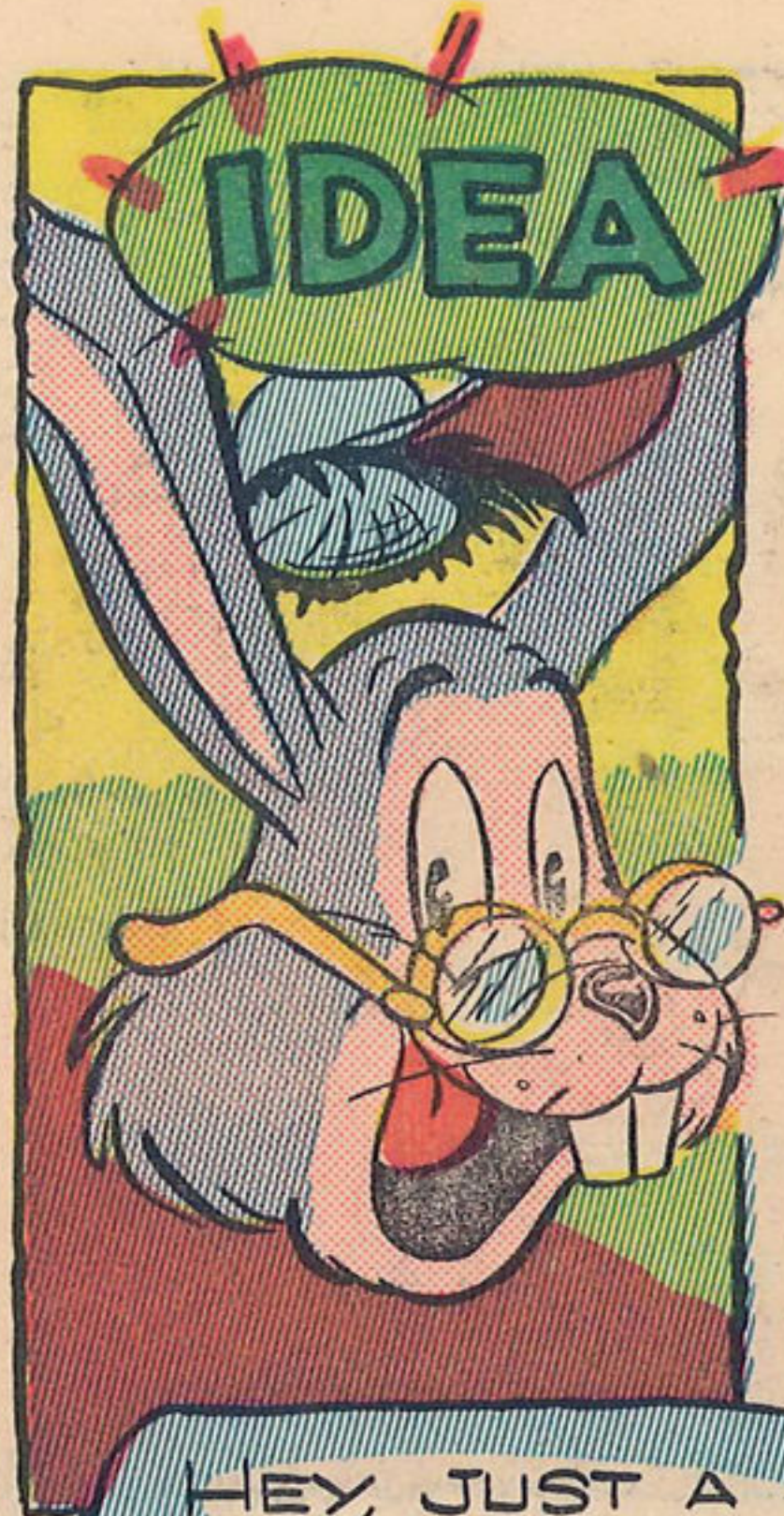












THAT NIGHT



# HORACE

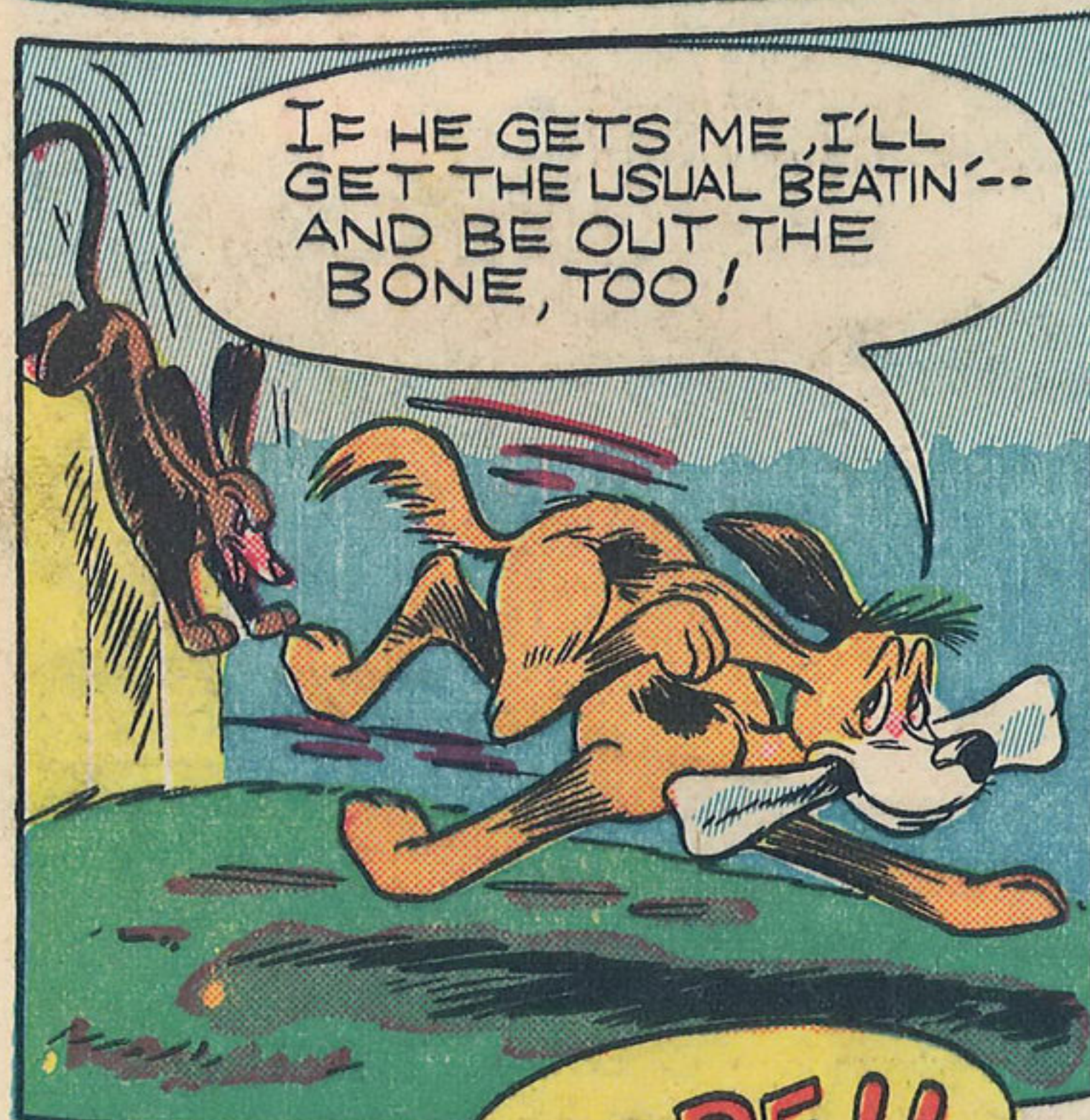
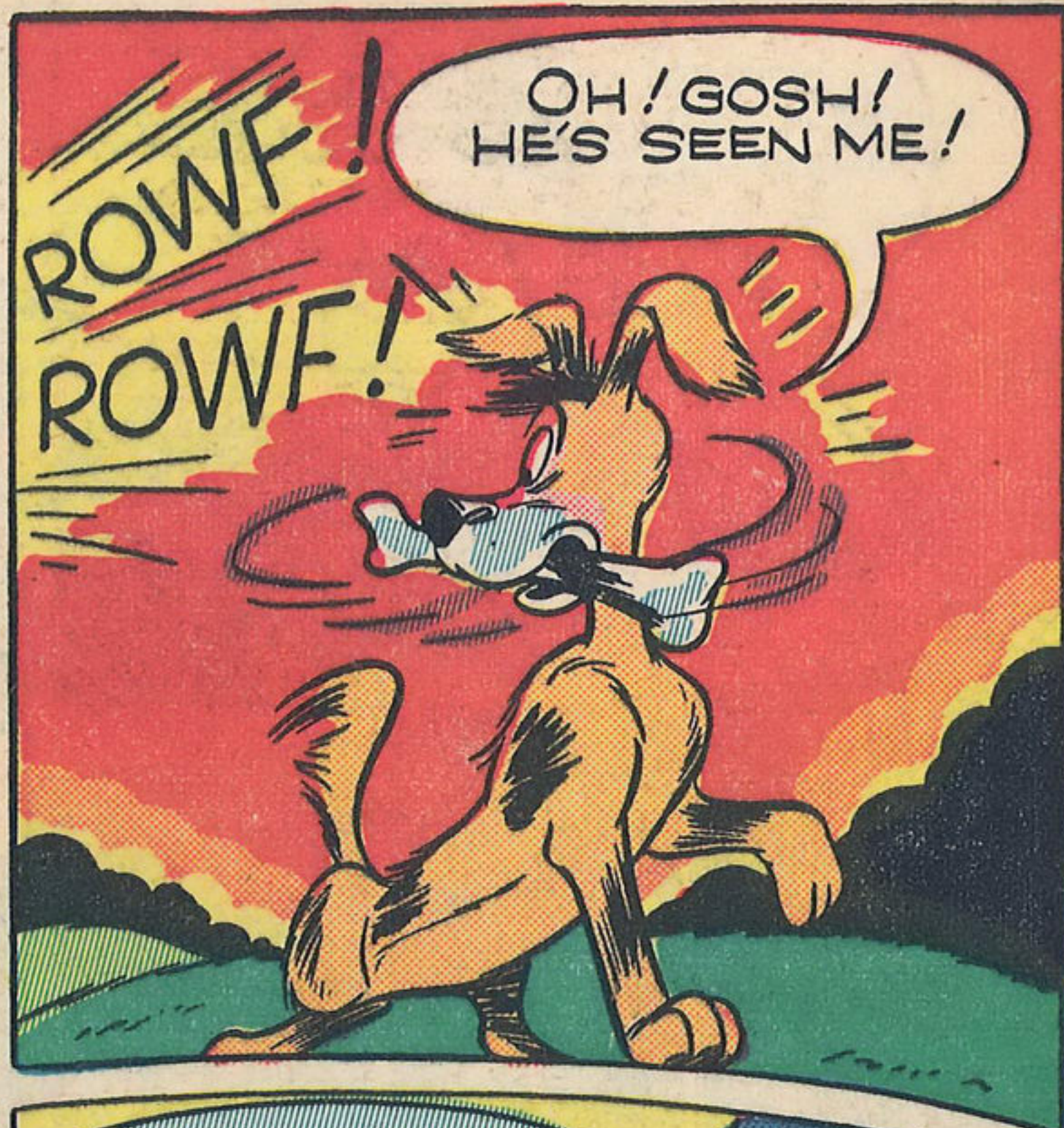
OH! OH!  
FOOD!

DRAWN BY  
HARRIS STEINBROOK

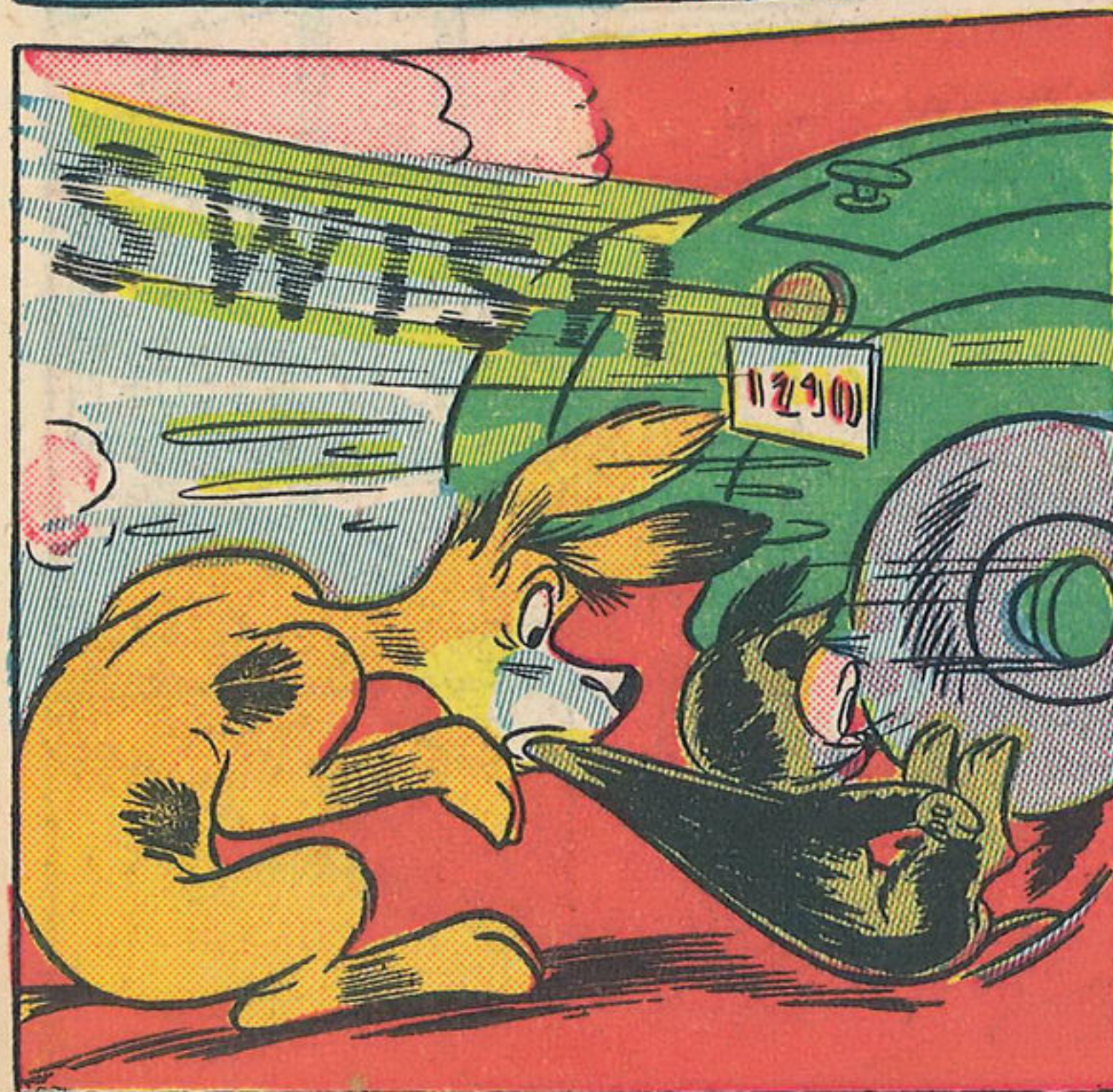
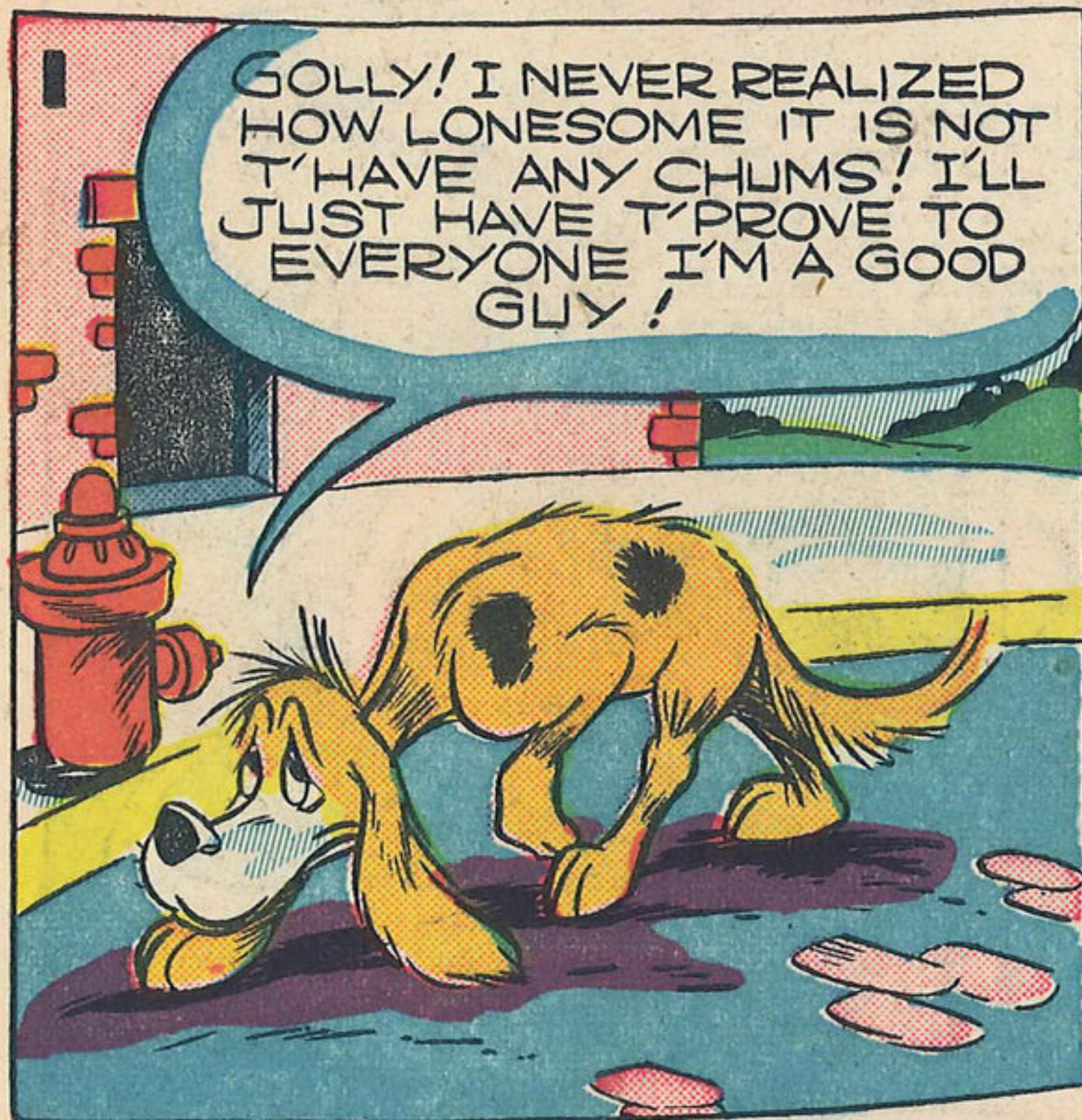
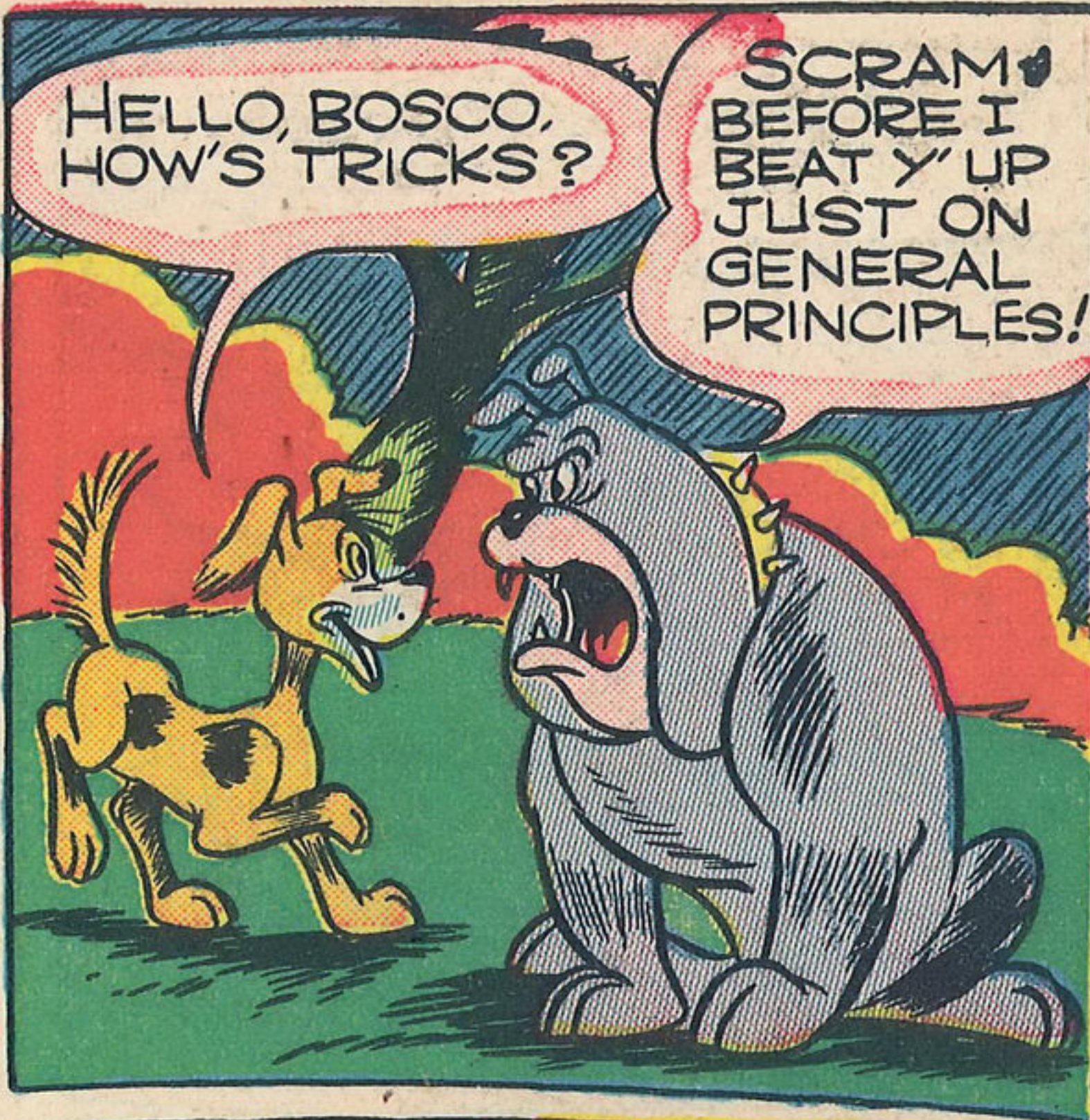
QUICK  
CHANGE  
STUFF!

MY BONE! WHERE  
DID MY BONE  
GO??

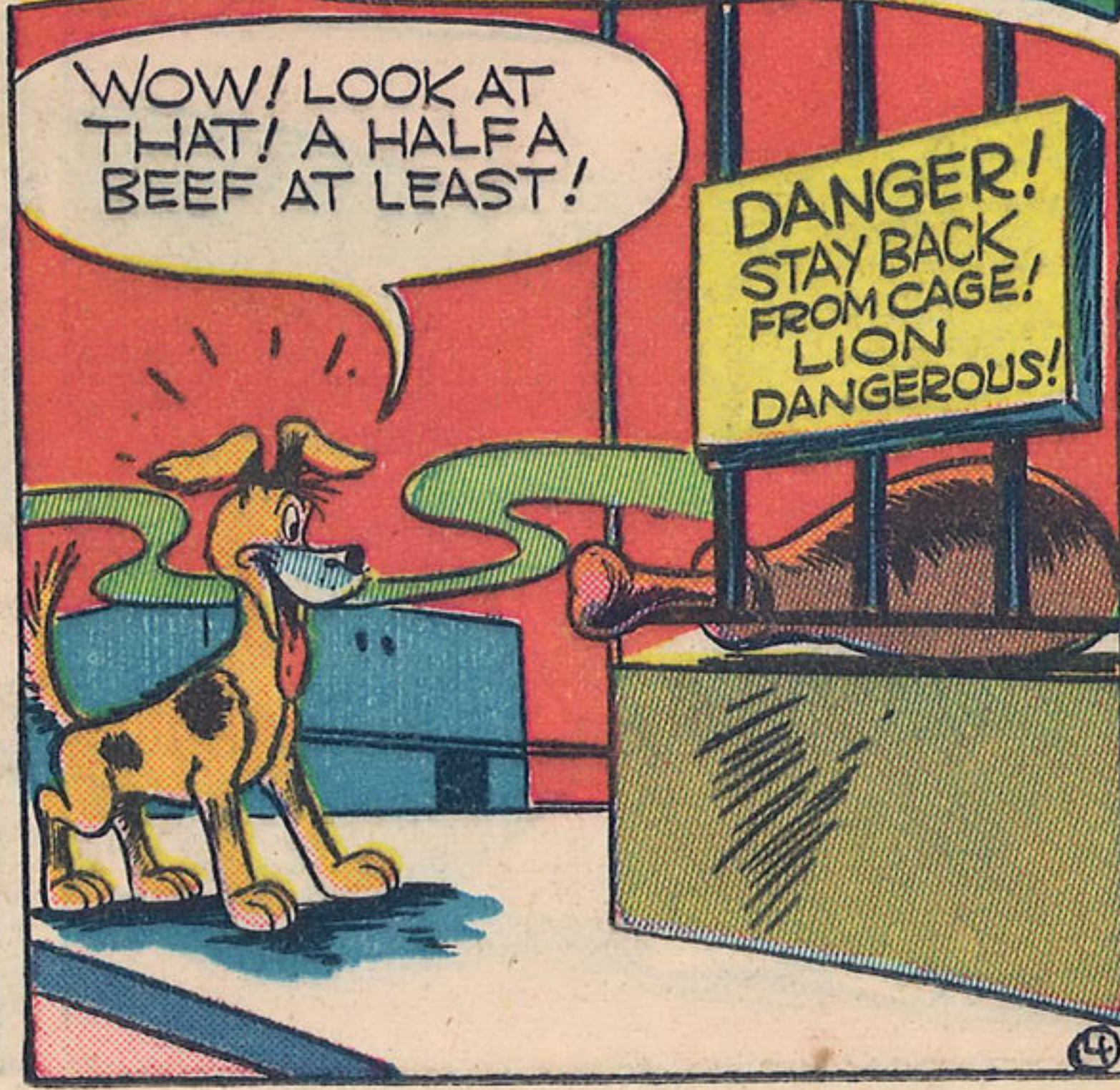
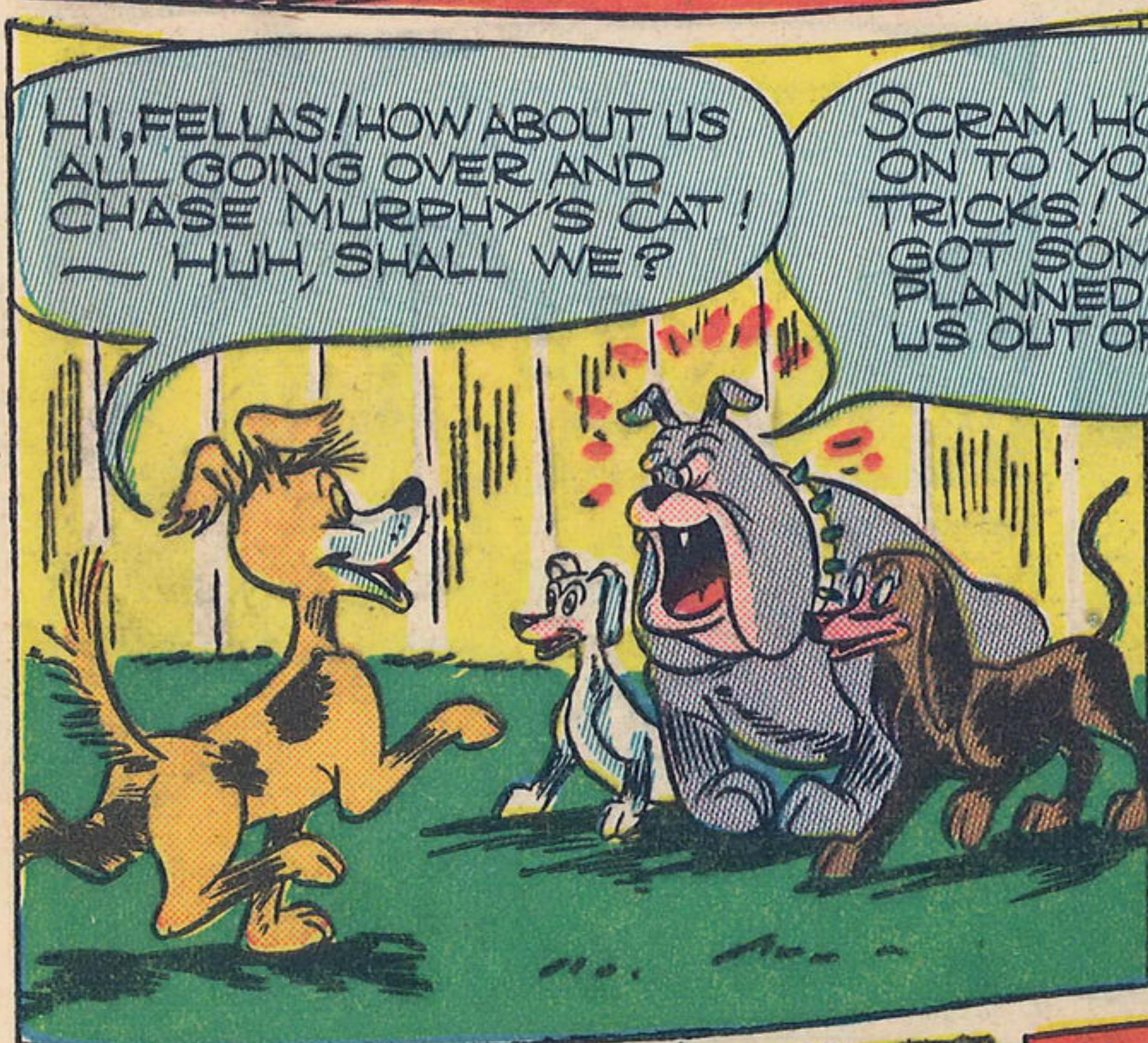
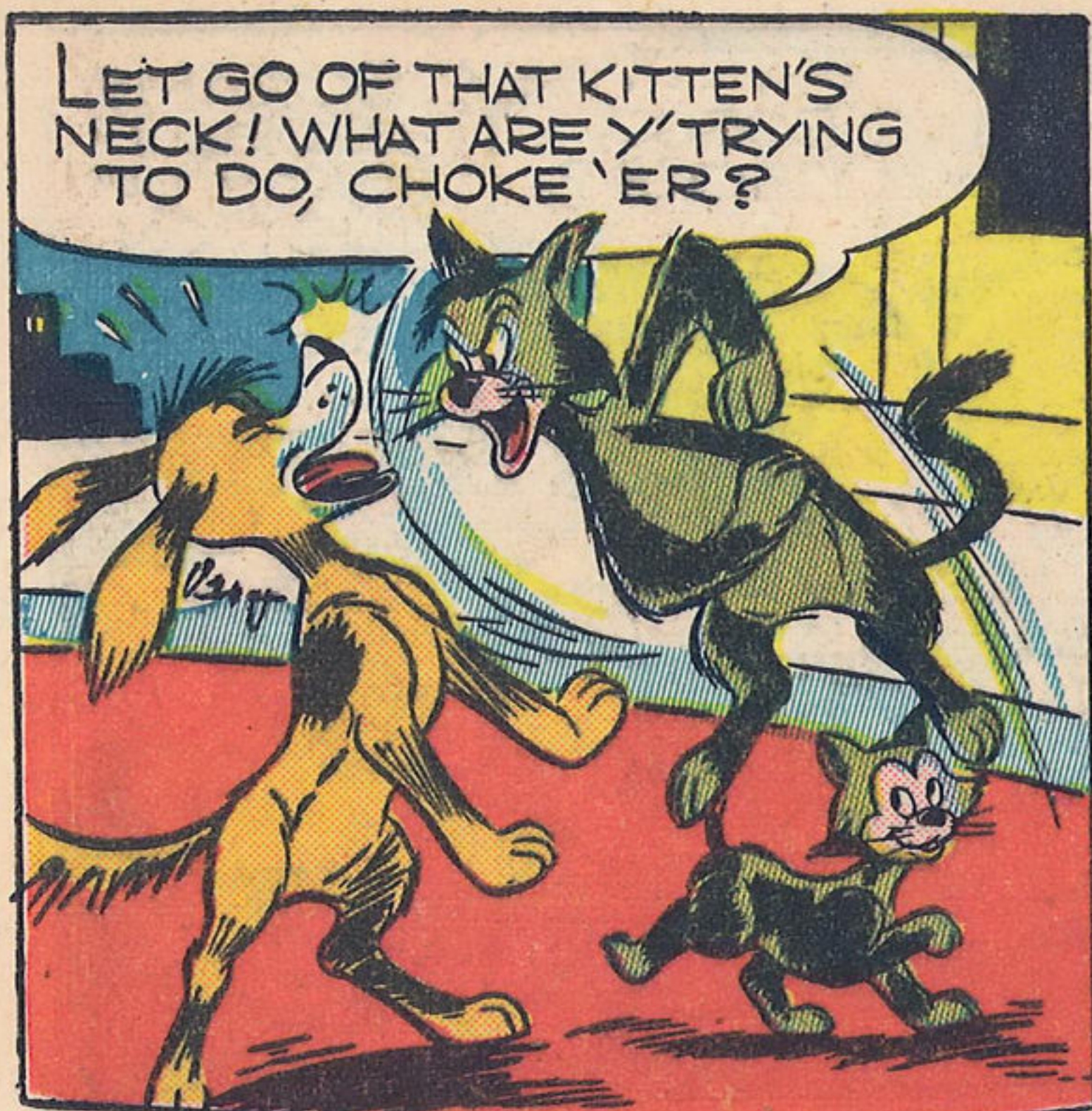




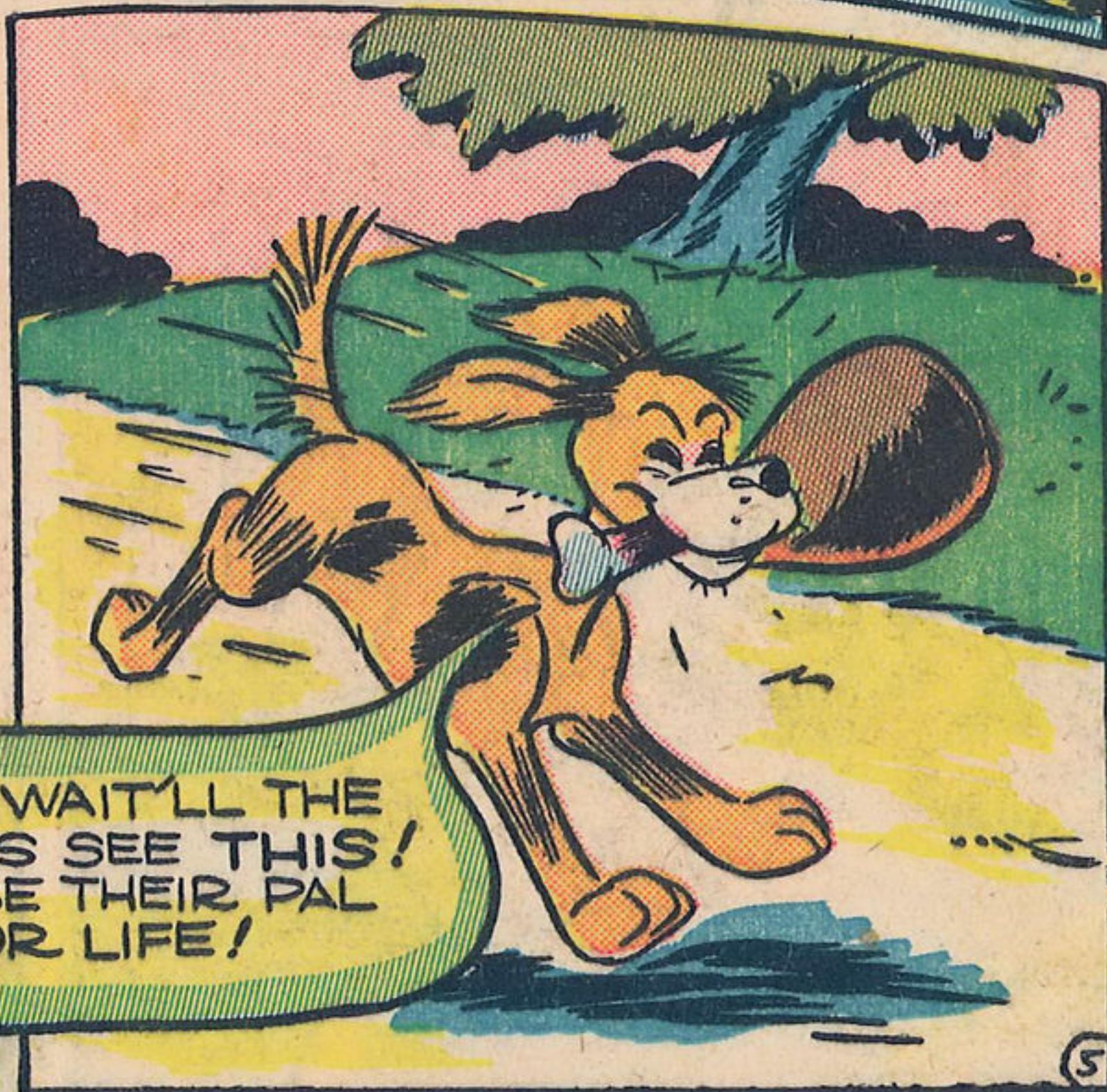
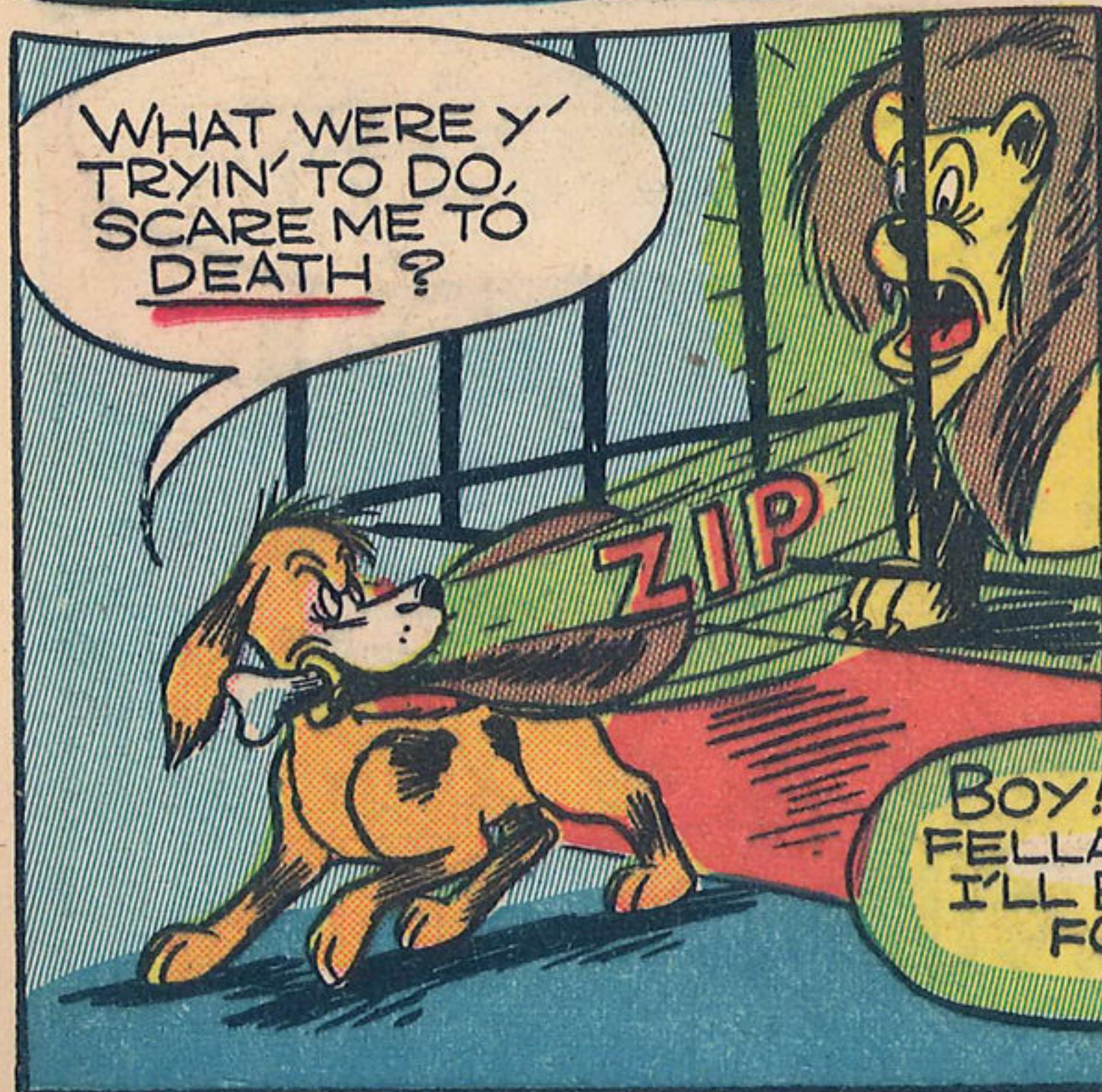
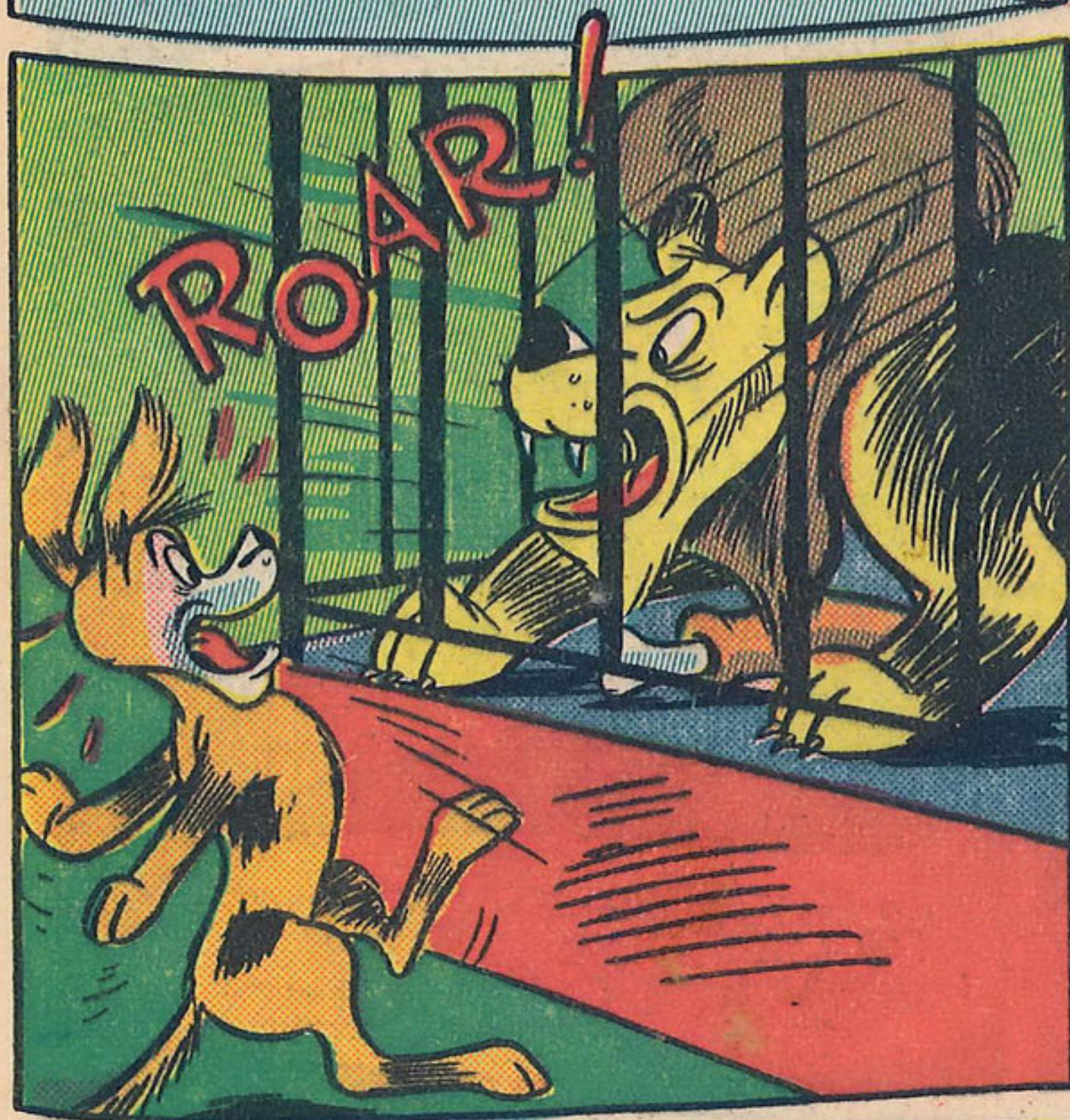




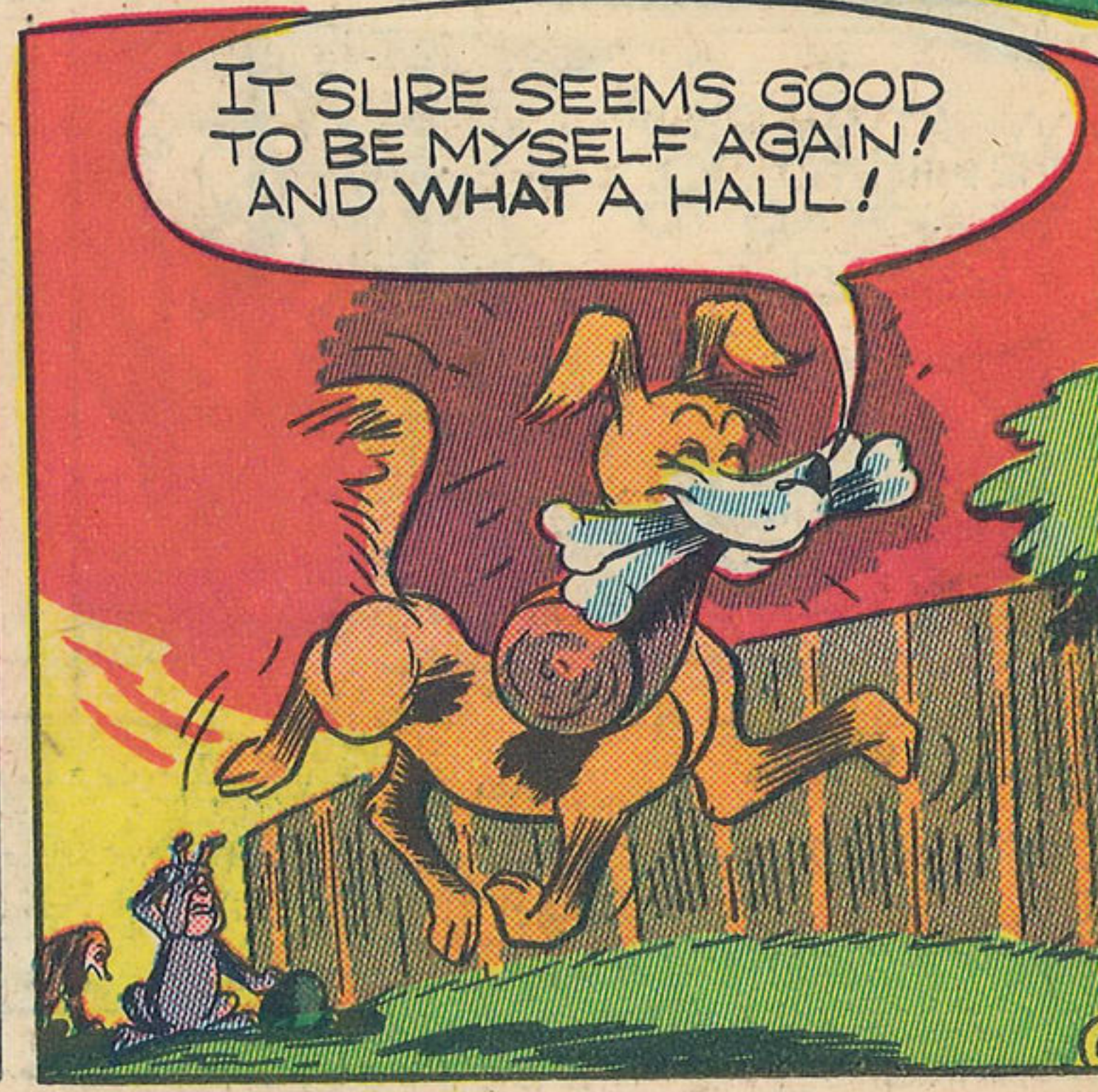
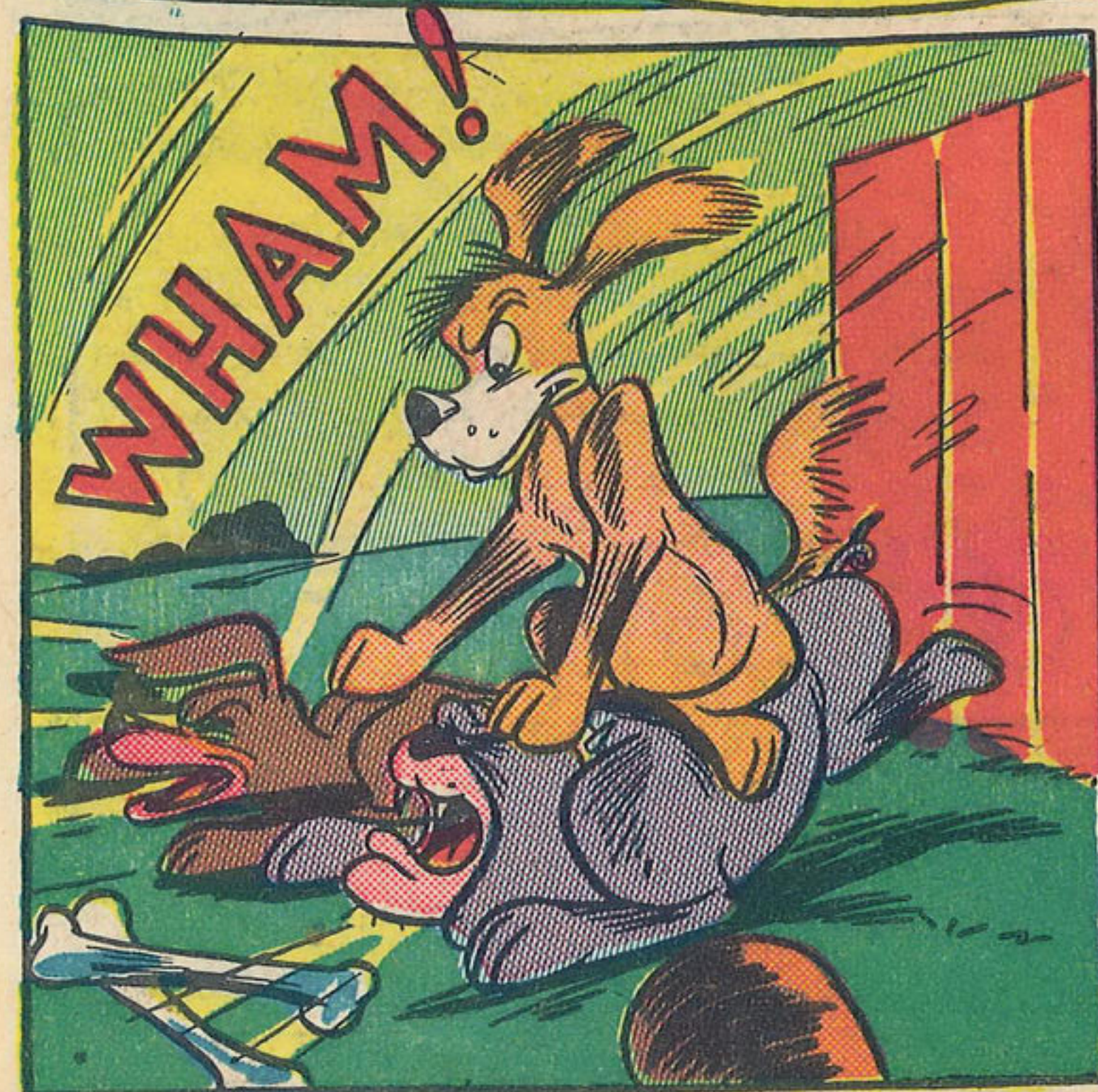
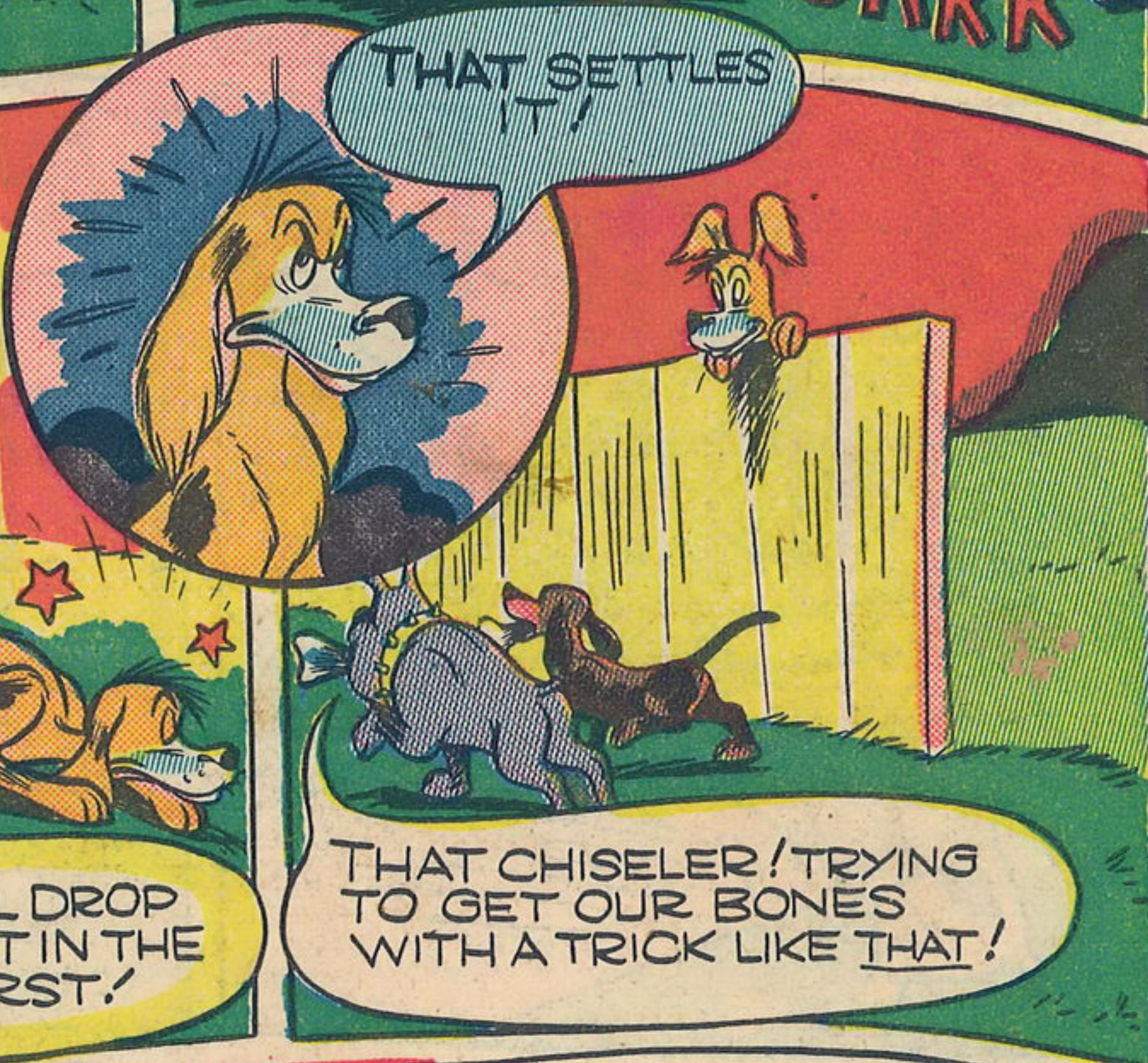
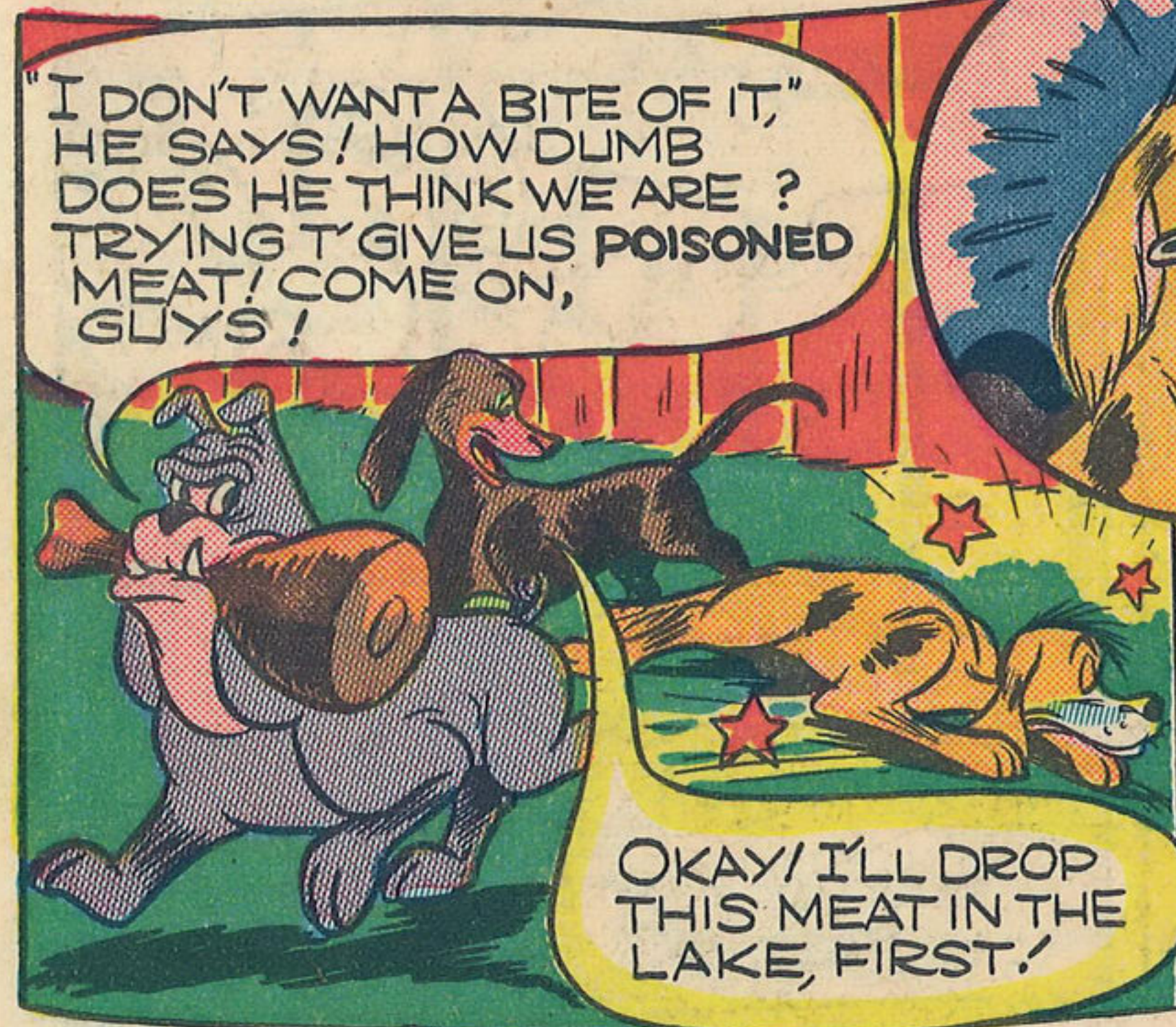
















**L**ITTLE MORT MONK wanted more than anything else to become a policeman. He had studied criminology in all its forms—crime detection, fingerprinting, cross-examining, and so on. He had practised marksmanship with both a revolver and rifle. And he had built up his fighting strength and skill by boxing and wrestling whenever he got the chance.

But when he went to apply for an appointment as a policeman, Chief Collie took one look at him and shook his head. "I'm sorry!" the chief said. "You're just not big enough to become a policeman! There's nothing I can do for you! And that was that."

Miserably unhappy, with all his plans shattered, Mort stumbled out of the police station and wandered down the road. Suddenly he heard a siren screeching behind him, and a moment later a police car whizzed by and pulled up in front of the door of a quiet cottage.

"Why—that's where Sally Swan lives!" Mort said to himself excitedly. "What's happened?"

He rushed up to the door and heard pretty Sally telling Chief Collie and his officers: "I heard a sound in here and rushed into the room. But whoever was here had run away and taken my beautiful string of pearls!"

"Gosh!" thought Mort. "That's awful!" Sally's father had given her the

pearls for a birthday present, and she loved them more than anything else she owned!

The officers searched the house thoroughly for clues; then they examined the ground nearby. But they found nothing. The robber had disappeared without a trace!

"Don't worry, Miss Swan!" Chief Collie said as he and his men left. "We'll get your pearls back yet!"

Mort Monk frowned. That was easy enough to say—but hard to do. How could the robber have left without even a trace? It had rained heavily the night before, and he certainly should have left some footprints in the soft, muddy ground. But the police had found no sign of any footmarks!

On a hunch, Mort started looking around the house himself. On one side stood a clump of trees in a row, each one farther away from the house. The first tree stood about five feet from the house wall; the last one was about twenty feet away. Struck by a sudden idea, Mort looked carefully at the base of the furthest tree. There, sure enough, was a clear footprint!

He realized then what had happened. The robber had leaped from the roof of Sally Swan's house to the first tree, then worked his way from tree to tree until



he reached the last one, from which he had climbed down to the ground and walked off. And he'd come the same way!

The footprints were clear and easy to follow. As Mort went along, he saw that they were heading away from town. The only house in that direction belonged to Widow Foxx, who had moved in last month. Could it be that the robber had gone to make another raid, this time on the defenseless widow? Mort went ahead more swiftly.

In a moment, he reached the house belonging to Widow Foxx. The footprints went right to the back door! Not realizing that he might be trespassing, Mort walked in himself, and looked around. The house was poorly furnished, but a sturdy chest stood in one corner, locked.

The next moment, Mort jumped in fright as he heard a shriek. The Widow Foxx stood at the door, screaming. "Help—help! Police! A robber!"

Surprised, Mort realized she meant him! He tried to protest. "But—but I'm not——"

Then Patrolman Pupp came dashing in and grabbed him. "Trying to steal from this poor old woman, hey?" he snarled. "You're going down to Headquarters!" The officer turned to Widow Foxx. "You had better come along to tell the Chief what happened, Mrs. Foxx!" he said.

"I'll be glad to!" she replied.

Still protesting, Mort was dragged toward Police Headquarters. On the way, he saw a flower pot standing beside the road, and bent to pick it up. He had an idea, and the flower pot might come in useful!

At Headquarters, Mort told his story and Widow Foxx told hers. Chief Collie listened, and finally said: "I guess it's all just a mistake. But maybe this will

teach you not to go prying into police affairs, Mort Monk!"

Mort shrugged his shoulders, but said nothing. "I guess I'll go home now!" the Widow Foxx sighed, and started out. At the door she stepped into the flower pot Mort had dropped there, and almost fell. But she caught herself, and continued.

Excitedly, Mort ran to pick up the flower pot. He took one look at it, and ran after the Widow Foxx with a yell. In a moment he had caught her! Reaching out, he grabbed at her hair and pulled! It came off suddenly, and Mort gasped. "*Fleecy Fox!*" he cried. "*The notorious robber!*"

In a flash, Chief Collie and his officers had surrounded the fox, whom they recognized at once without his long gray wig. And seconds later, Fleecy Fox was behind bars in Chief Collie's escape-proof jail. The missing pearls were found, along with a lot of other stolen goods, in the locked chest, in the "Widow's" house.

"I guess I was all wrong about you!" the chief told Mort. "How did you recognize him?"

"I began to get suspicious," Mort answered, "when the footprints led right in through the door of the widow's house, instead of to a window, where a robber would be expected to go. So I dropped the flower pot in front of Headquarters, hoping 'she' would step into it by mistake. 'She' did, and I saw immediately that the footprint there was the same as the prints near Sally Swan's house. Obviously, then, the Widow was a fake!"

"Very clever!" the chief said admiringly. "You've proved to me that, size or no size, you'd make a good policeman! I'm going to forget the regulations—and I'm appointing you to the police force right now!"





# PAXTON

## PENGUIN

SOUTH  
POLE PEST

LYNN KARP

P. PENGUIN  
R.F.D.  
ROUTE 13

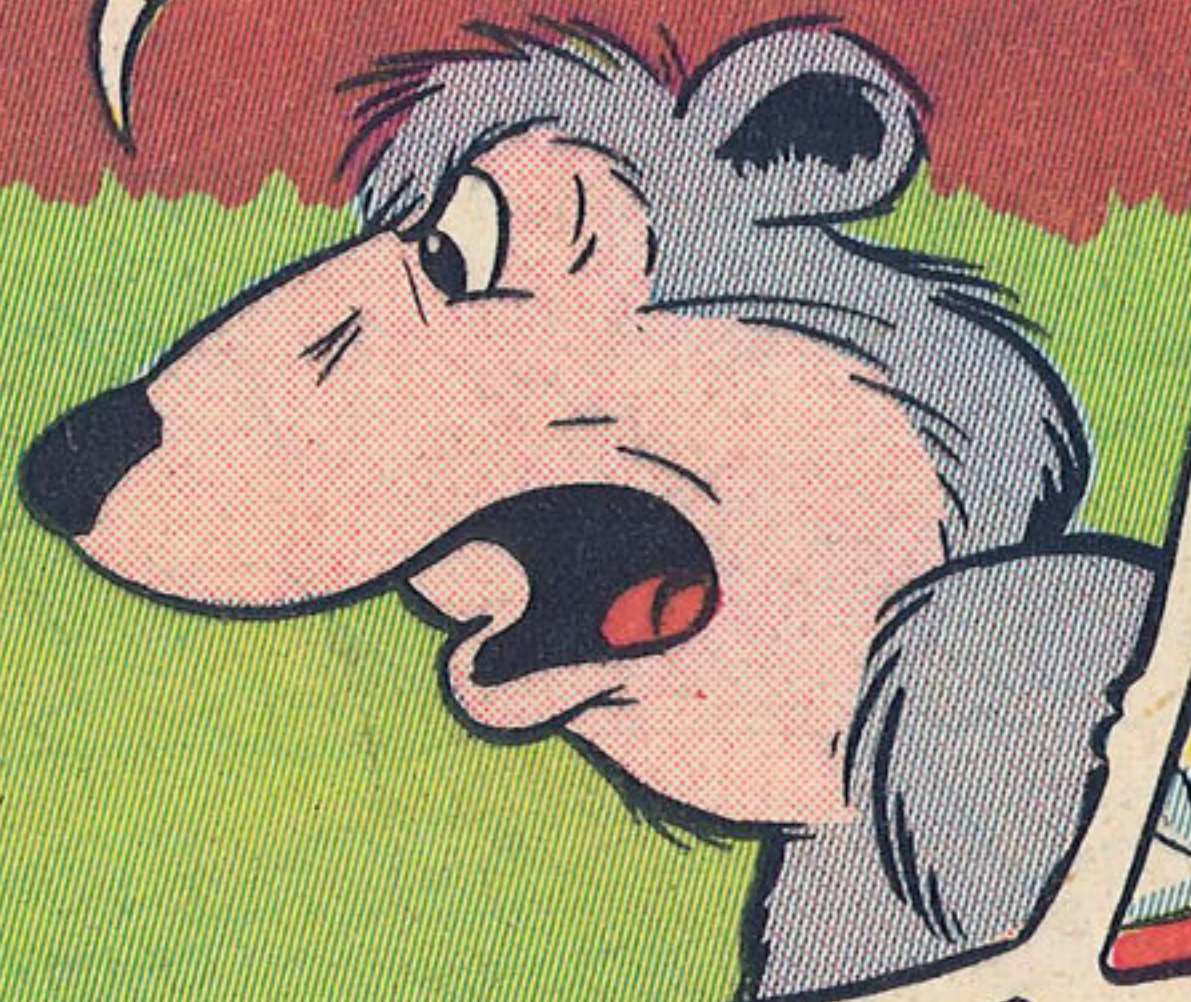
AH, GOOD DAY,  
BORIS! MAY I  
BORROW A CLIP OF  
FISH, PLEASE?

MAIL

B. BEAR  
R.F.D.  
ROUTE 13

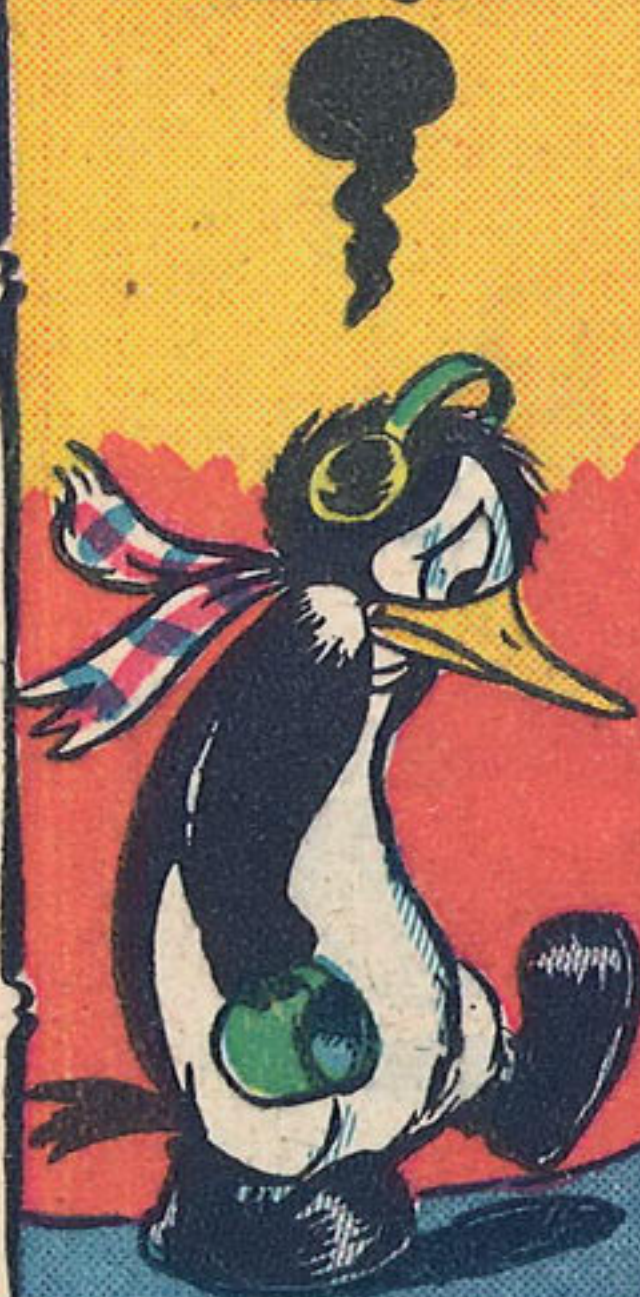


NO! DOGGONE IT, YOU'VE BEEN SPONGIN' FROM THE NEIGHBORS LONG ENOUGH! FROM NOW ON, YOU CATCH YOUR OWN FISH!

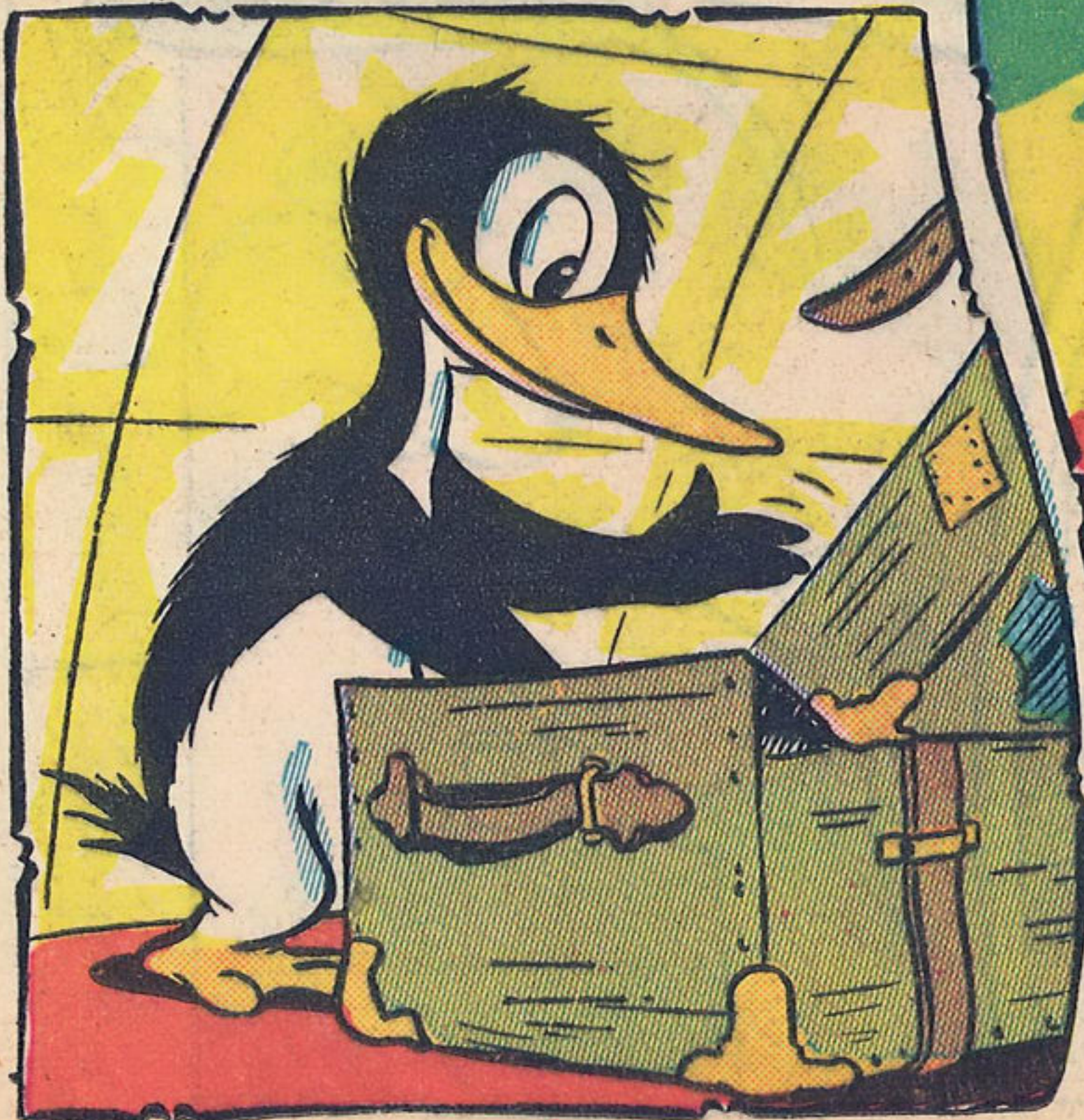
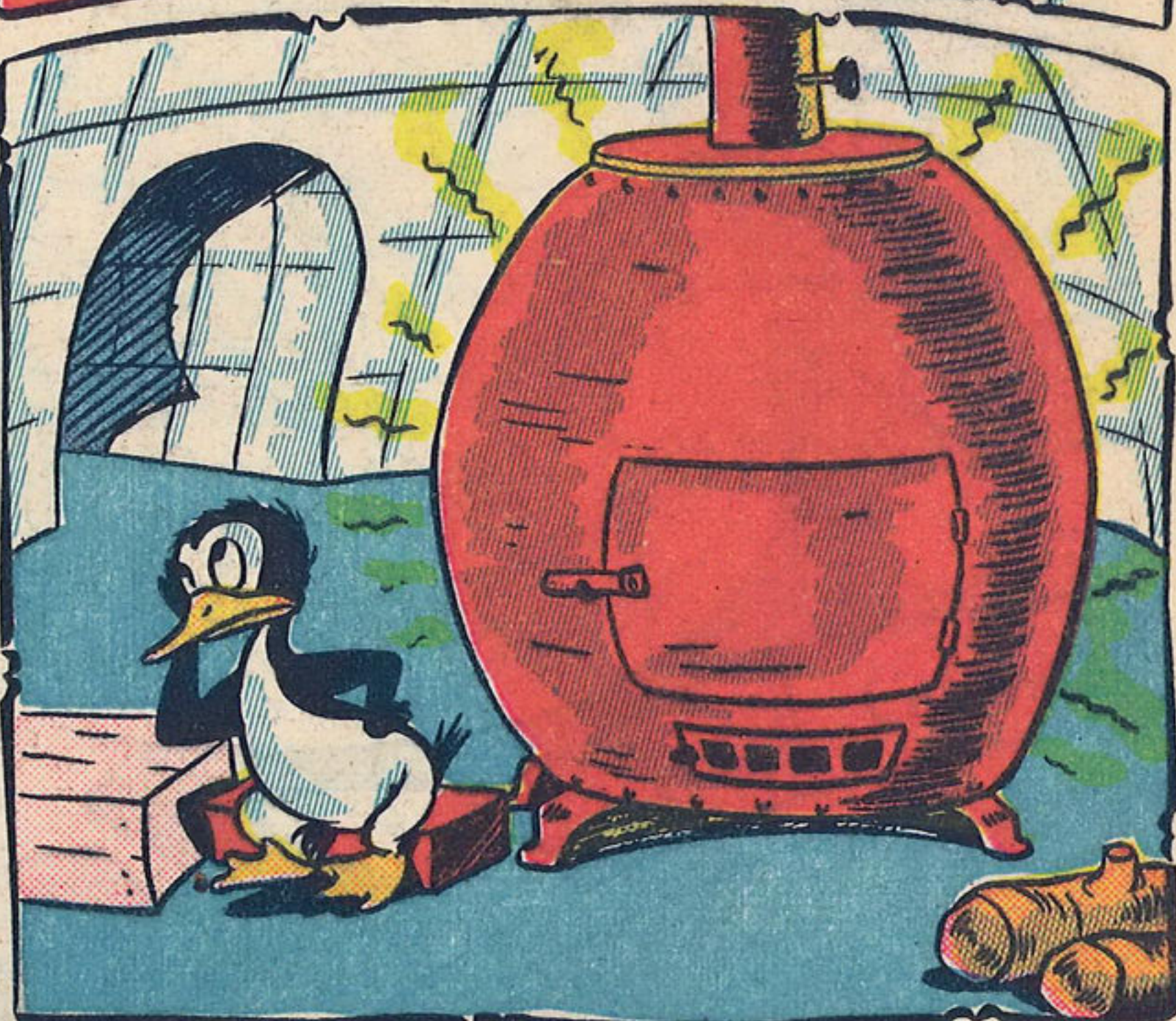


BUT BORIS, YOU KNOW I CAN'T STAND THAT ICY WATER-WHY, I'D CATCH MY DEATH O' COLD!

OKAY, GO HUNGRY THEN!



MAIL P. PENGUIN R.F.D. ROUTE 13



MAIL

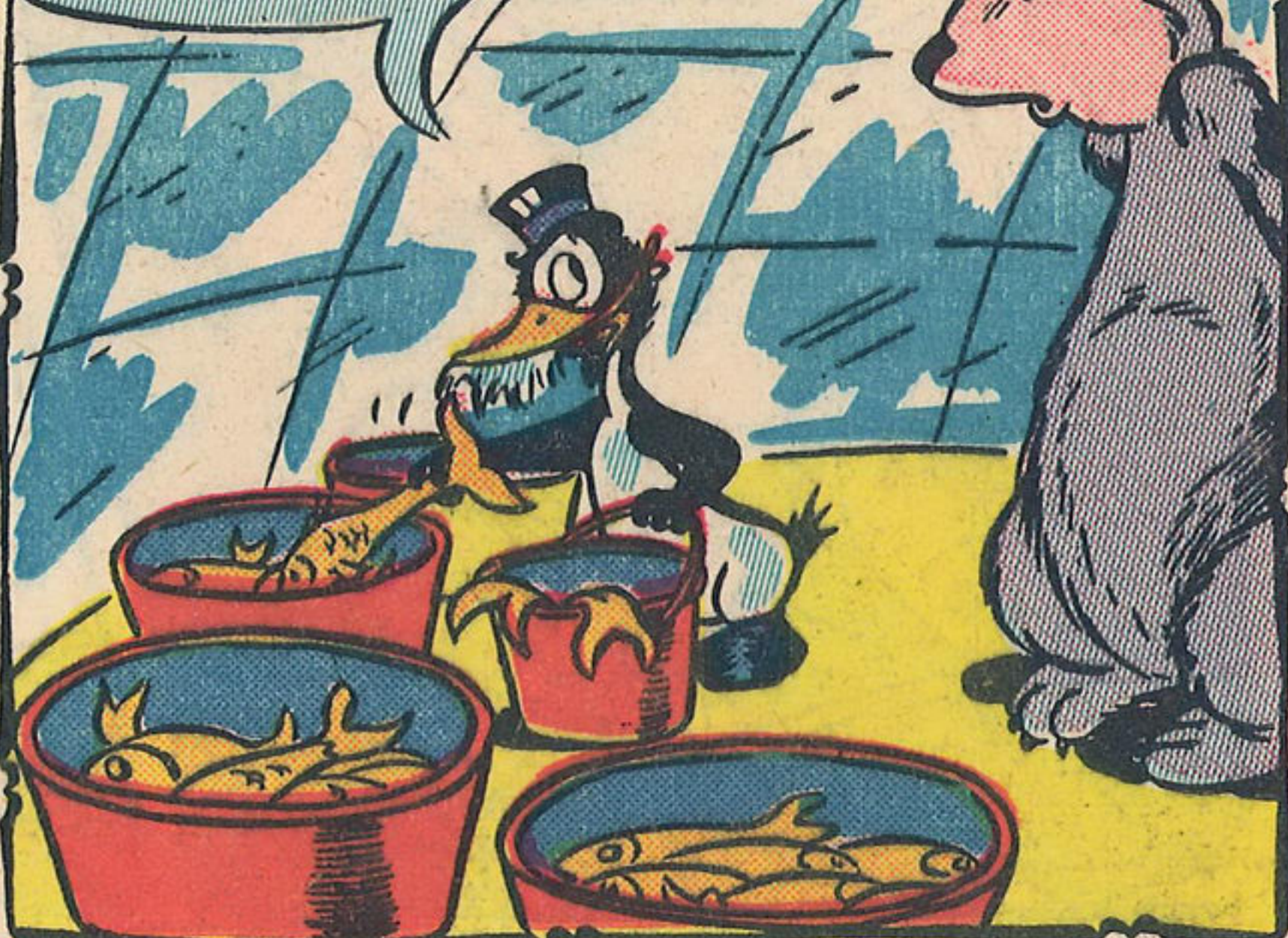
B. BEAR R.F.D. ROUTE



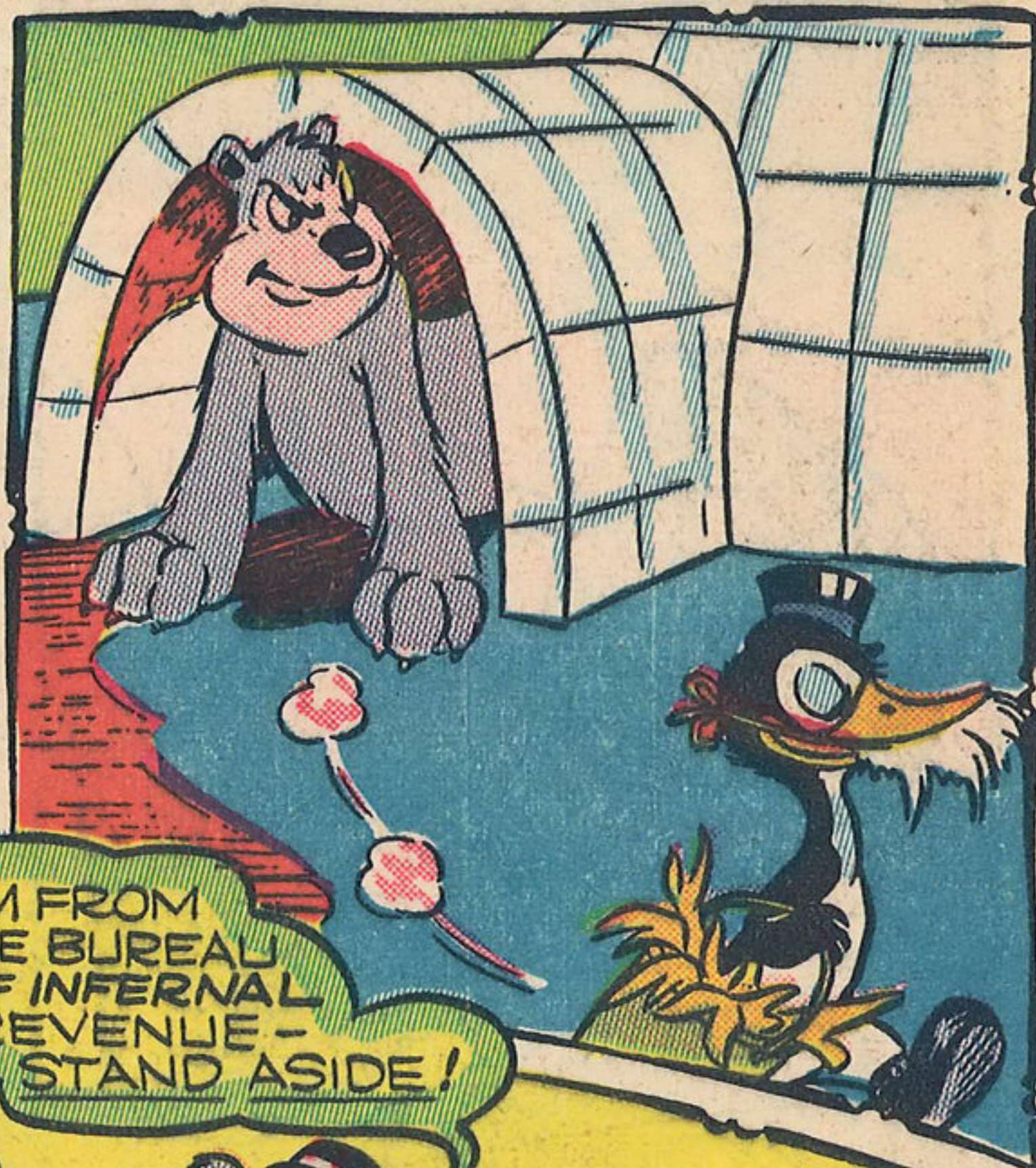
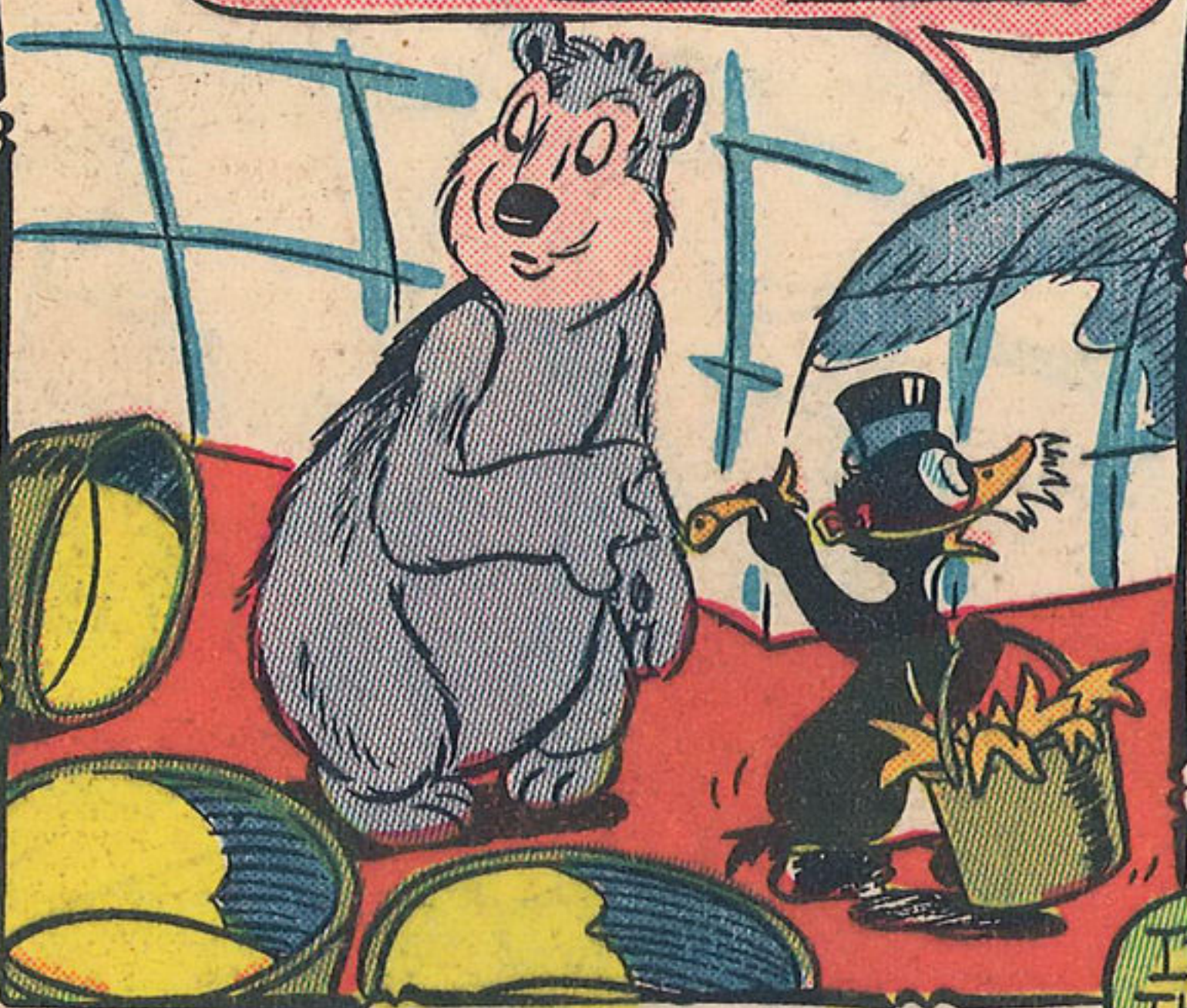
I'M THE INCOME TAX COLLECTOR  
FROM THE BUREAU OF  
ETERNAL REVENUE -  
STAND ASIDE!



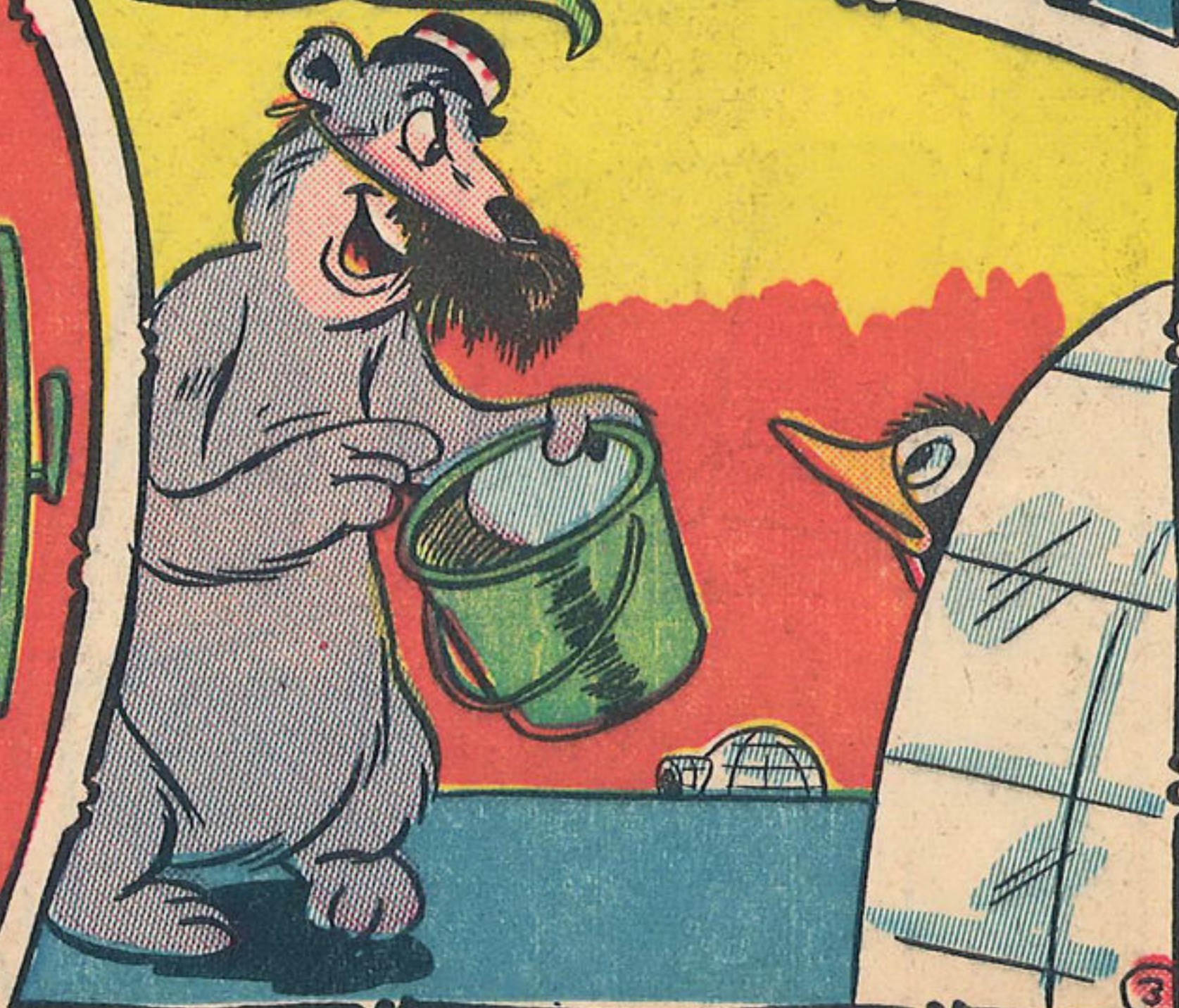
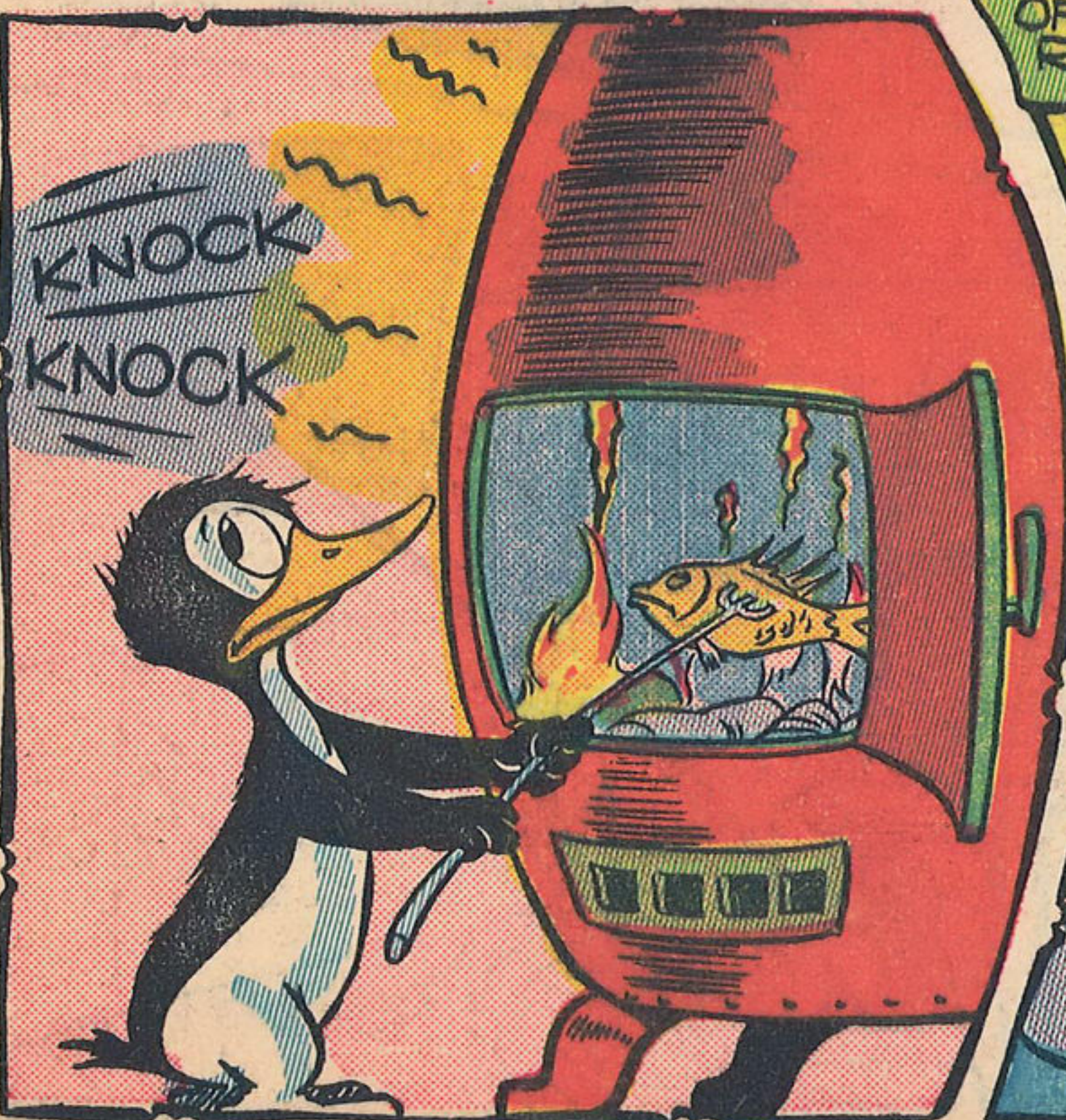
NOW, LET'S SEE! NO DEPENDENTS,  
NO EARNED INCOME CREDIT  
MINUS TEN FISH PLUS  
SIXTEEN.....



THERE YOU ARE THAT LEAVES  
YOU ONE WHOLE SARDINE!

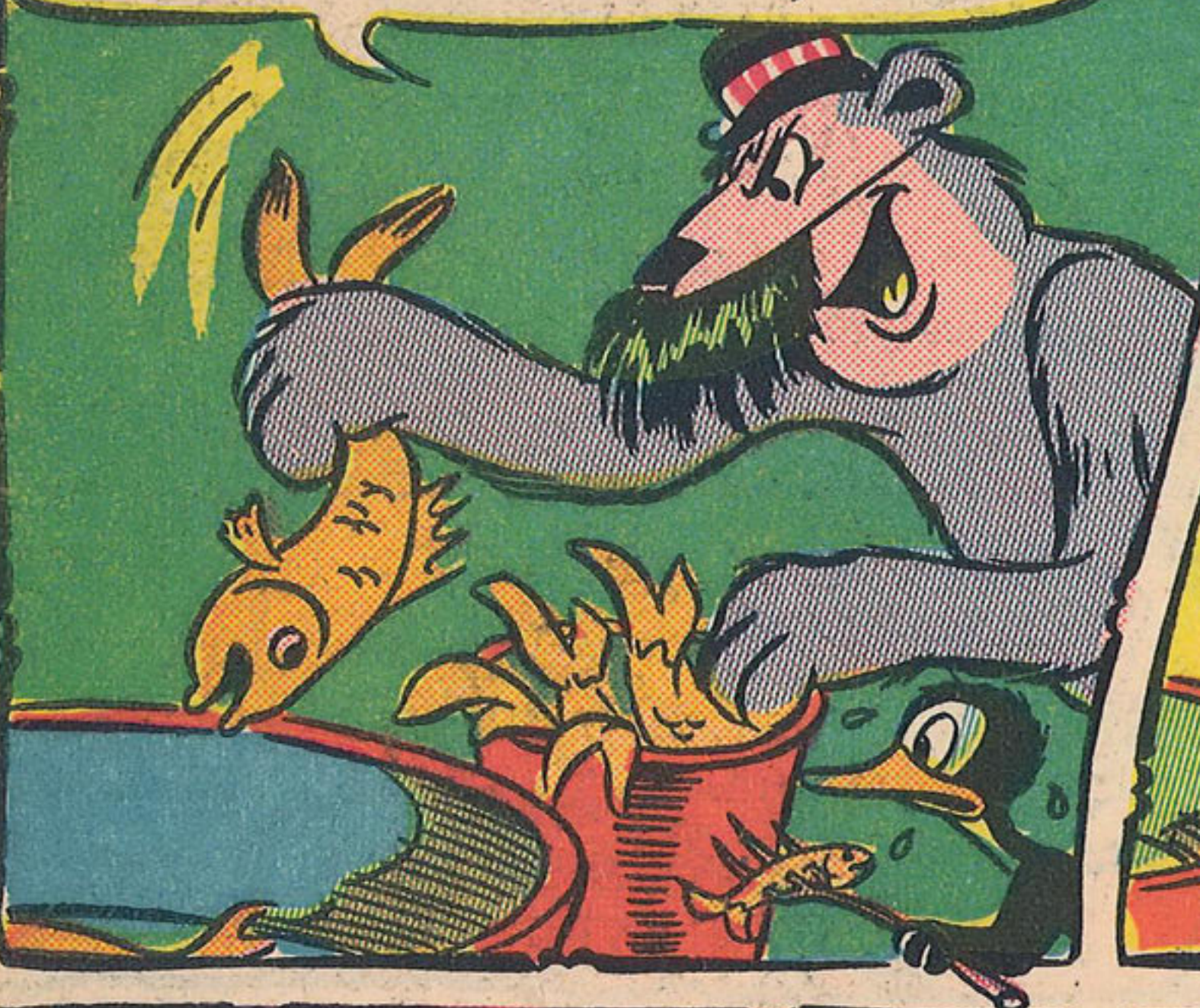


I'M FROM  
THE BUREAU  
OF INFERNAL  
REVENUE -  
STAND ASIDE!

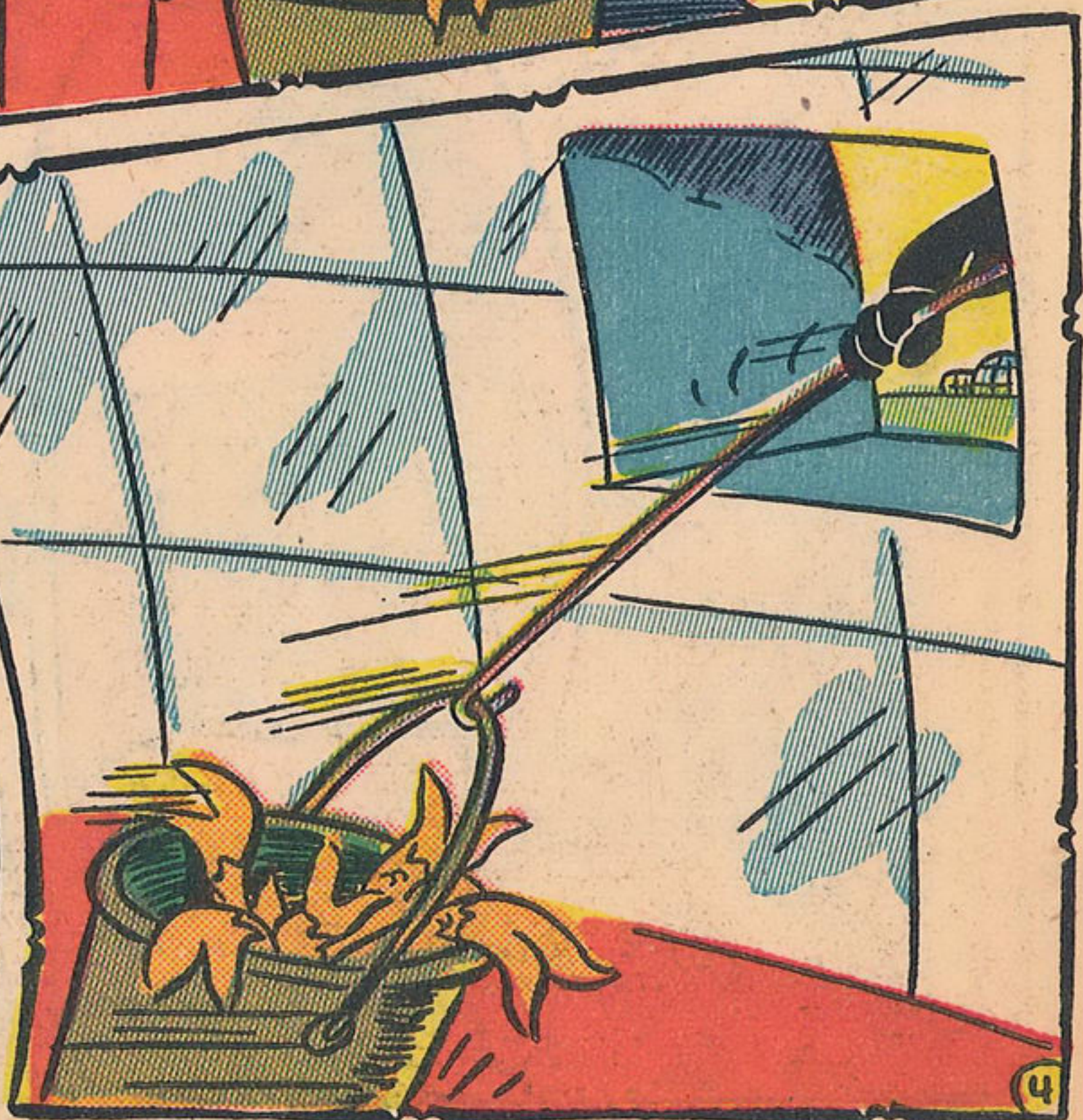
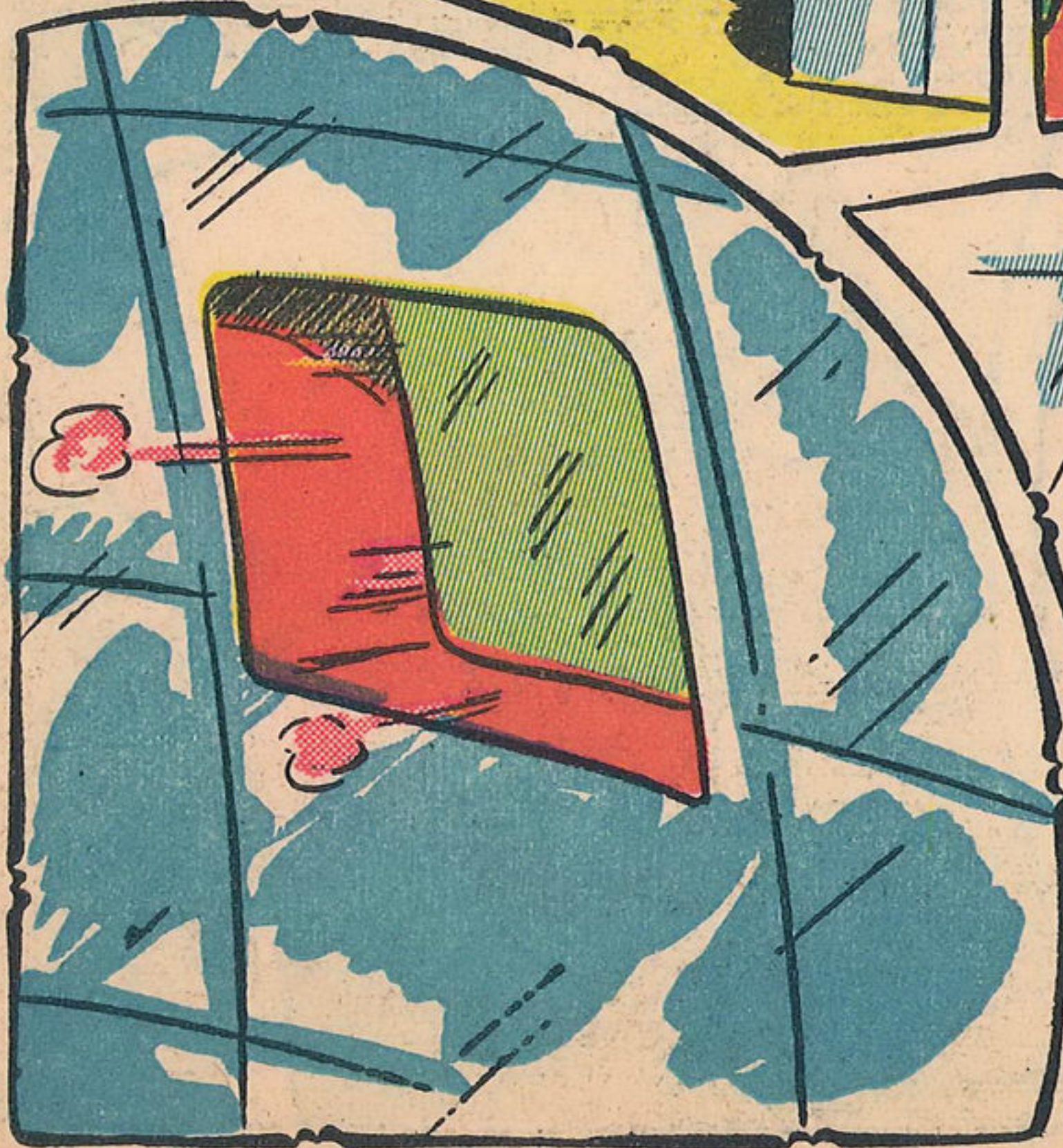
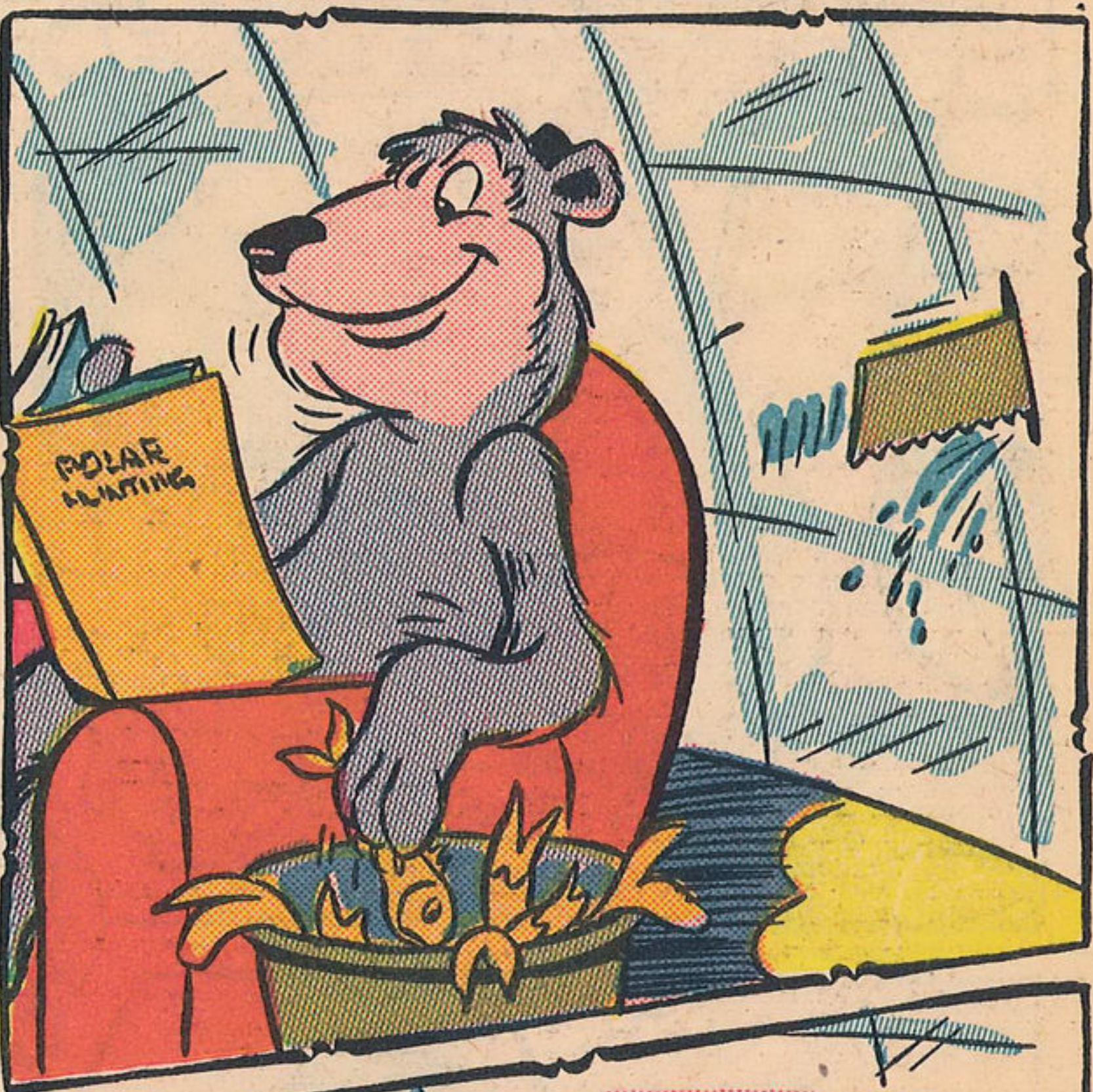
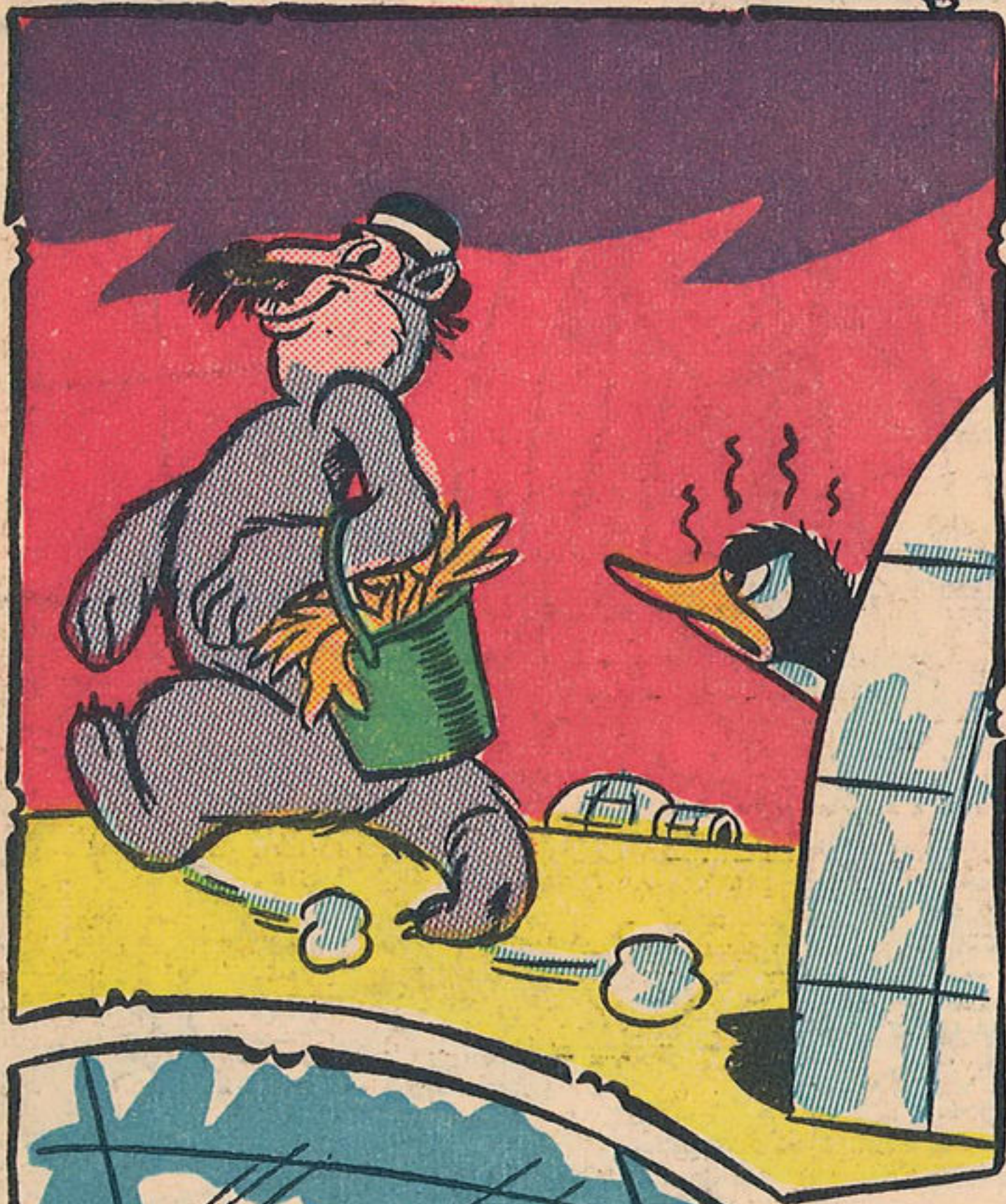




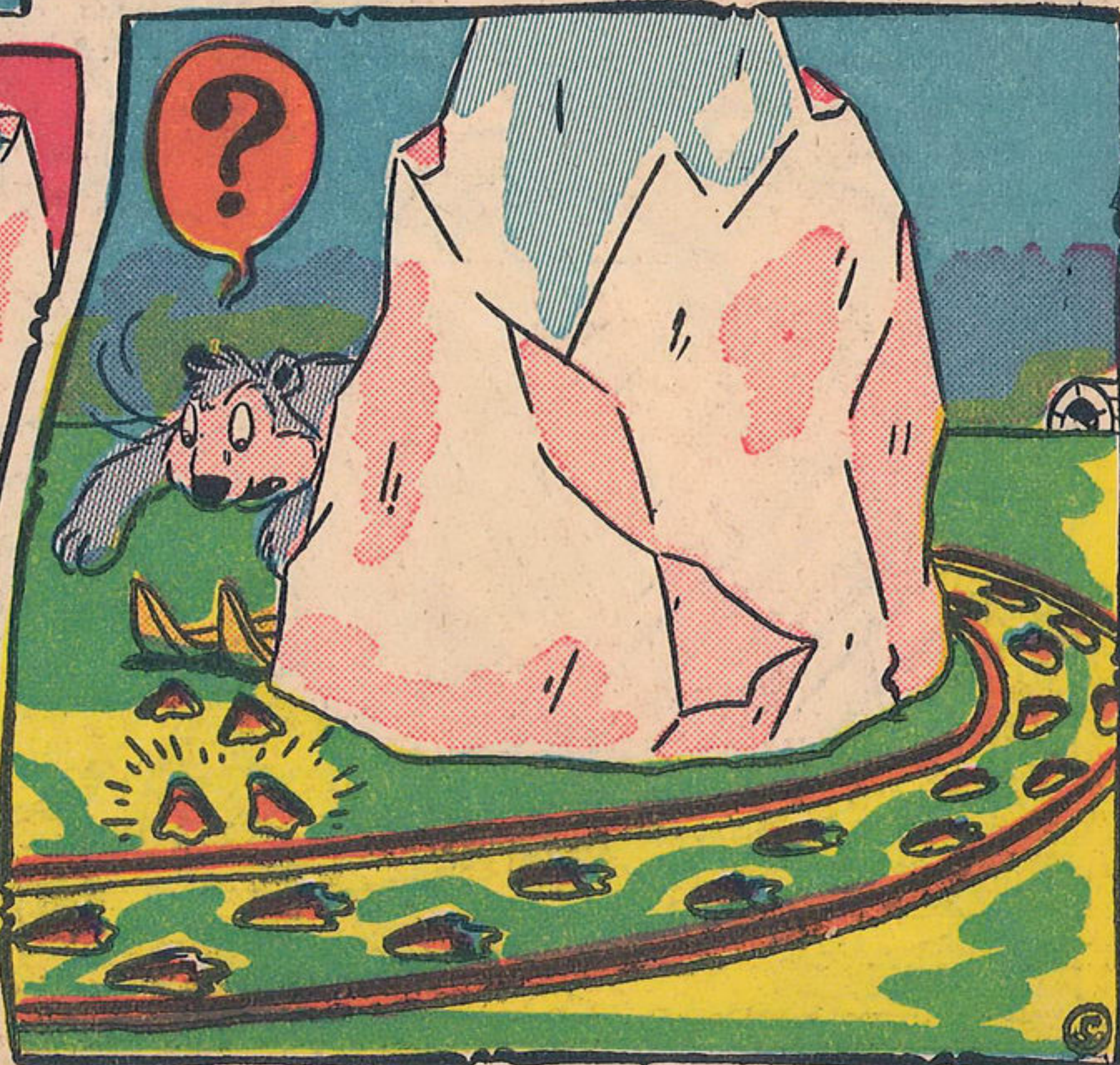
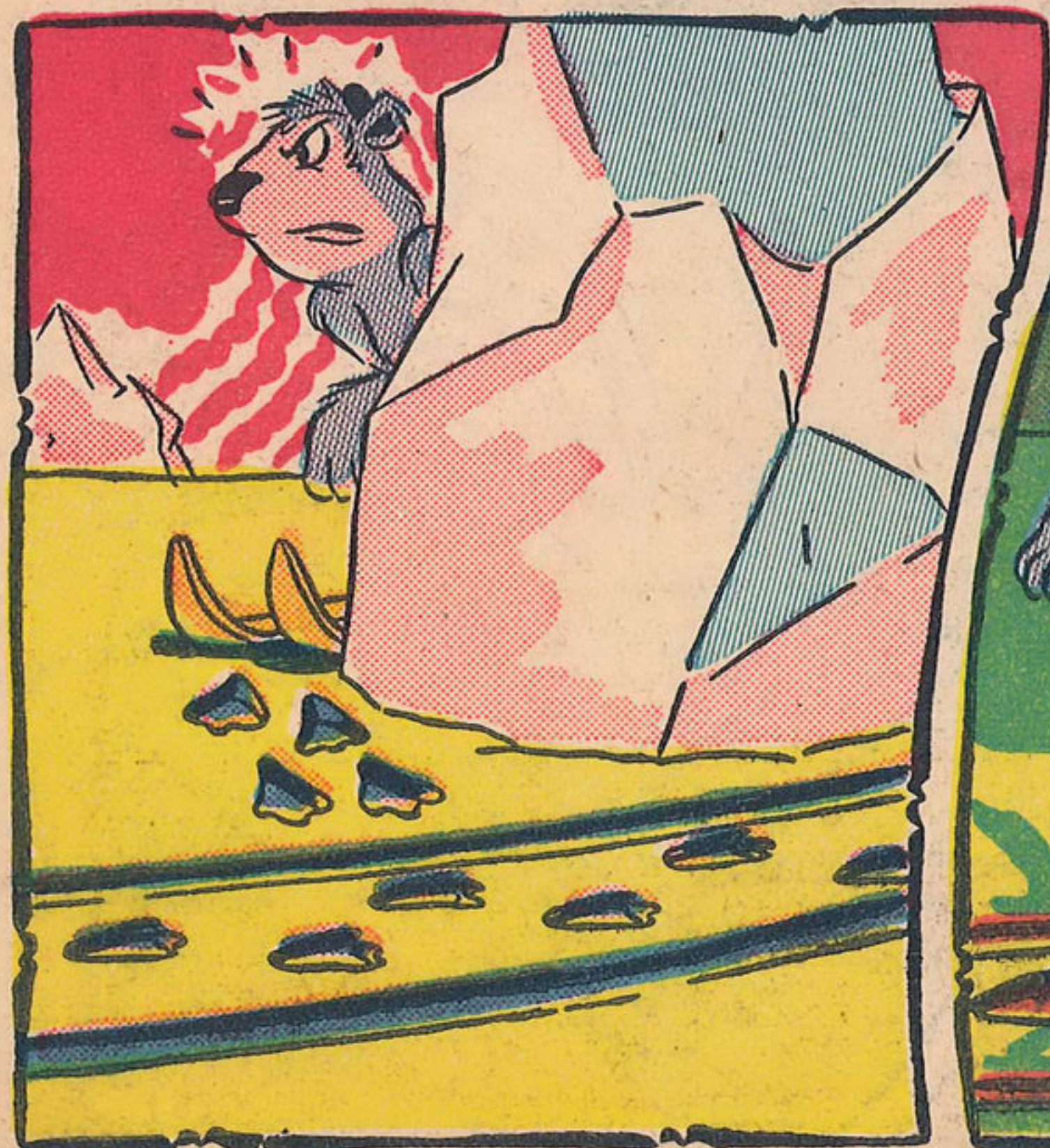
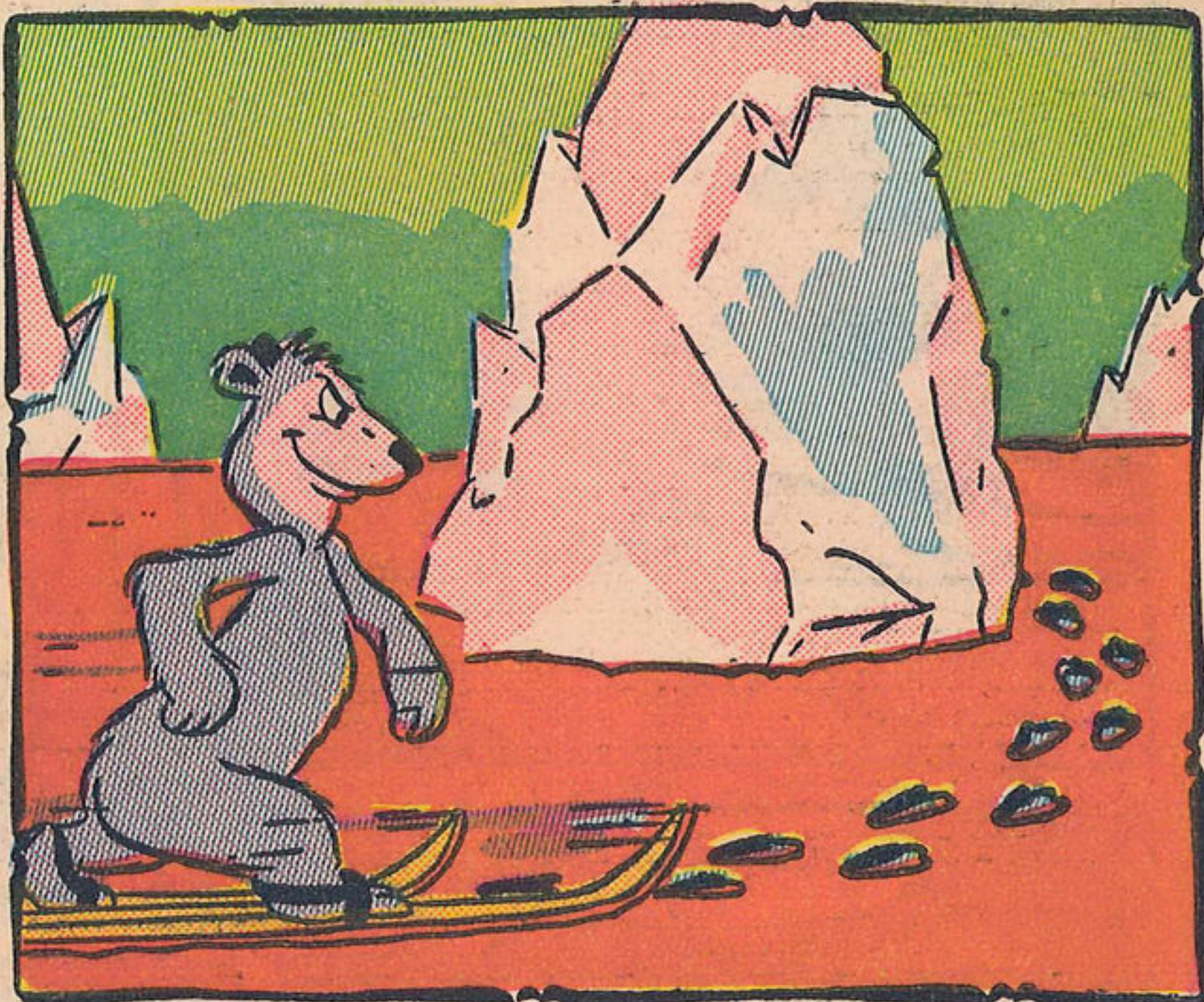
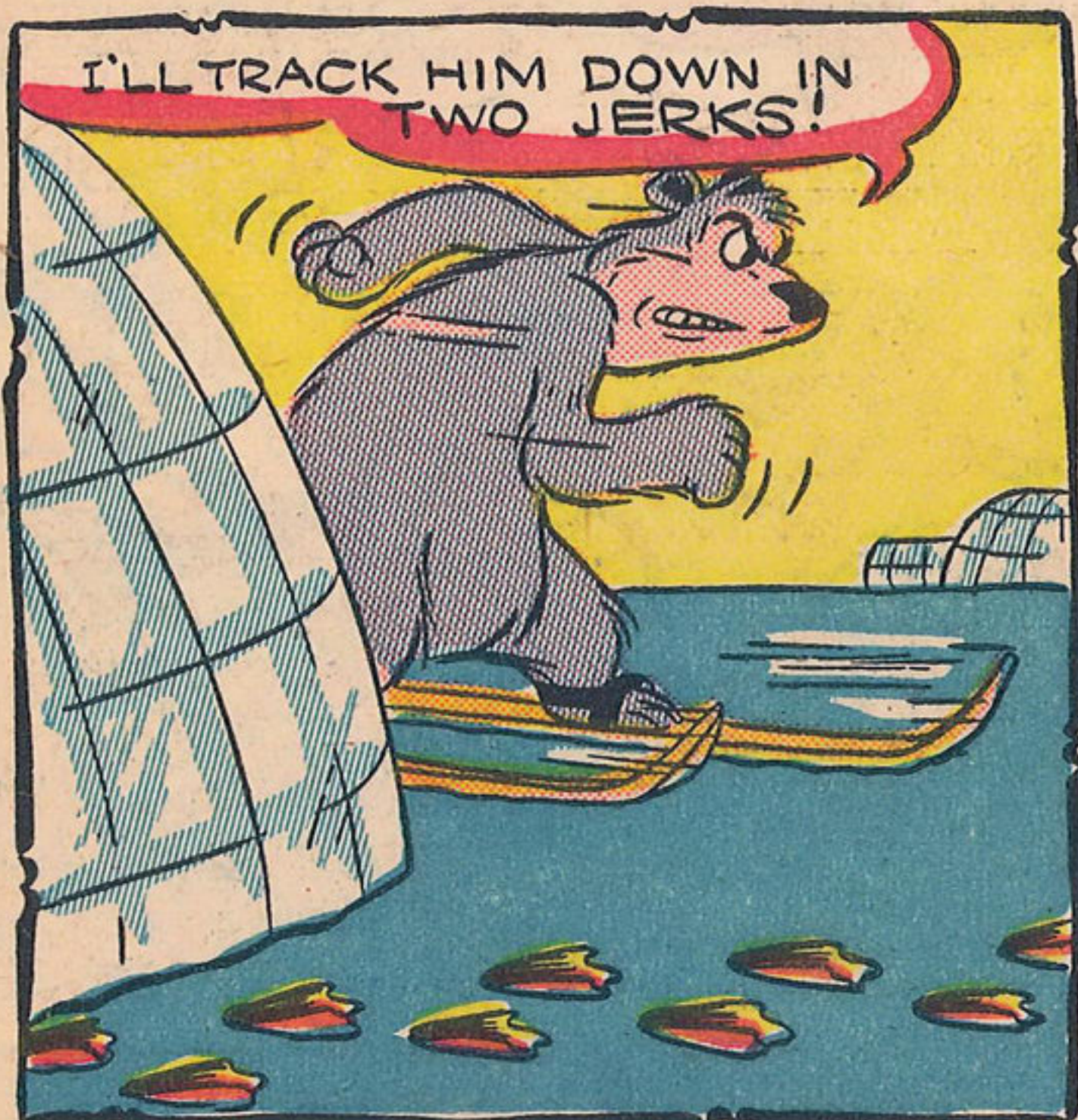
NO CONTRIBUTIONS, THAT'LL COST YOU SIX, PLUS 20 PER CENT, MINUS WHAT YOU OWE BORIS BEAR, PLUS -



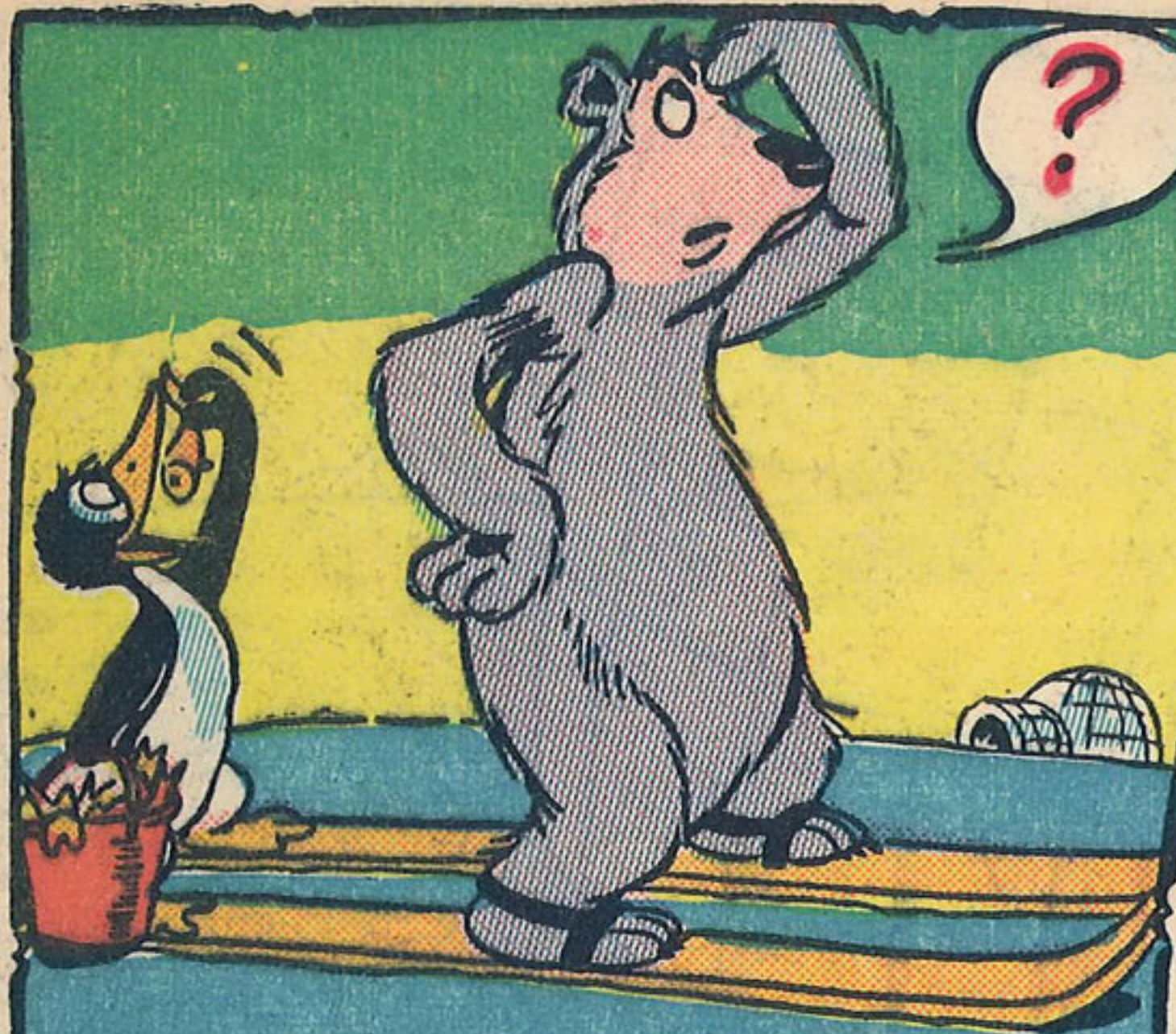
-THIS ONE, MAKES YOU COME OUT JUST EVEN!



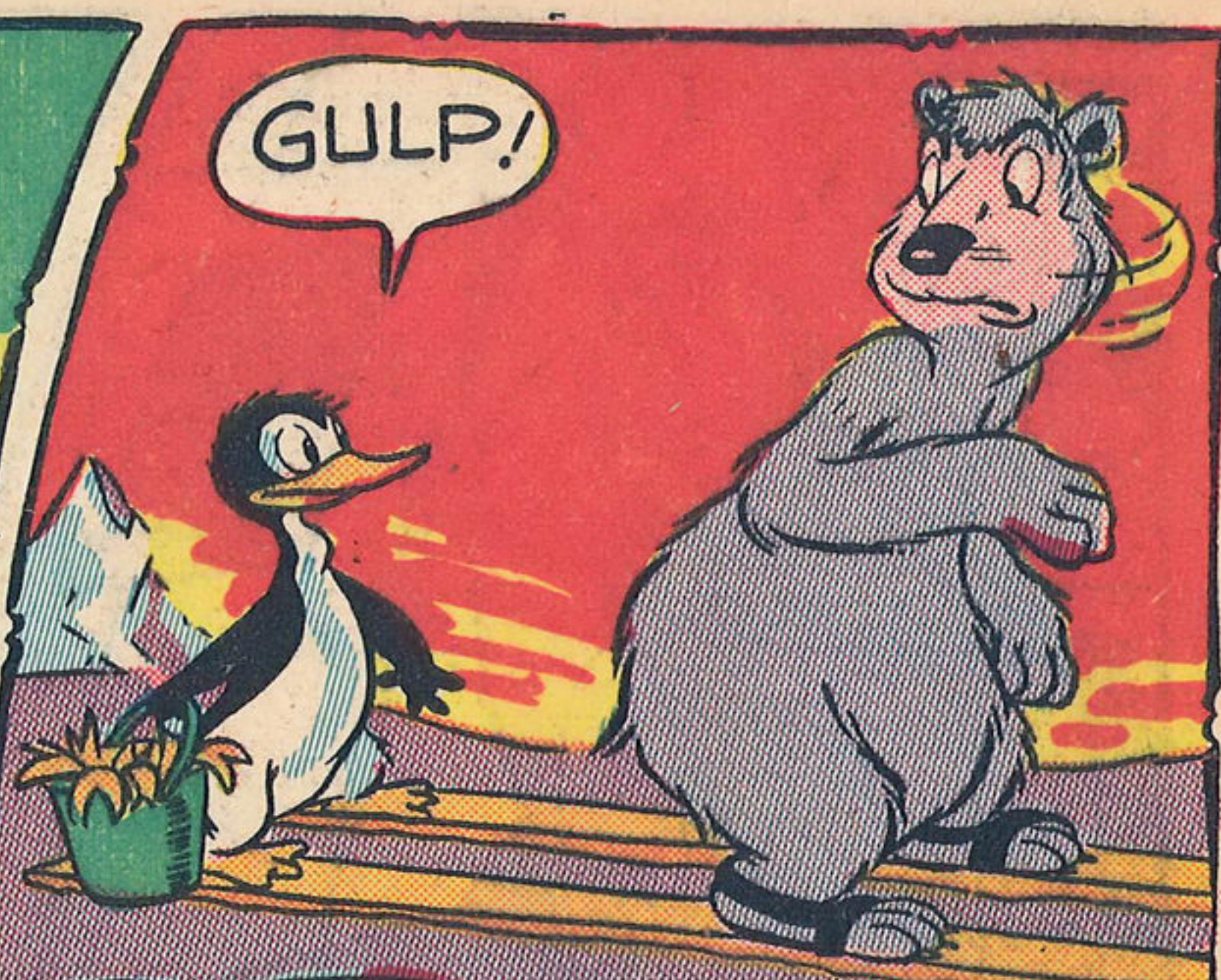
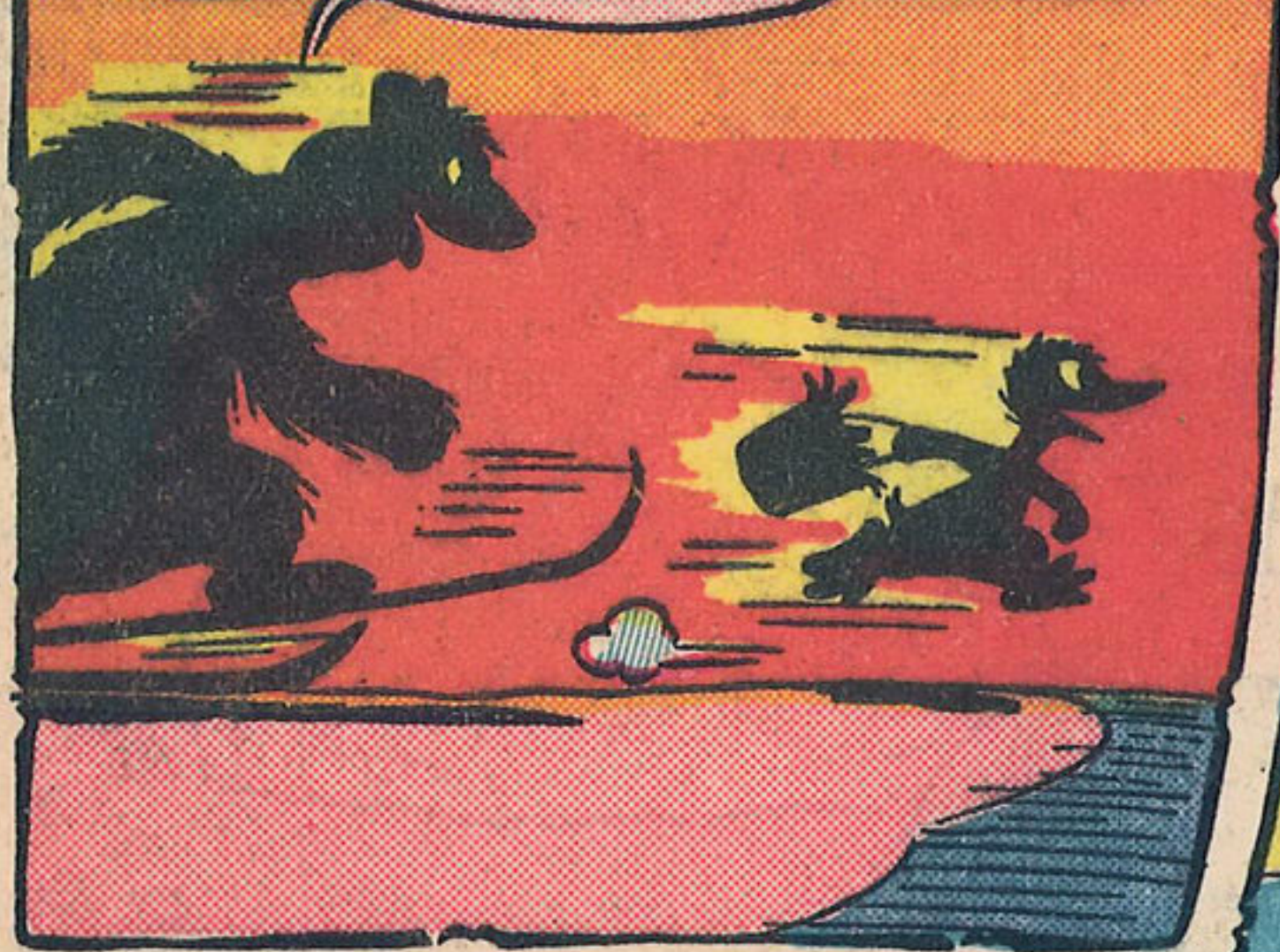






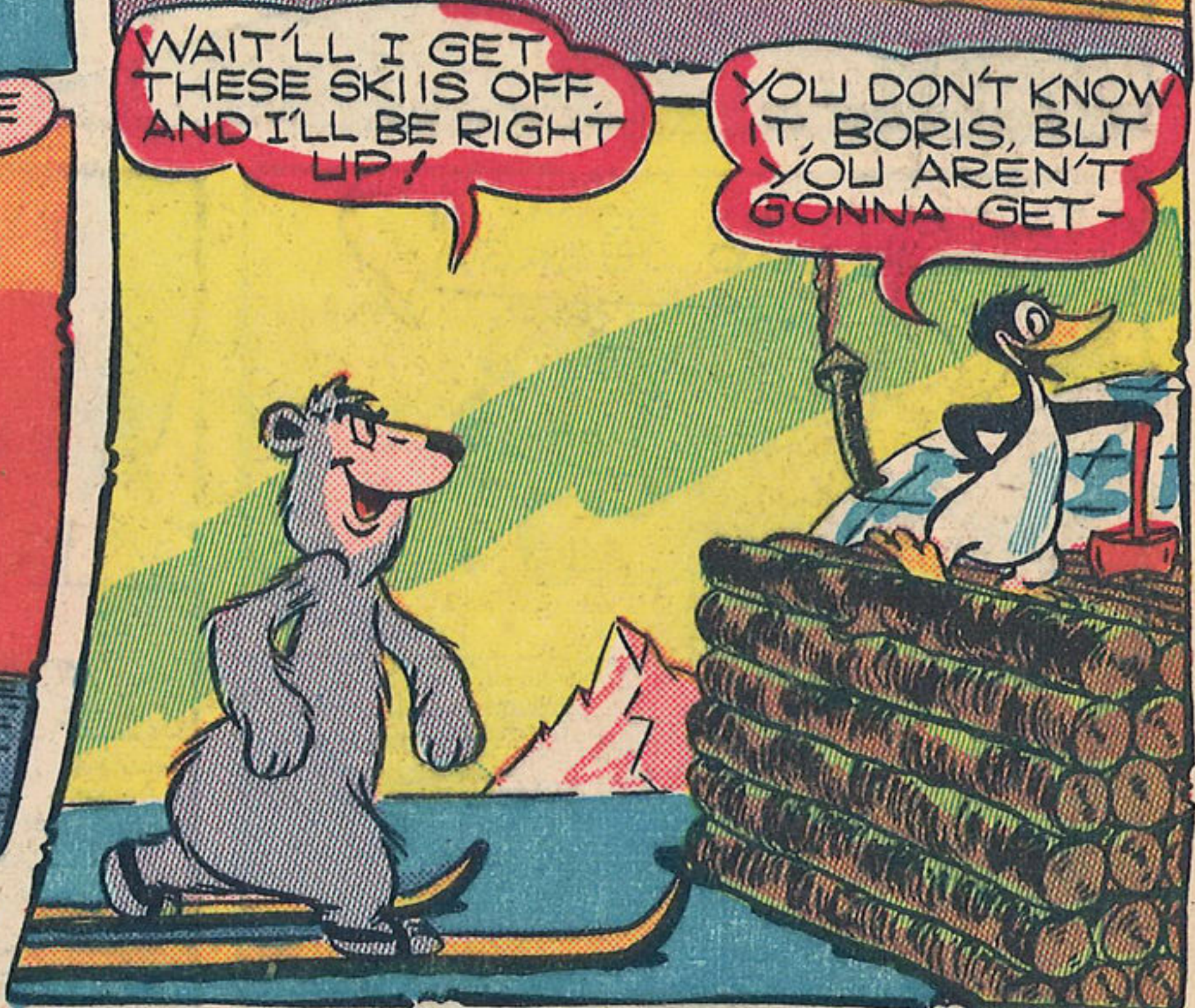


THERE'S NO USE RUNNIN'!  
I CAN FOLLOW YOU ANY PLACE  
Y' GO!

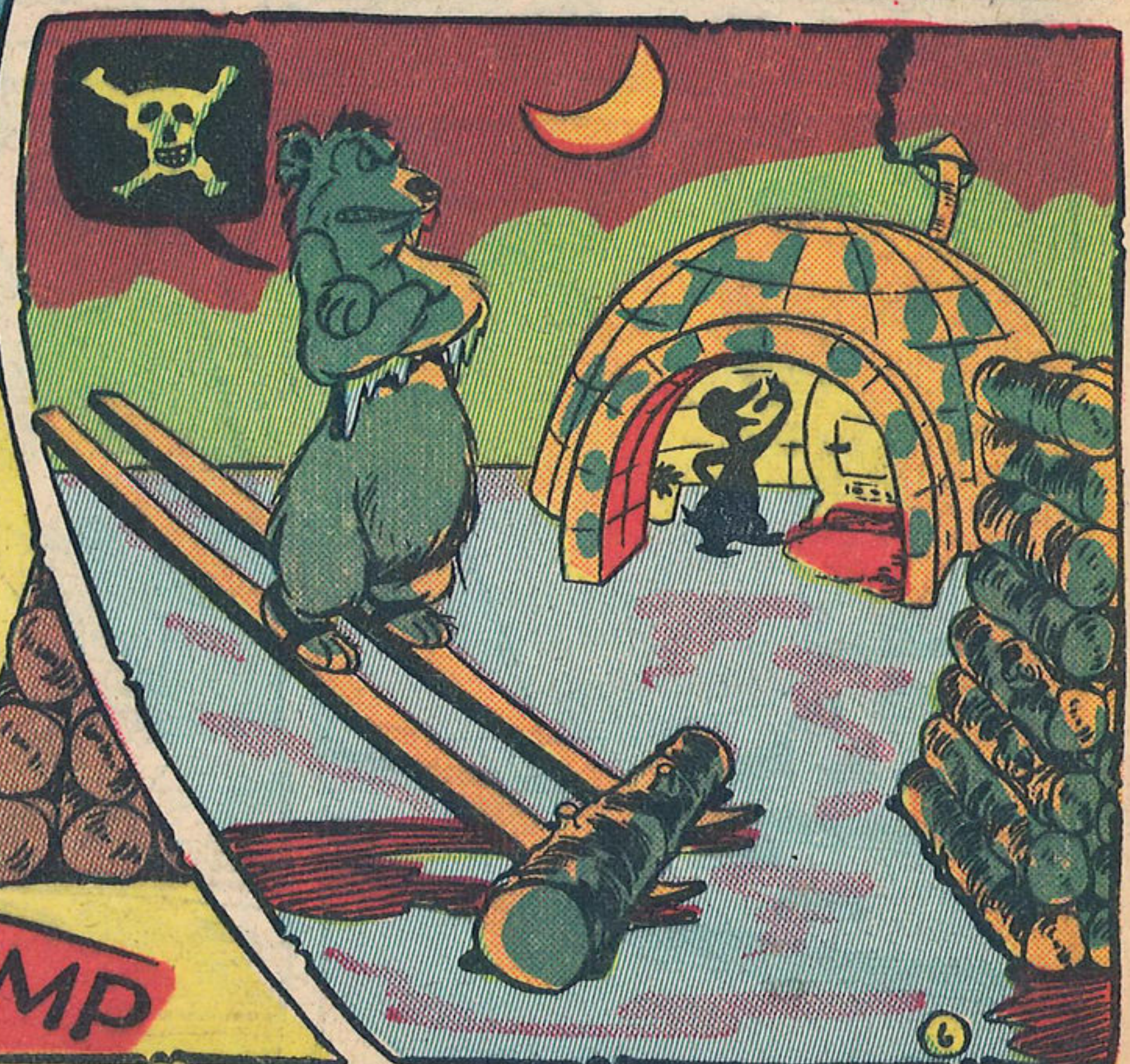


WAIT'LL I GET  
THESE SKIS OFF,  
AND I'LL BE RIGHT  
UP!

YOU DON'T KNOW  
IT, BORIS, BUT  
YOU AREN'T  
GONNA GET-

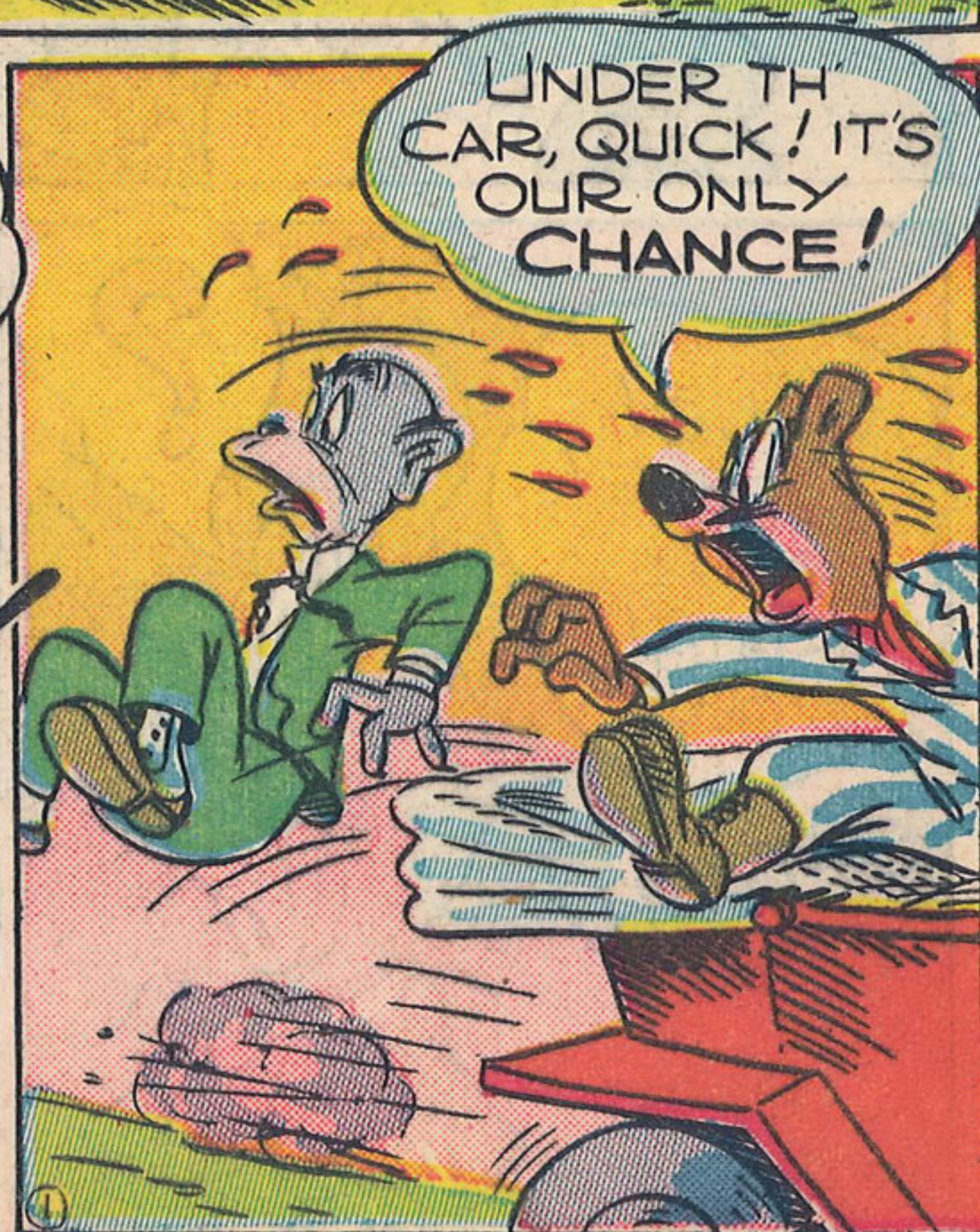
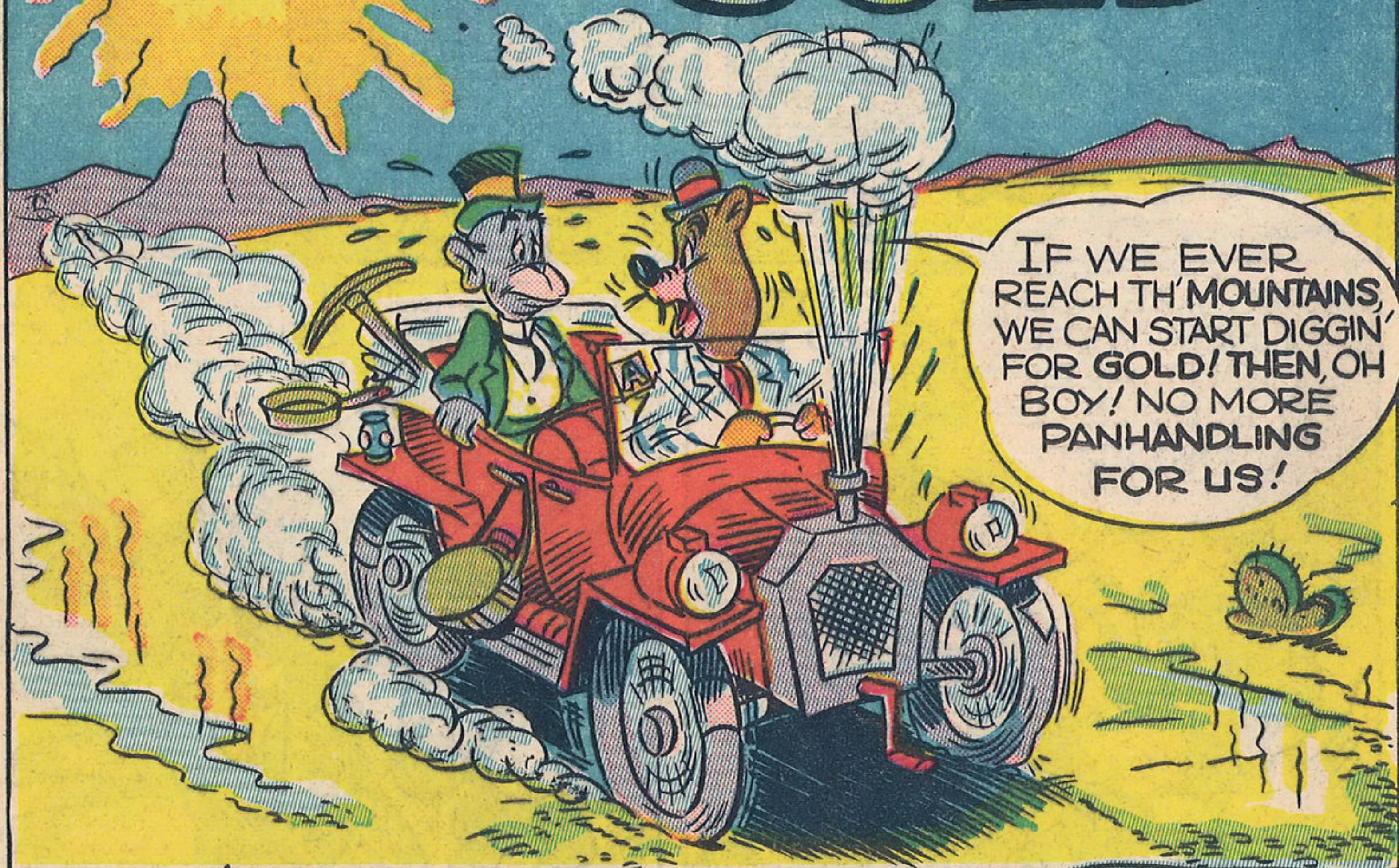


--THOSE SKIS OFF!

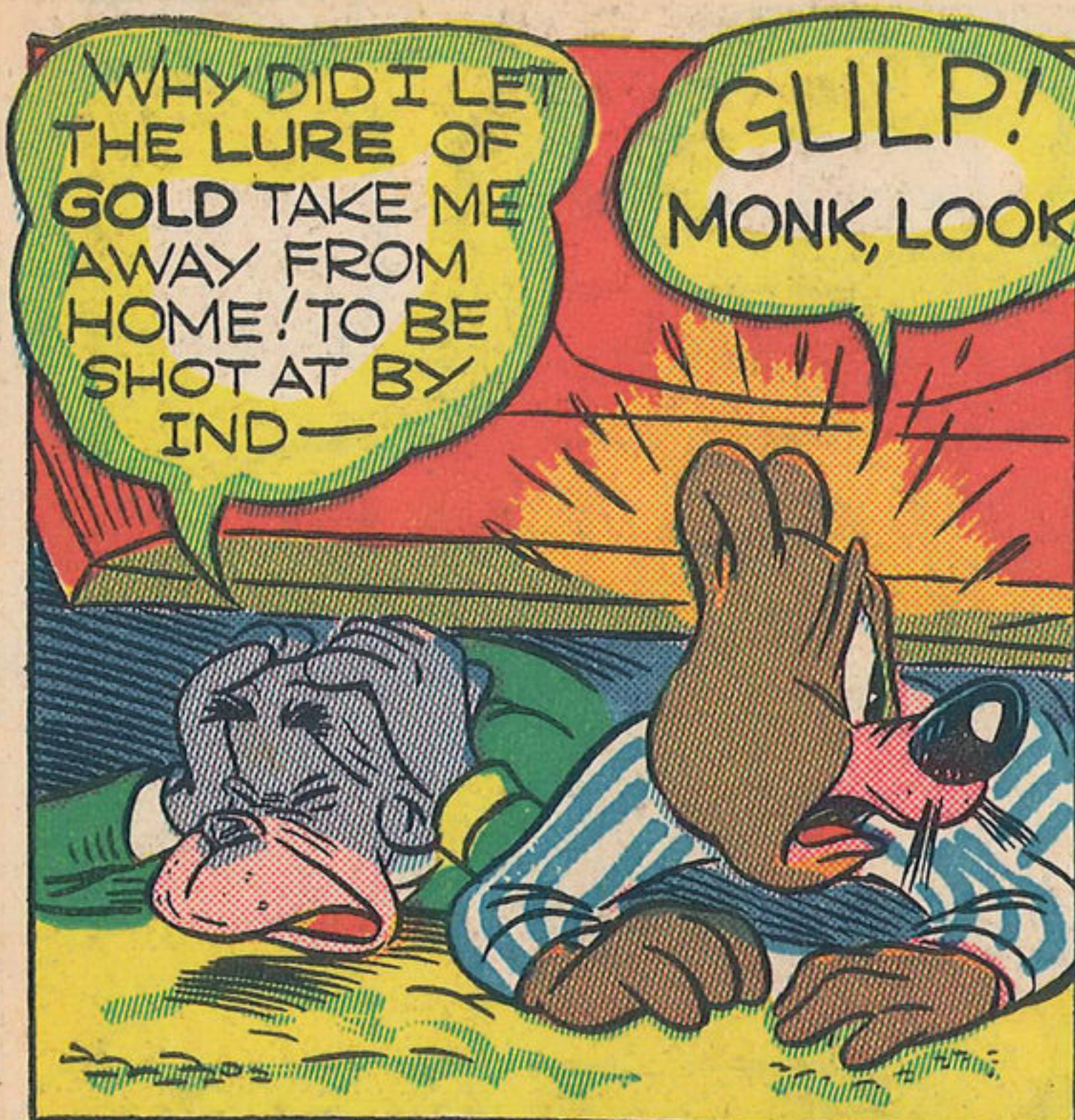




# DESERT GOLD

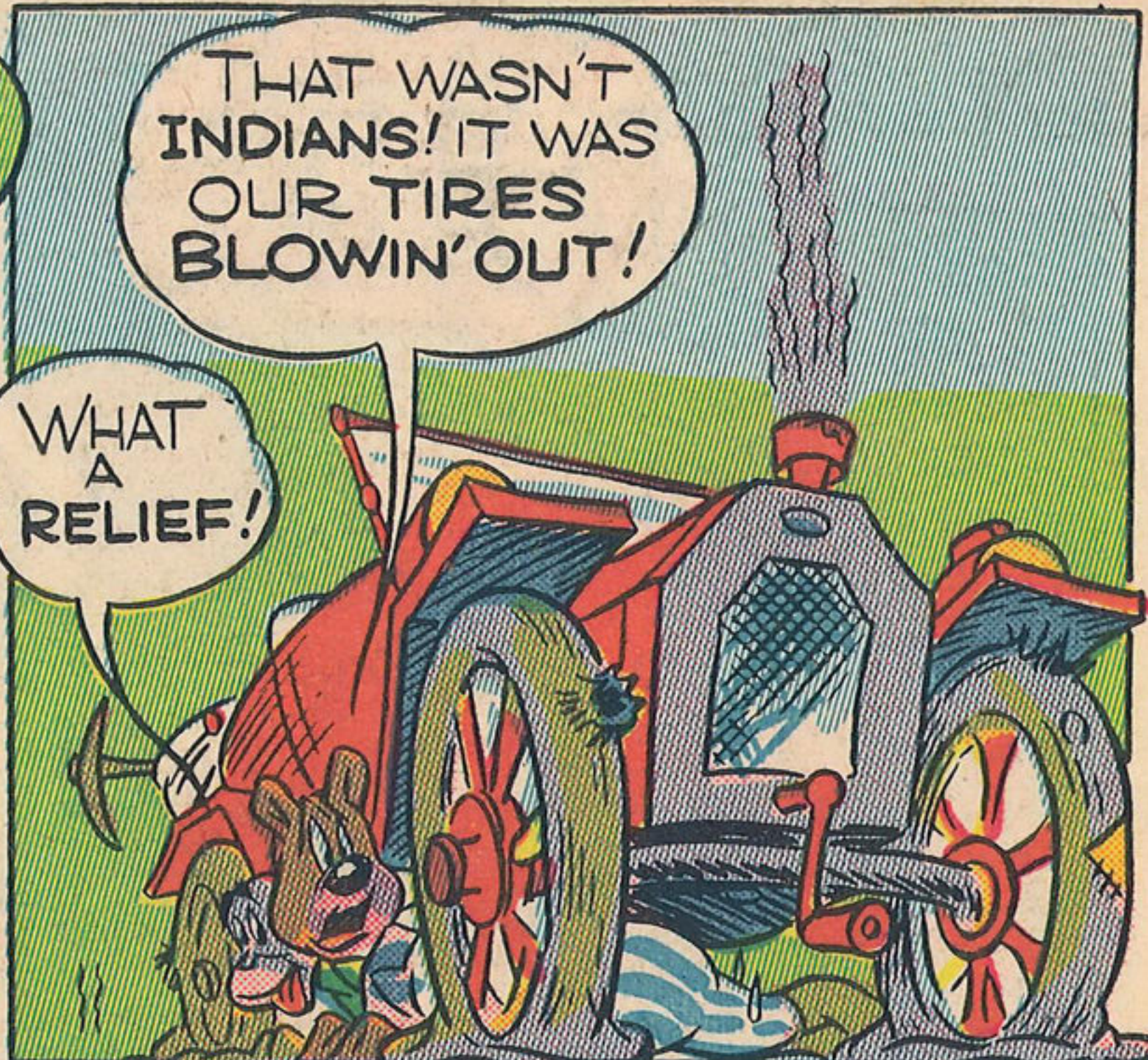






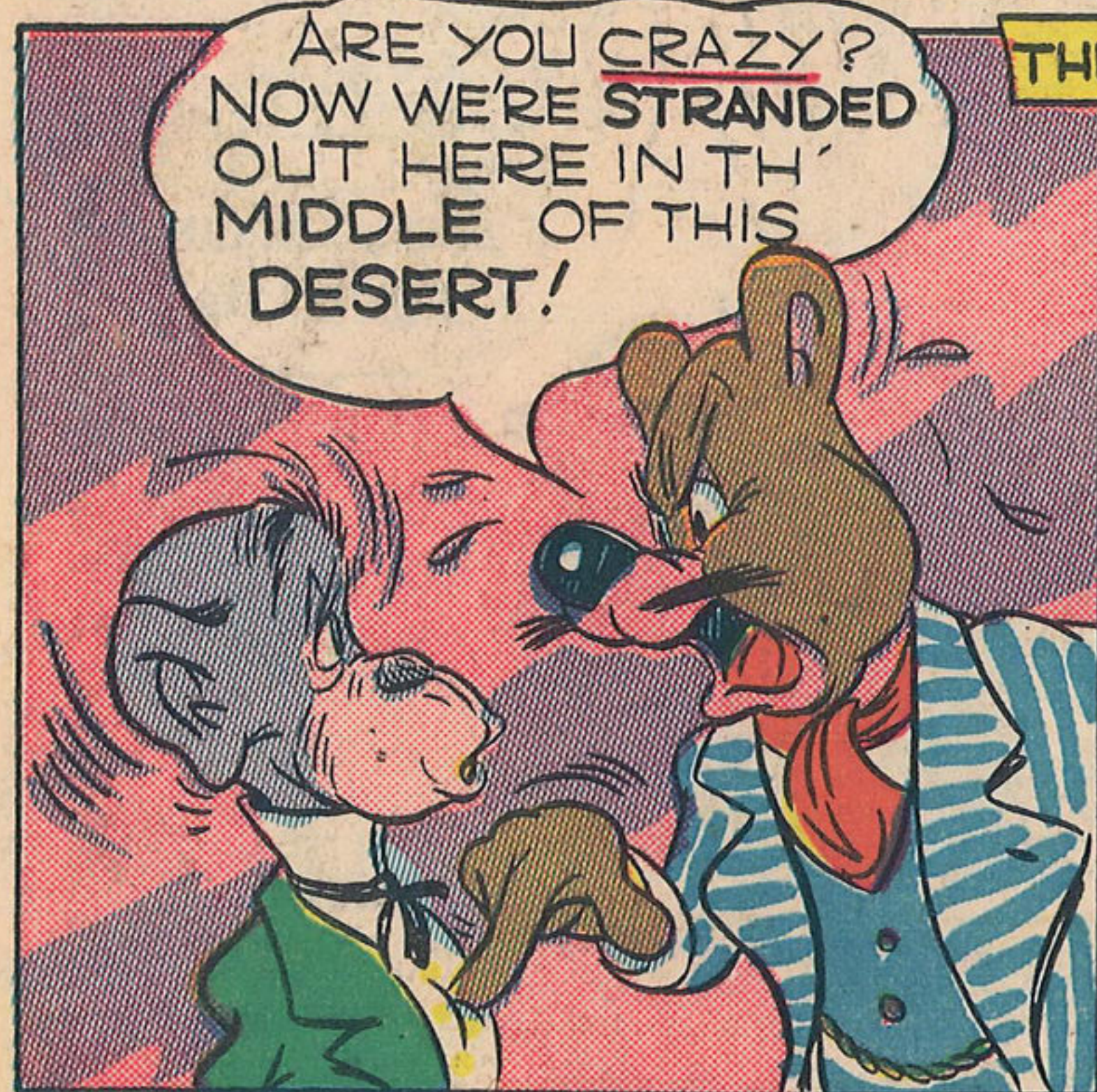
WHY DID I LET  
THE LURE OF  
GOLD TAKE ME  
AWAY FROM  
HOME! TO BE  
SHOT AT BY  
IND —

GULP!  
MONK, LOOK!



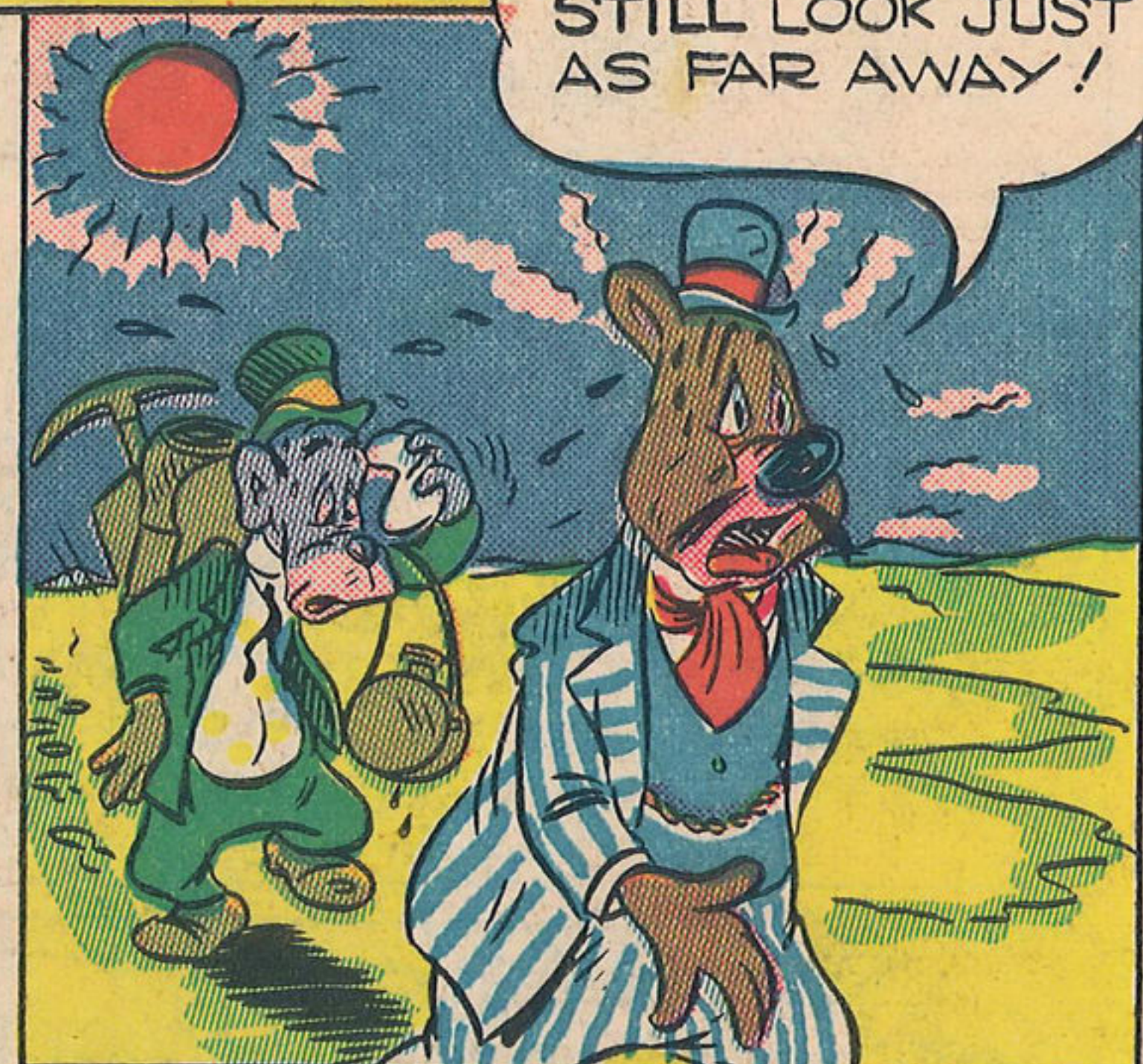
THAT WASN'T  
INDIANS! IT WAS  
OUR TIRES  
BLOWIN' OUT!

WHAT  
A  
RELIEF!



ARE YOU CRAZY?  
NOW WE'RE STRANDED  
OUT HERE IN TH'  
MIDDLE OF THIS  
DESERT!

THREE HOURS LATER —



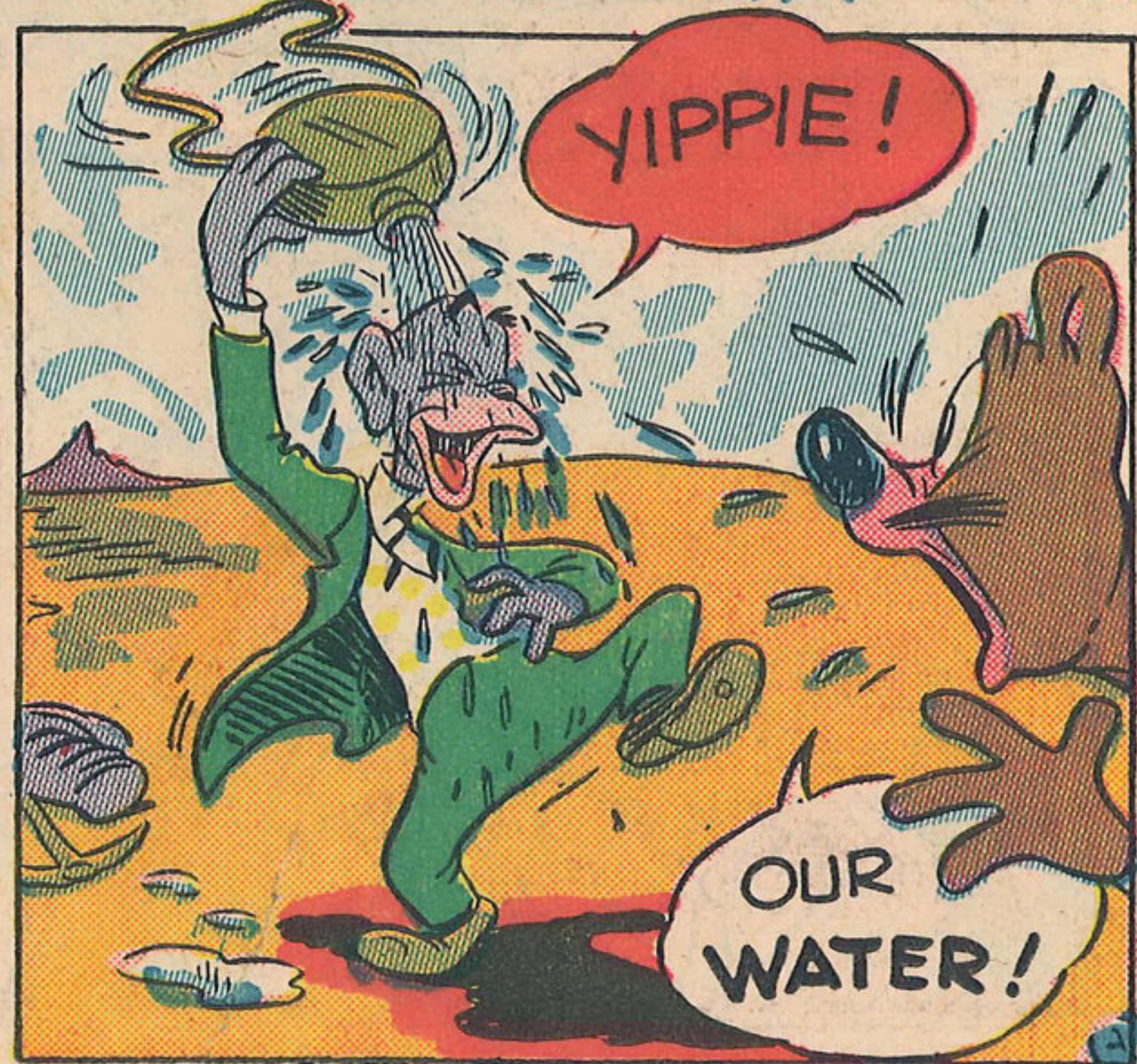
THOSE MOUNTAINS  
STILL LOOK JUST  
AS FAR AWAY!



GLUG!  
GURGLE!  
AH!  
GLUG!  
GLUG!

?

SPLASH!



YIPPIE!

OUR  
WATER!





EVERY DROP GONE! NOW WE ARE IN A PICKLE!

Y' MEAN WE AREN'T GOING T' GET OUR GOLD NOW?

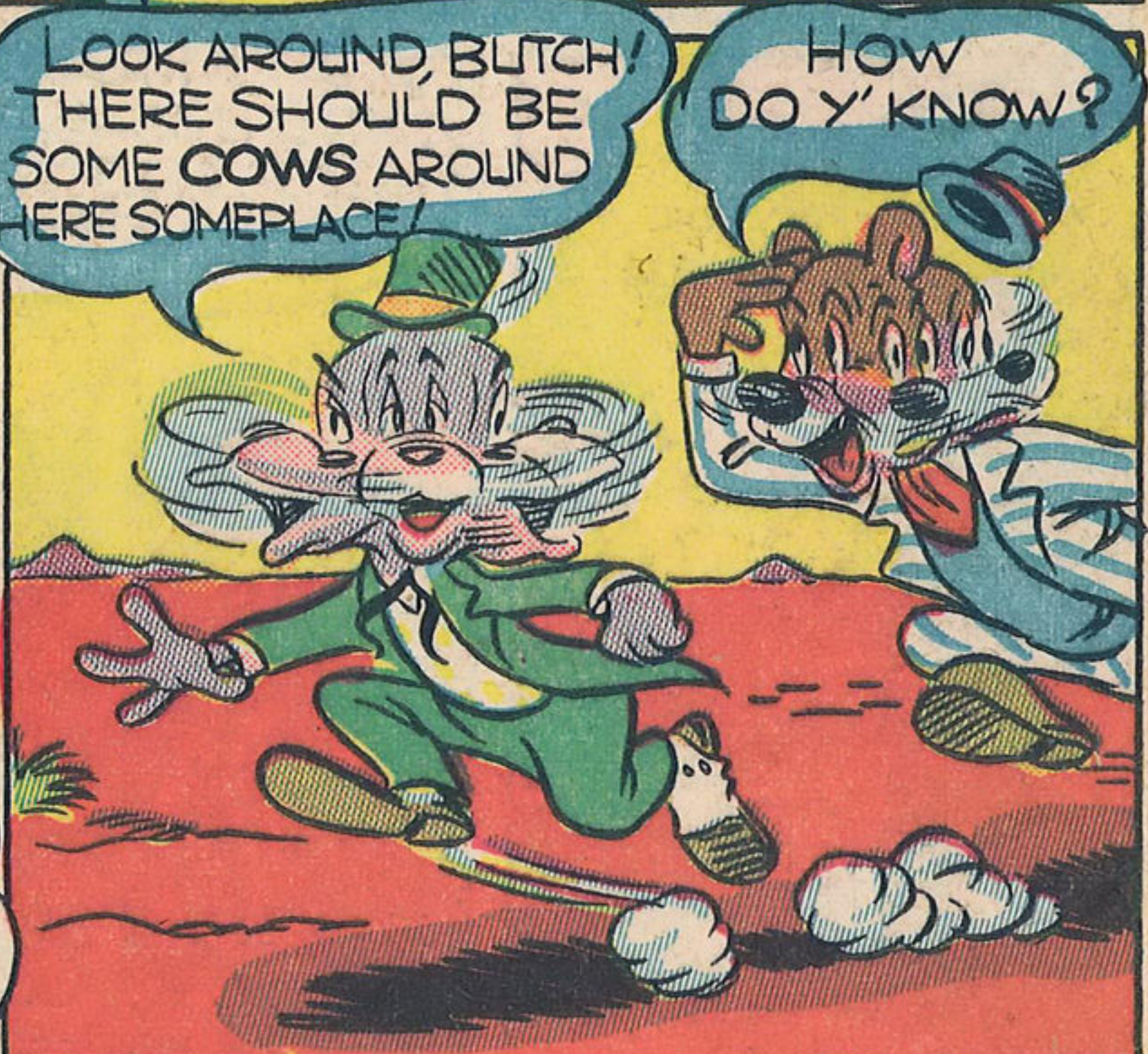


NOT IF WE DON'T FIND WATER! YOU GO THAT WAY AND I'LL LOOK OVER HERE!

OKAY!

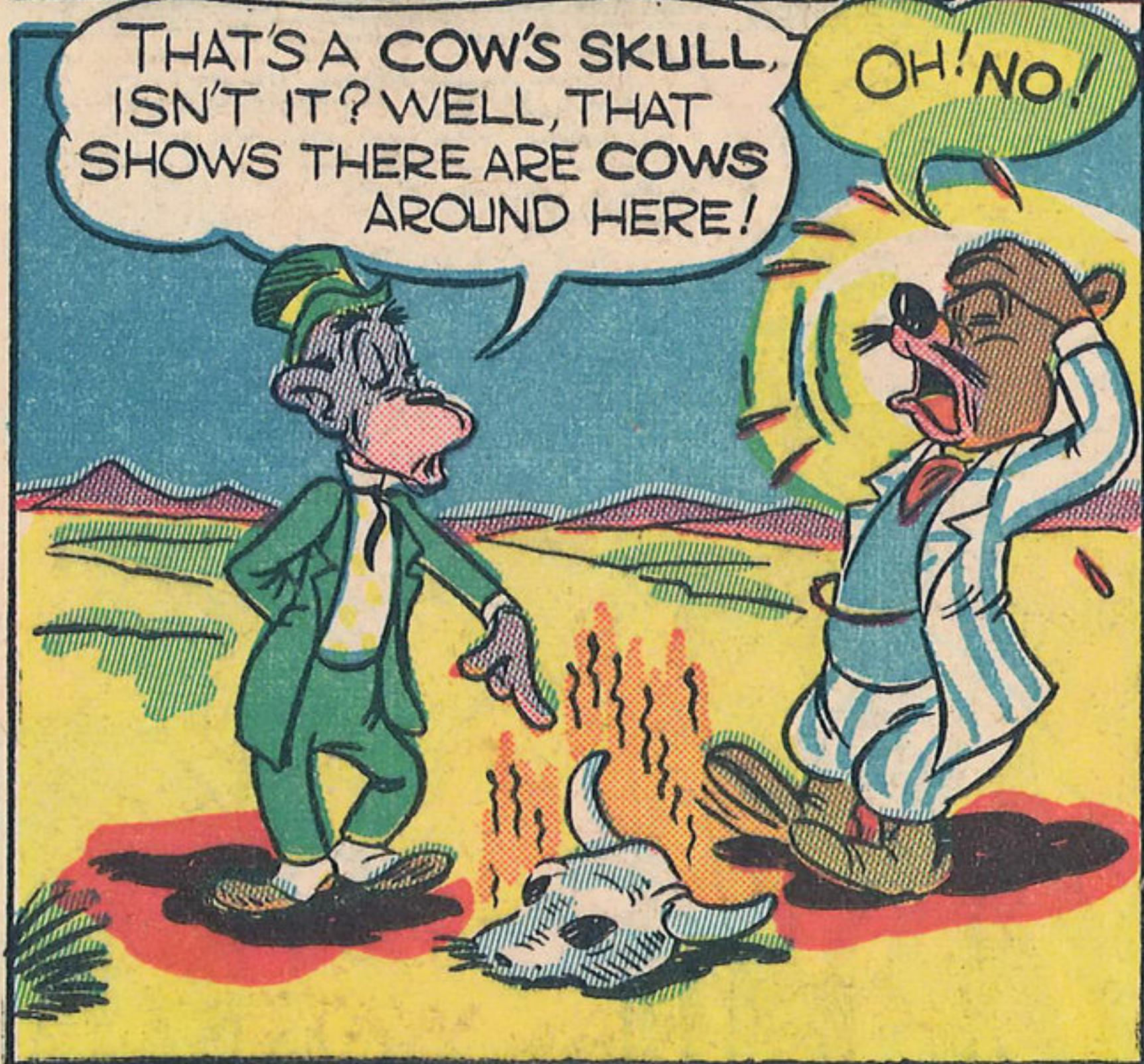


BUTCH! COME QUICK! WE'RE SAVED! WE'LL HAVE TO SETTLE FOR MILK, THOUGH!



LOOK AROUND, BLTCH! THERE SHOULD BE SOME COWS AROUND HERE SOMEPLACE!

HOW DO Y' KNOW?



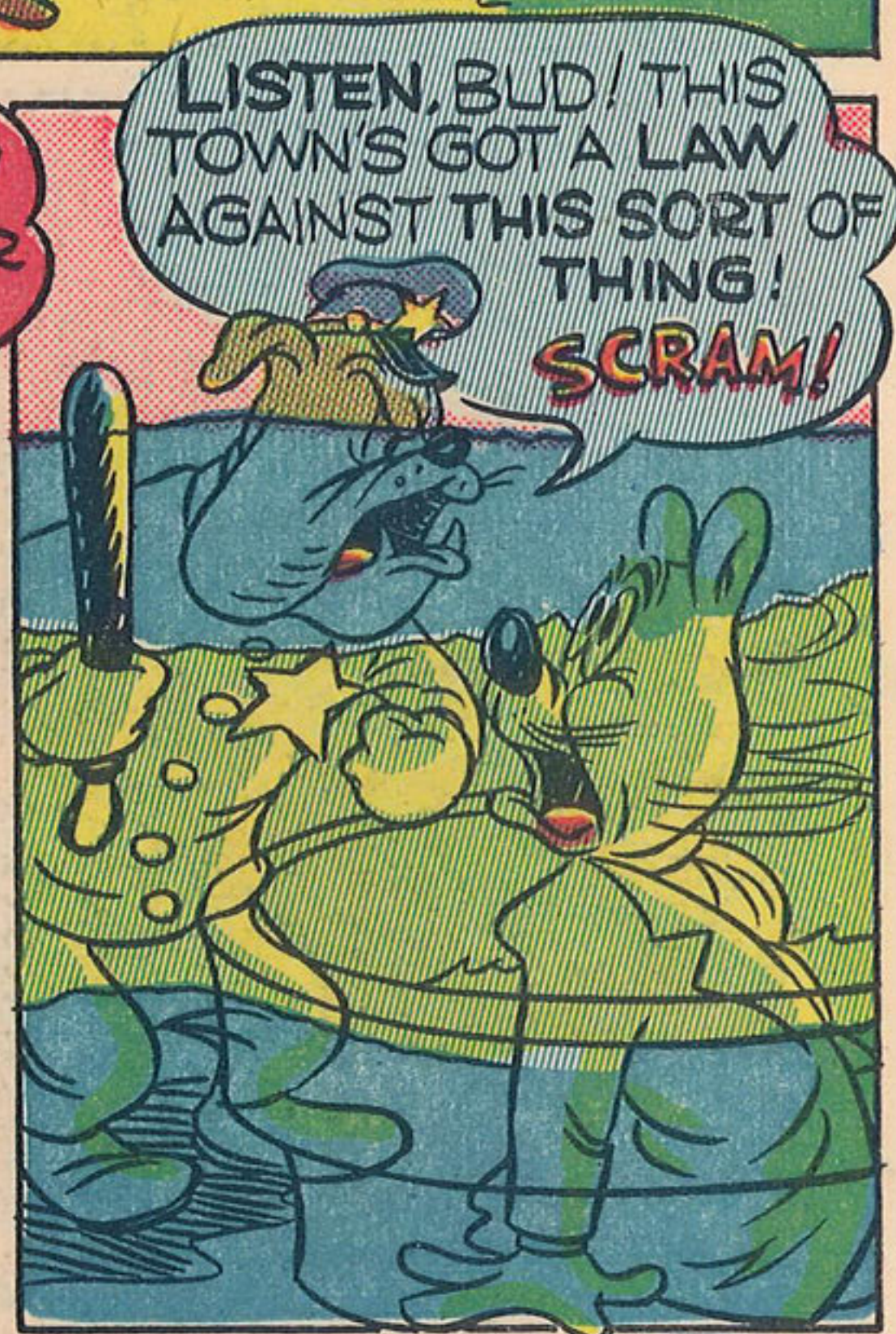
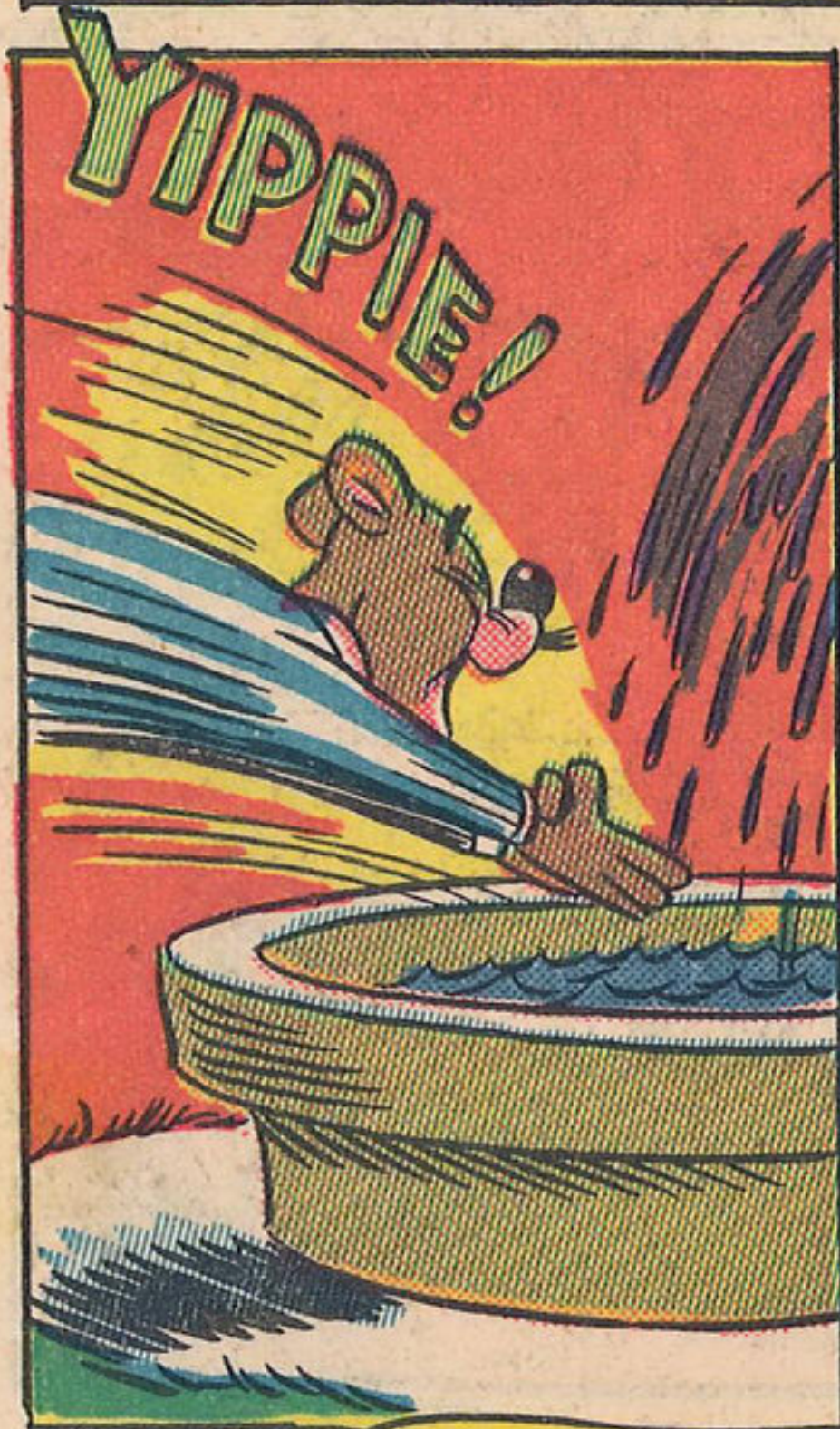
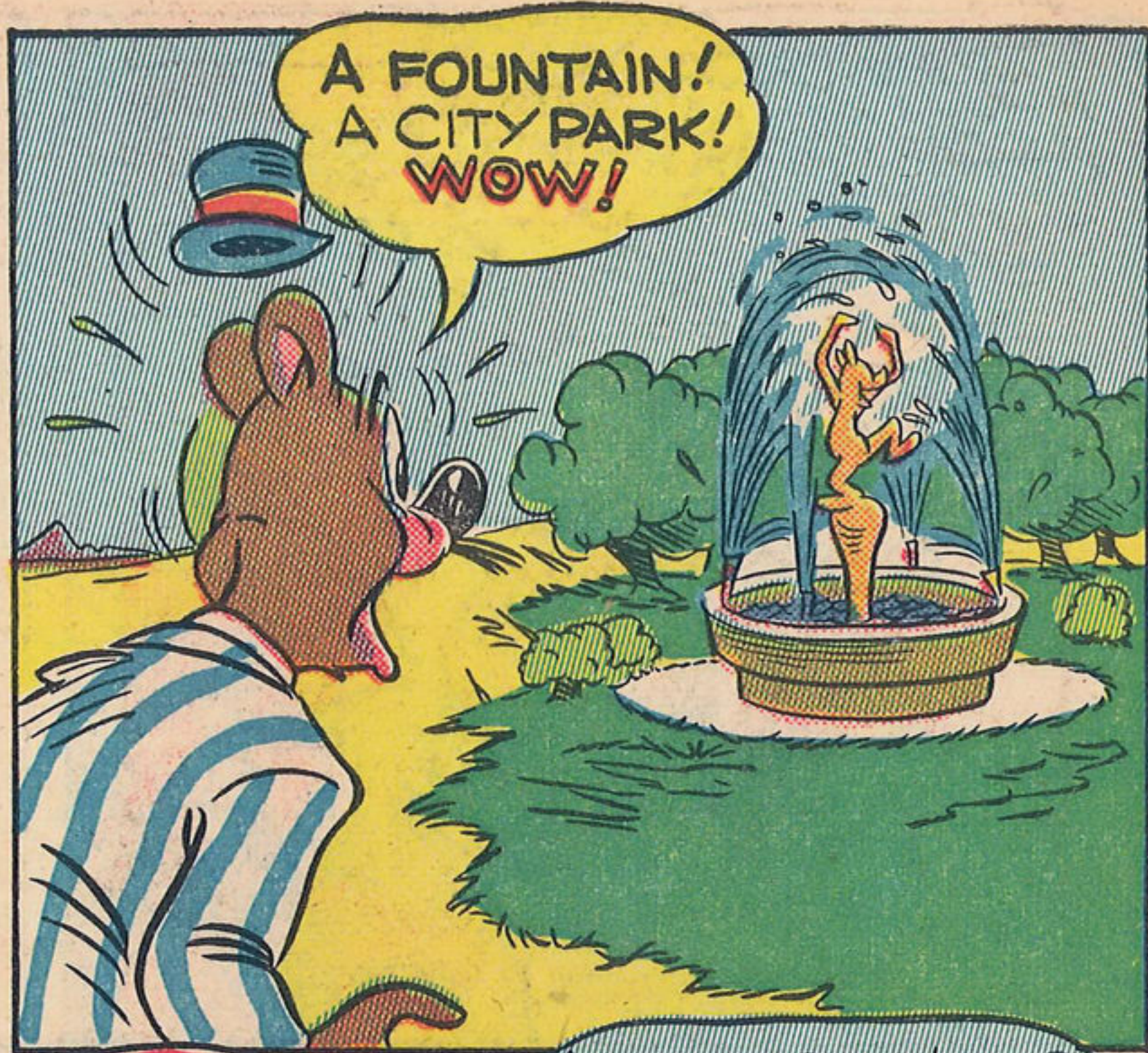
THAT'S A COW'S SKULL, ISN'T IT? WELL, THAT SHOWS THERE ARE COWS AROUND HERE!

OH! NO!



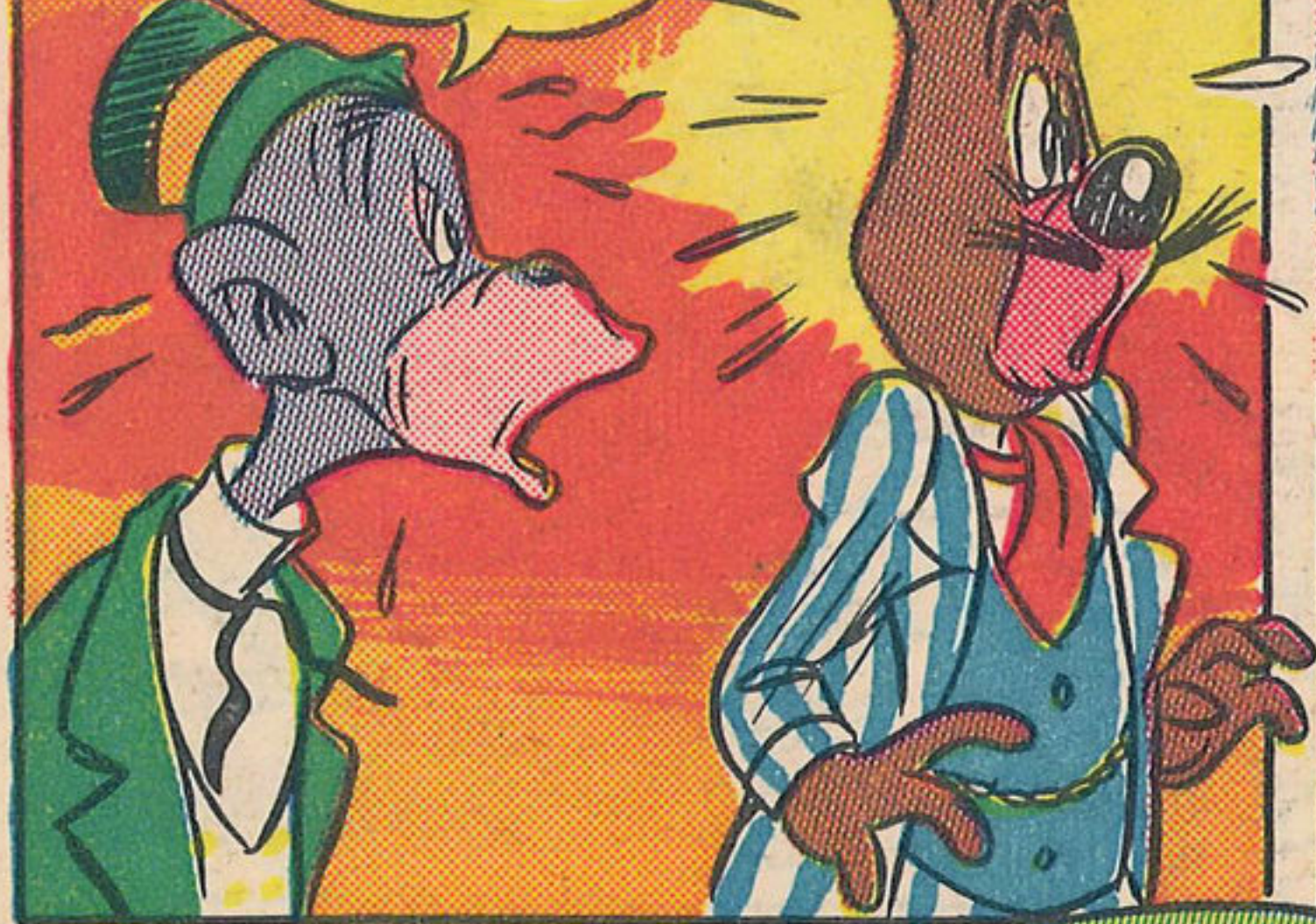
WE'LL HAVE TO SPLIT UP AND LOOK FOR AN OASIS! THAT'S A PLACE WITH TREES AND WATER! GET IT?







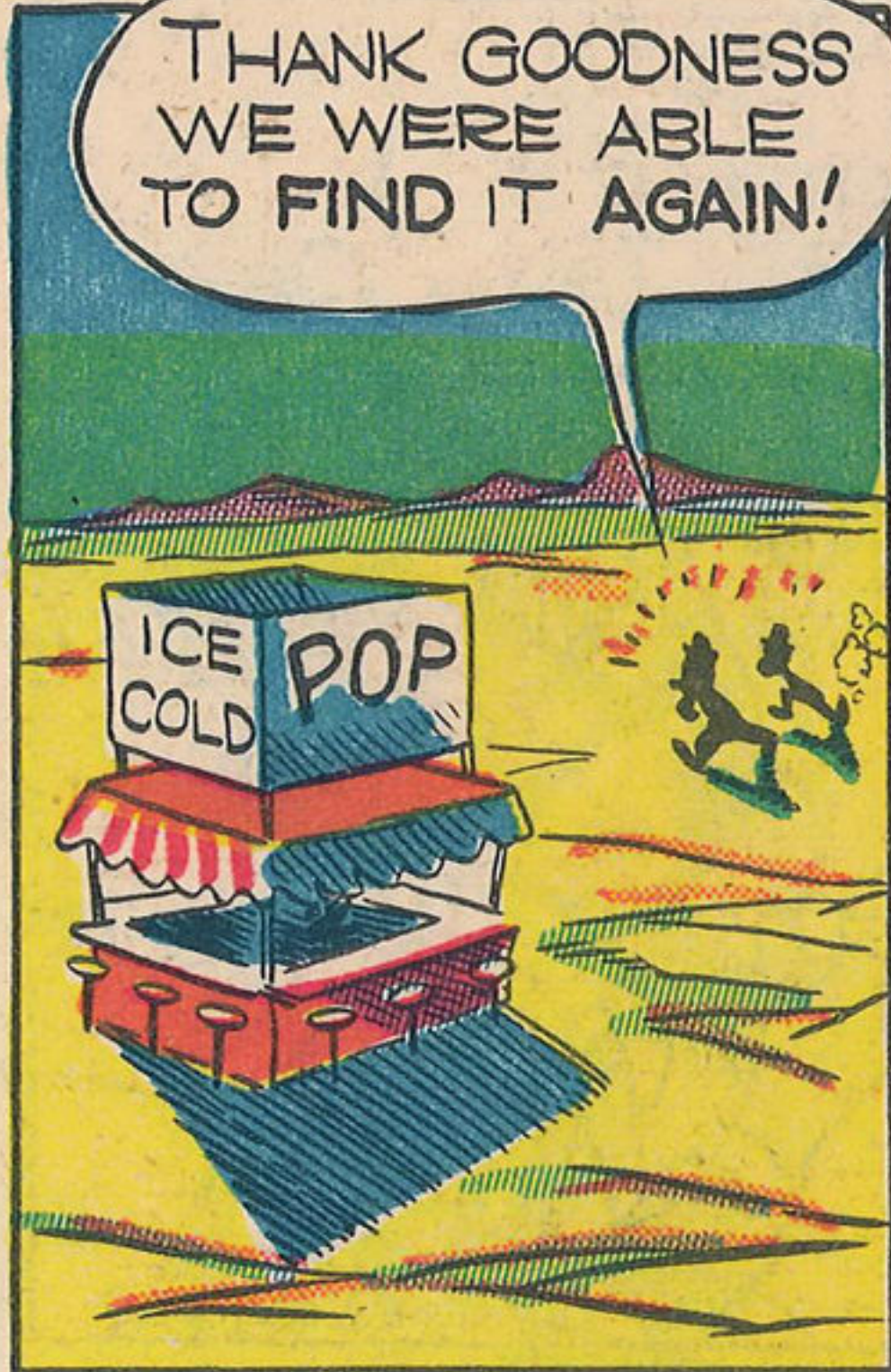
— BUT THE FELLER  
RUNNIN' TH' SODA  
POP STAND SAID  
THERE'S ONE ABOUT  
90 MILES FROM  
HERE!



Y' DOPE! SODA  
POP IS GOOD  
T' DRINK, OR DIDN'T  
YOU KNOW?



THANK GOODNESS  
WE WERE ABLE  
TO FIND IT AGAIN!



TWO  
BOTTLES OF  
STRAWBERRY!

HERE  
Y' ARE! THAT'LL  
BE TWENTY-FIVE  
DOLLARS A PIECE!



TWENTY-FIVE  
DOLLARS? GULP!  
ER--I'LL TAKE A  
GLASS OF WATER!



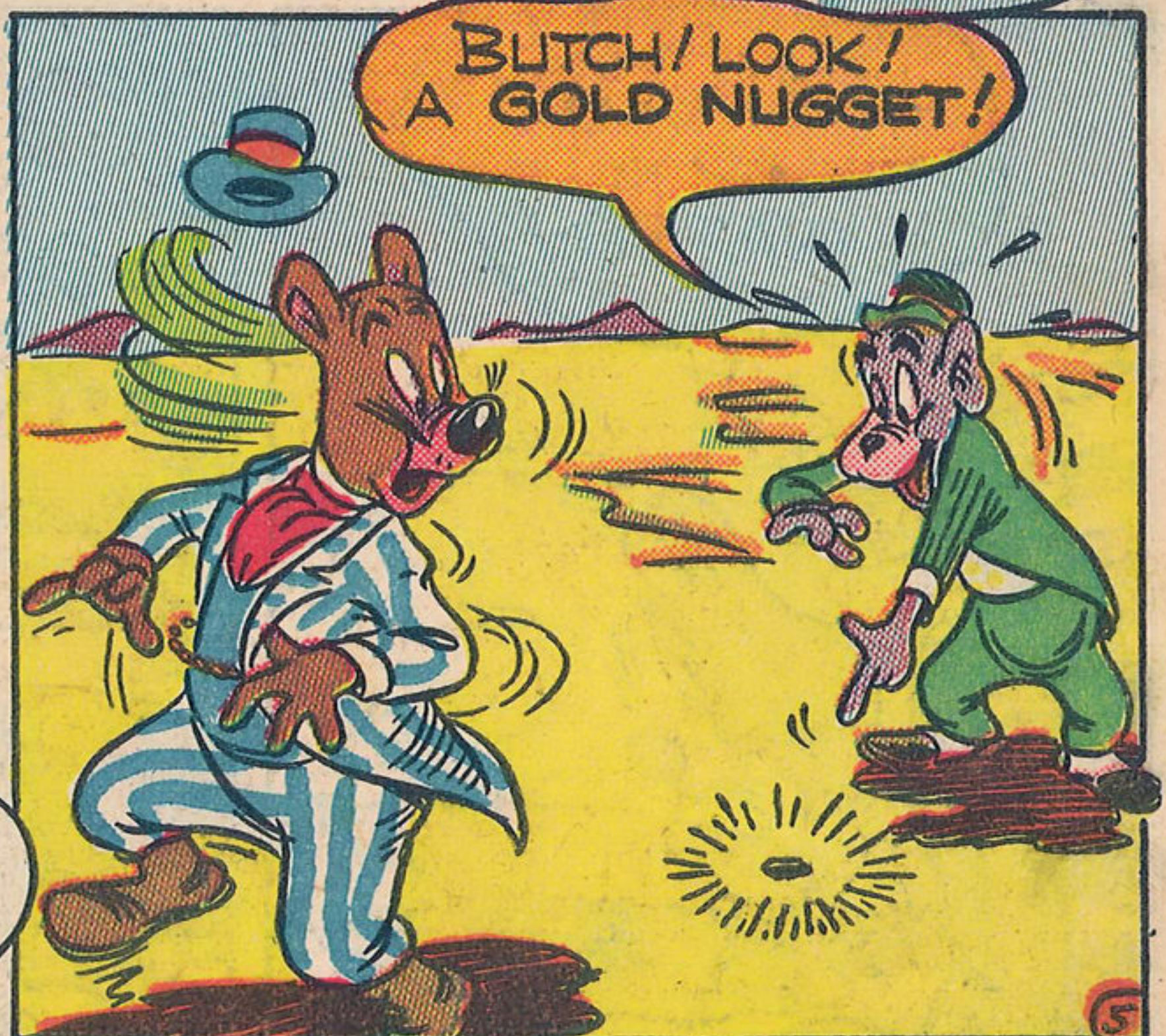
**WATER!**  
IF I HAD ANY  
WATER, IT WOULD  
BE FIFTY  
DOLLARS!

IF WE'D  
ONLY HAD FIFTY  
BUCKS! WE  
COULD HAVE  
LIVED AWHILE!

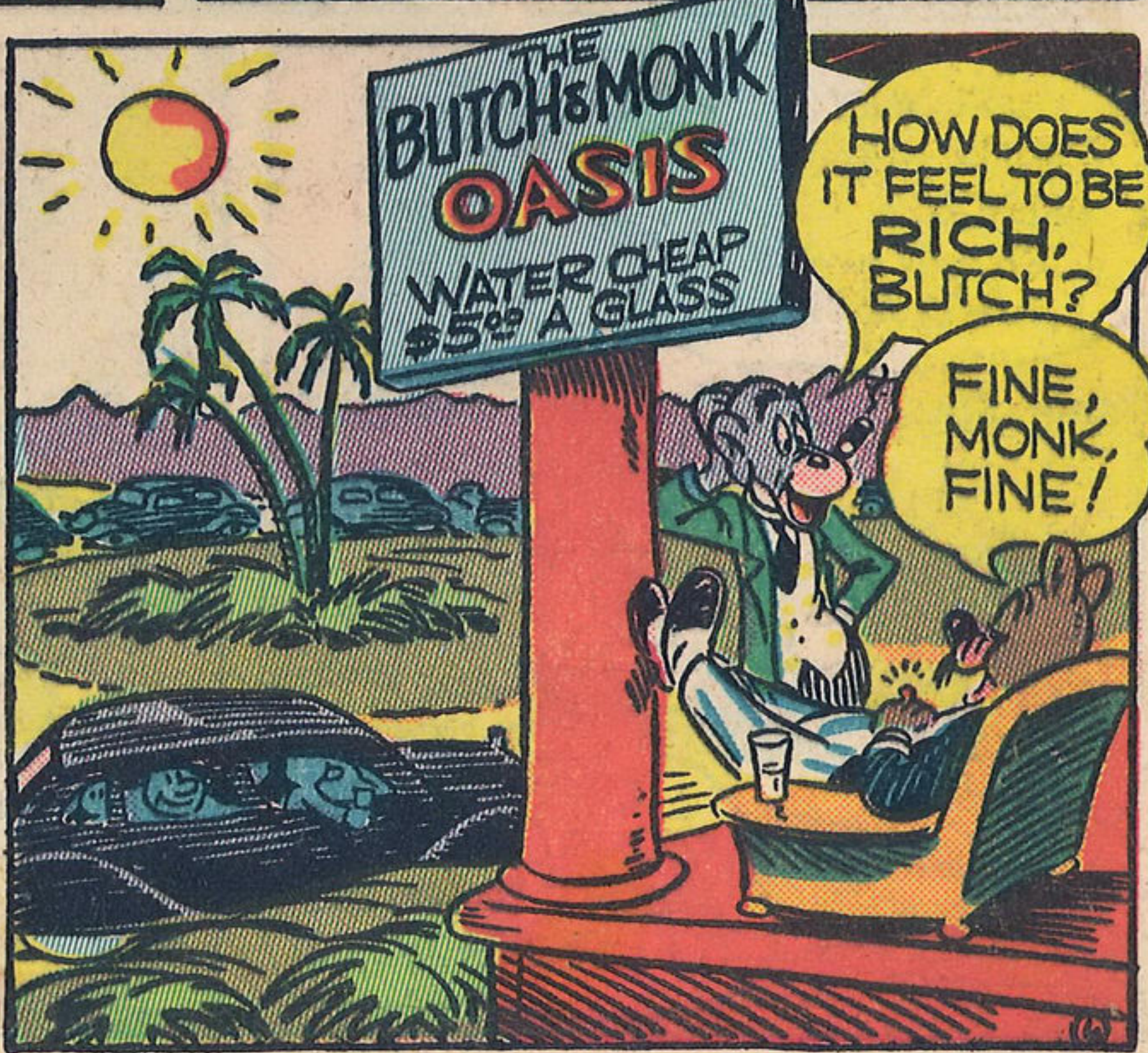
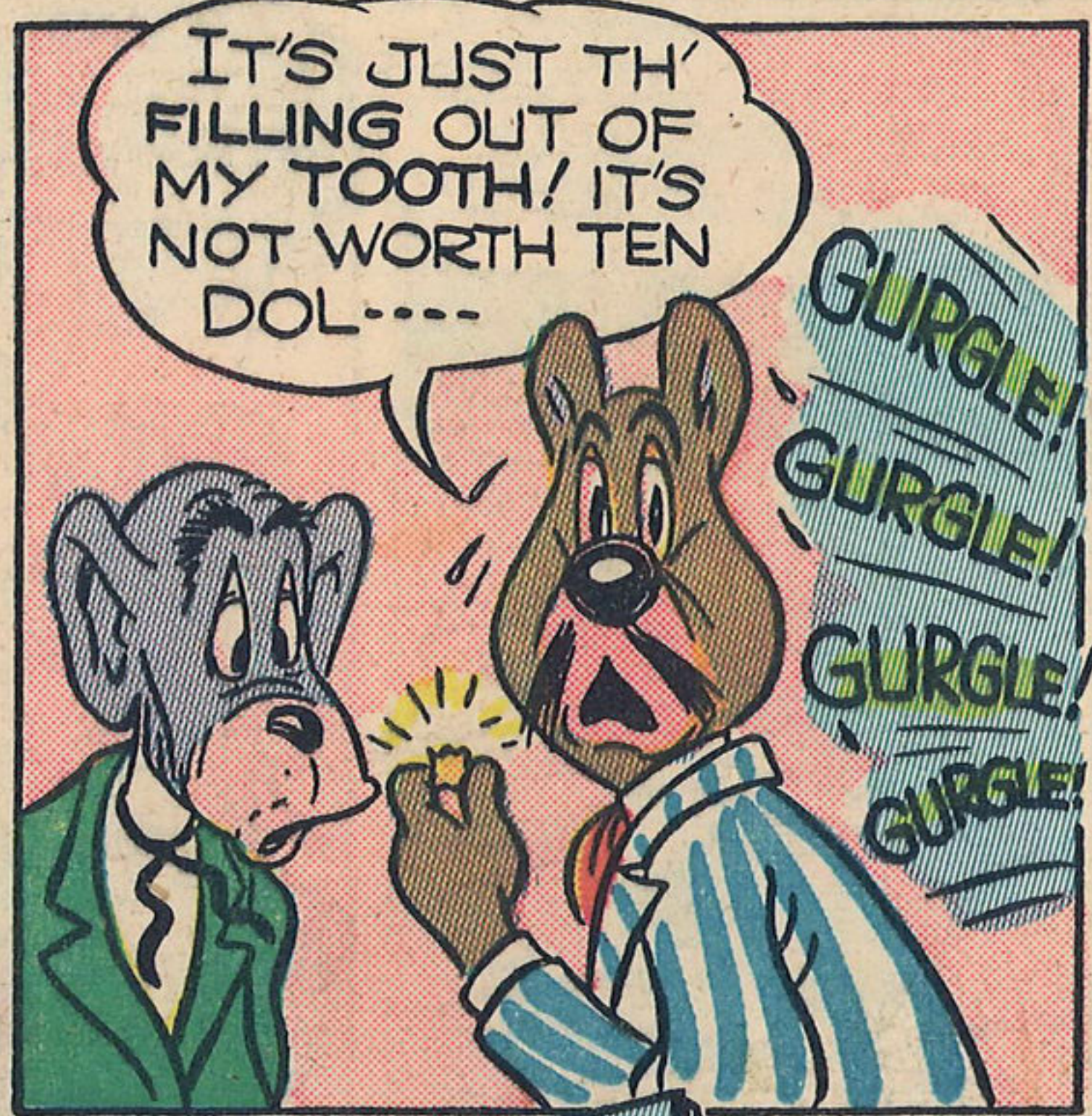
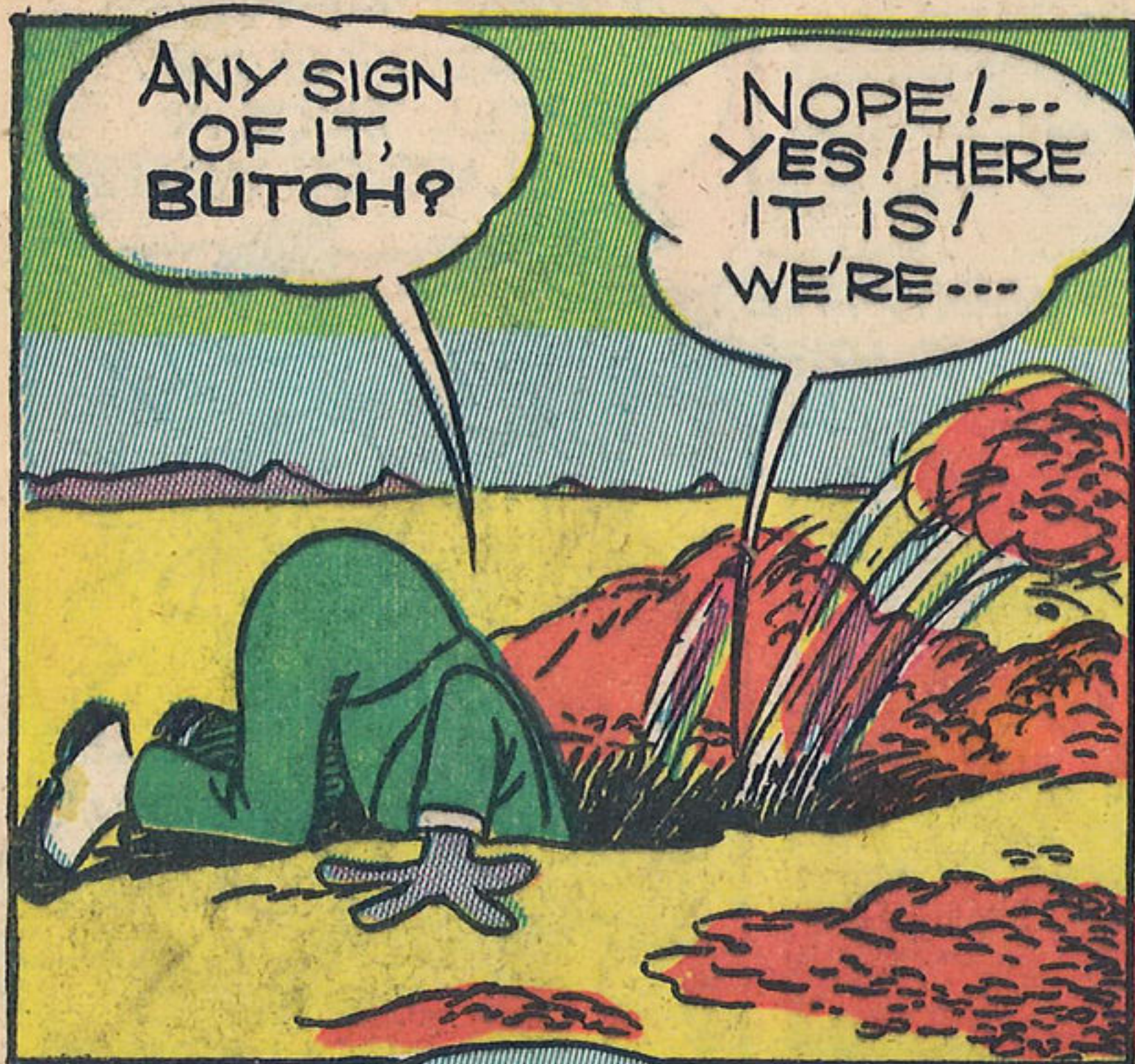
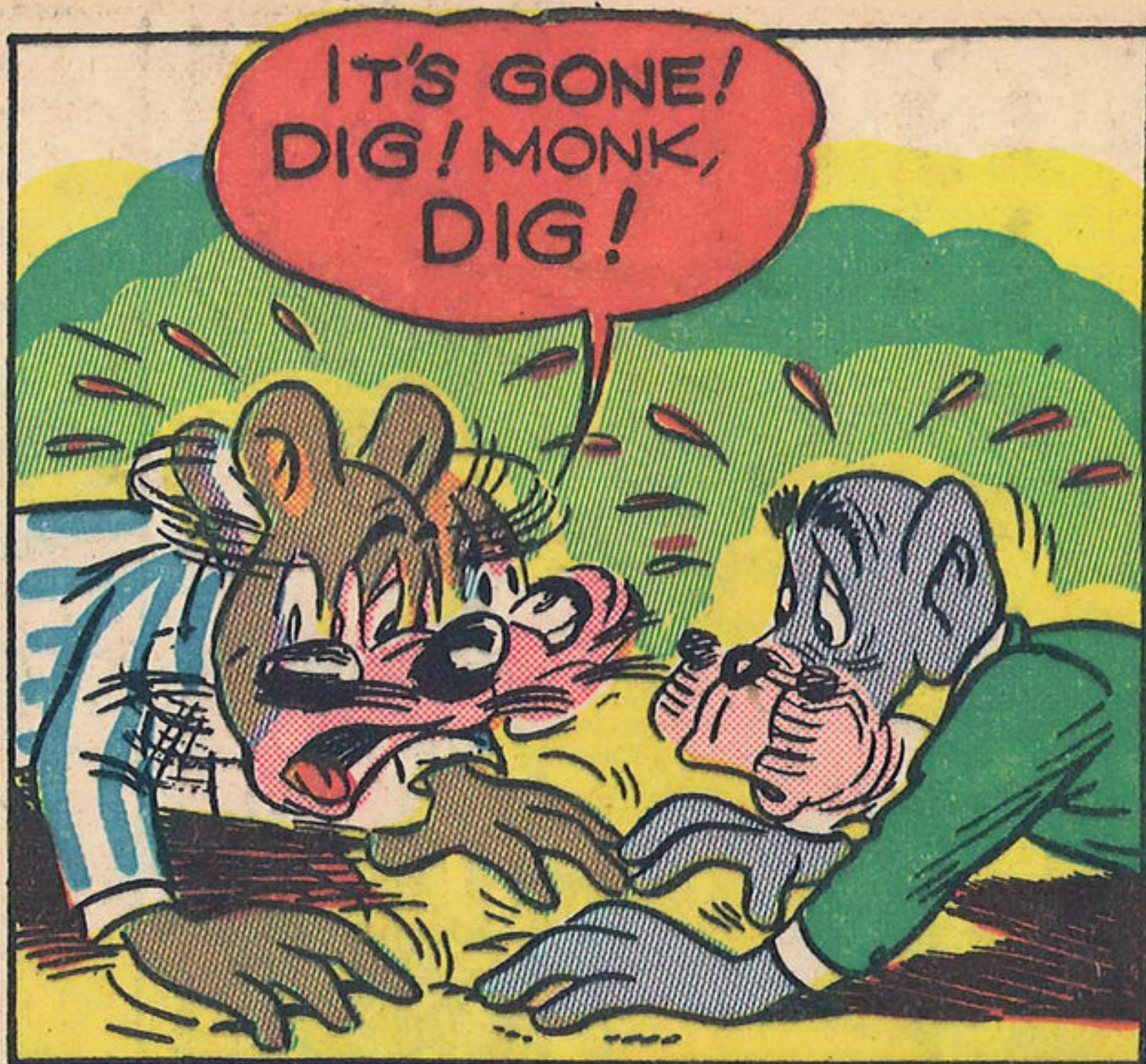
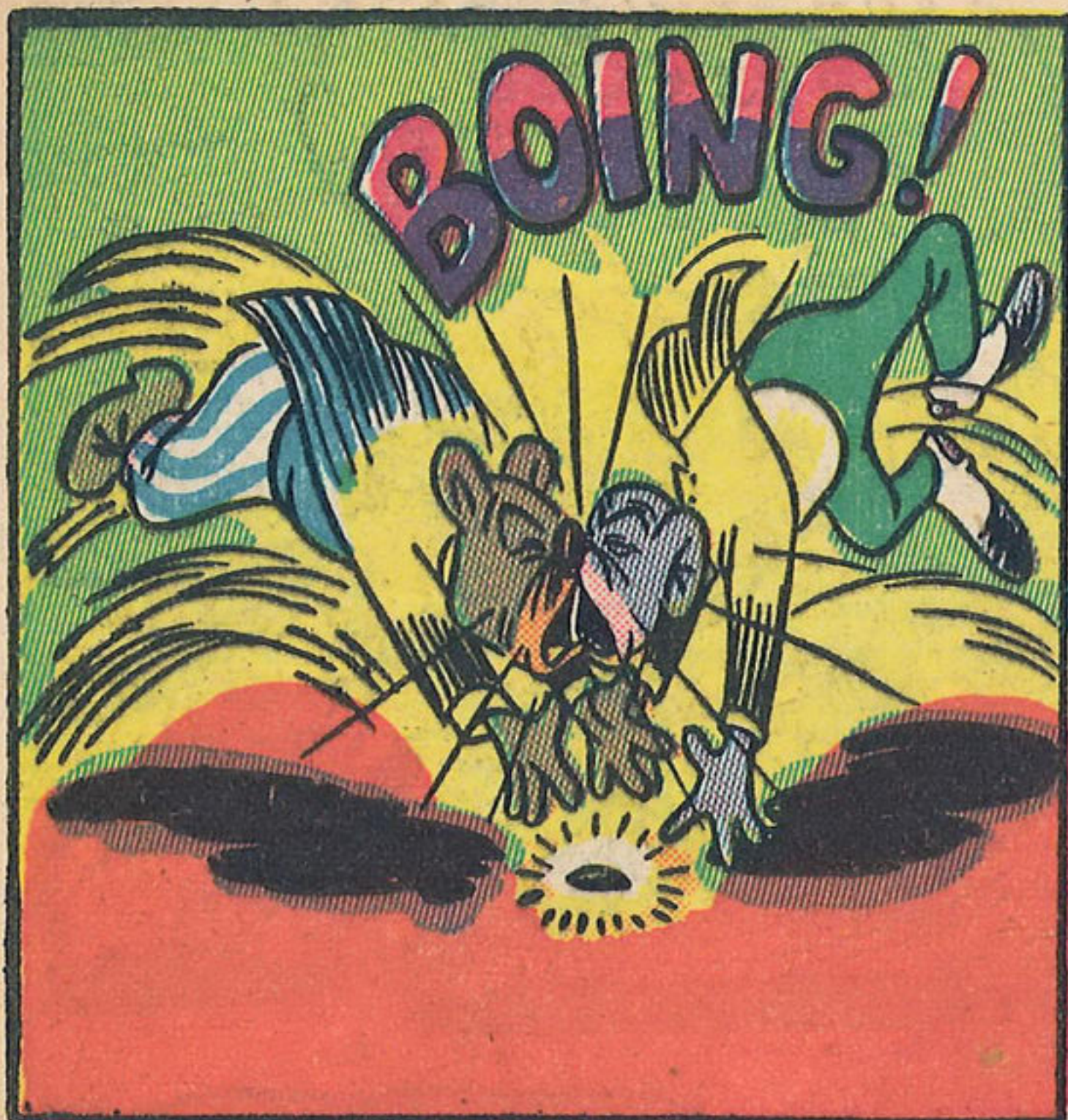


OUR DREAMS  
OF WEALTH  
GONE! IN FACT, WE  
AREN'T EVEN GOIN'  
TO DREAM LONG!

BLITCH! LOOK!  
A GOLD NUGGET!









# BOBBY'S SCHOOLTIME BLUES

SCHOOLHOUSE



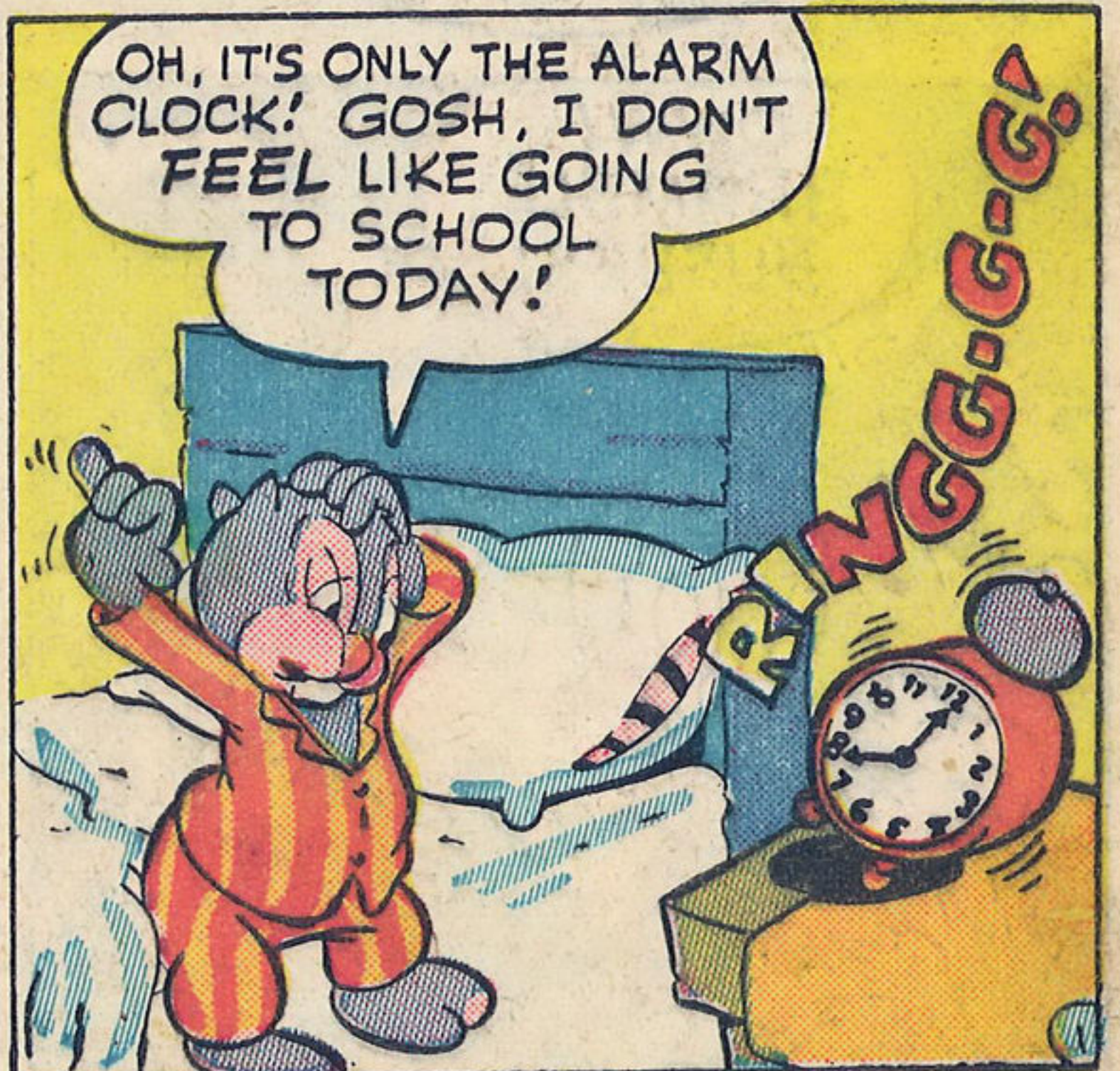
WHAZZAT? THE  
TELEPHONE? I'LL  
ANSWER IT!

RING-G-G!

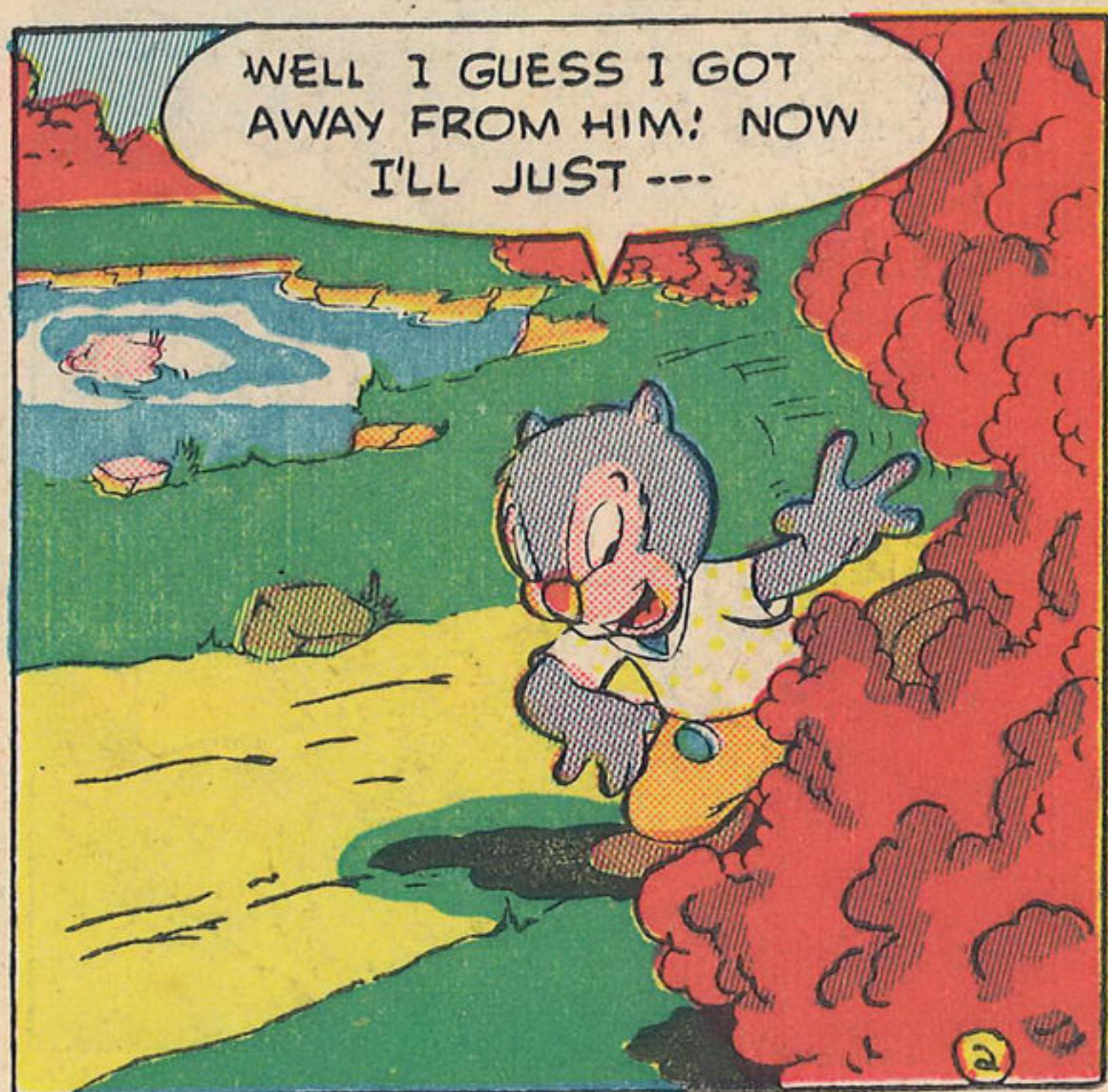
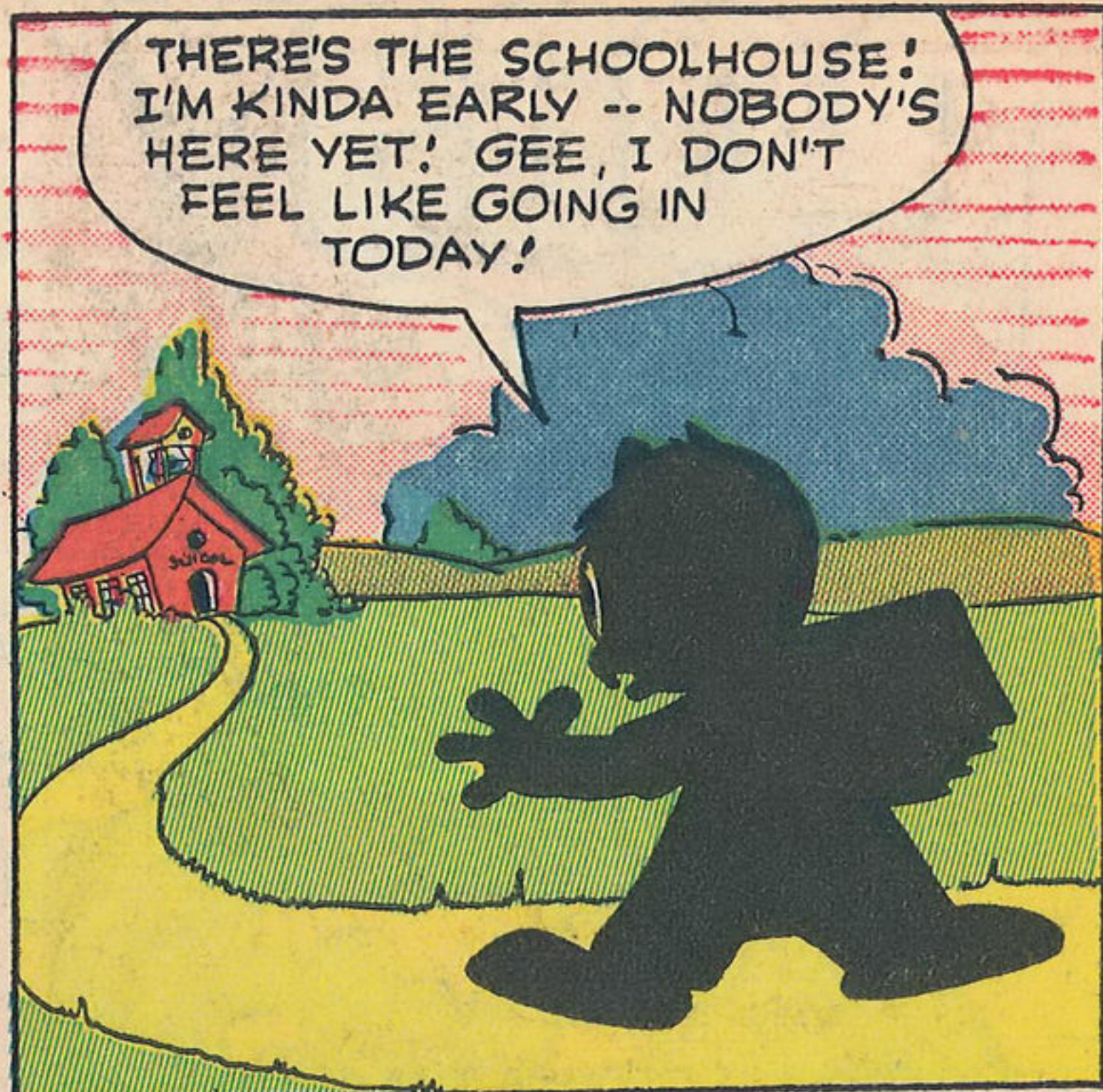


OH, IT'S ONLY THE ALARM  
CLOCK! GOSH, I DON'T  
FEEL LIKE GOING  
TO SCHOOL  
TODAY!

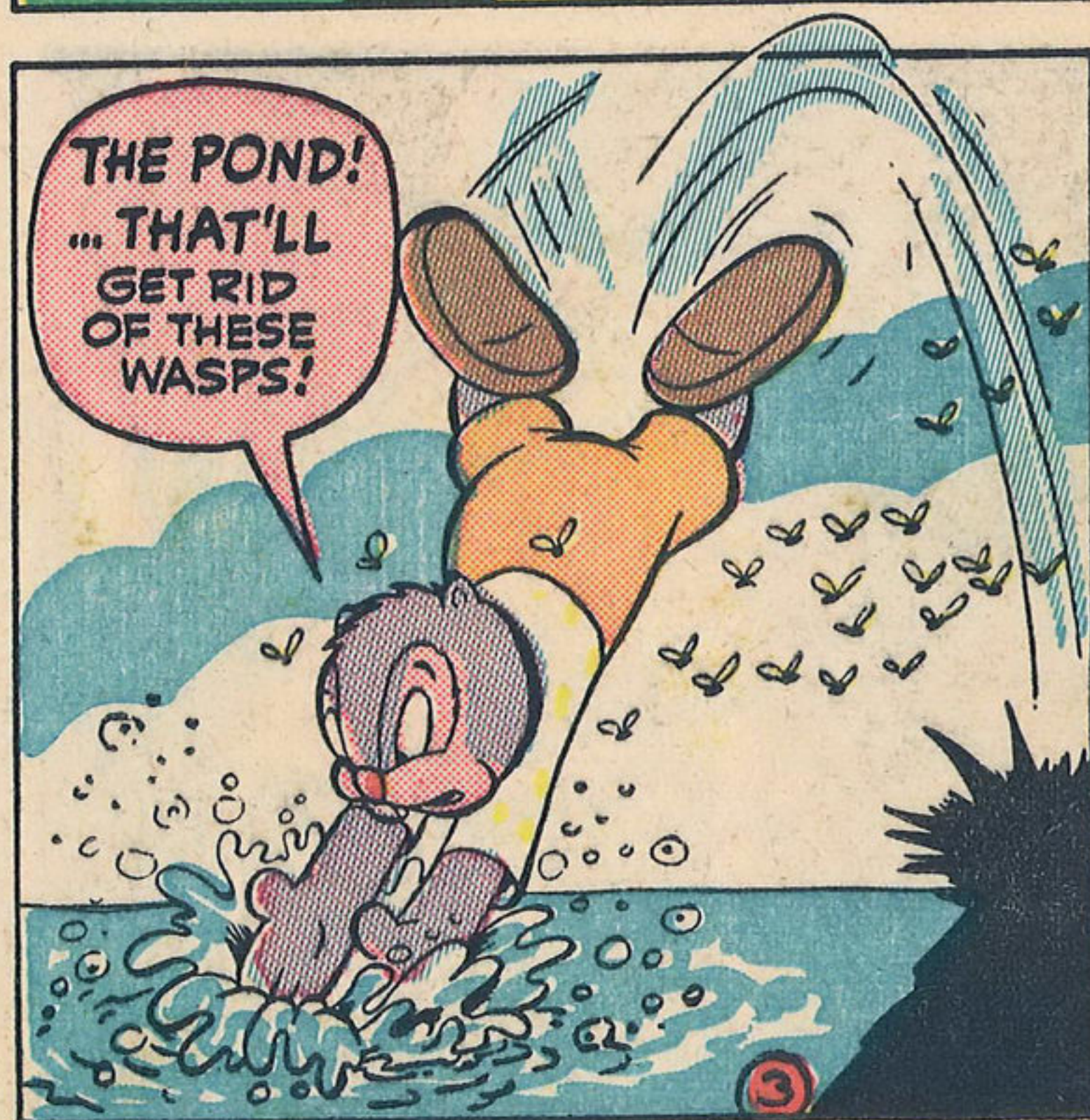
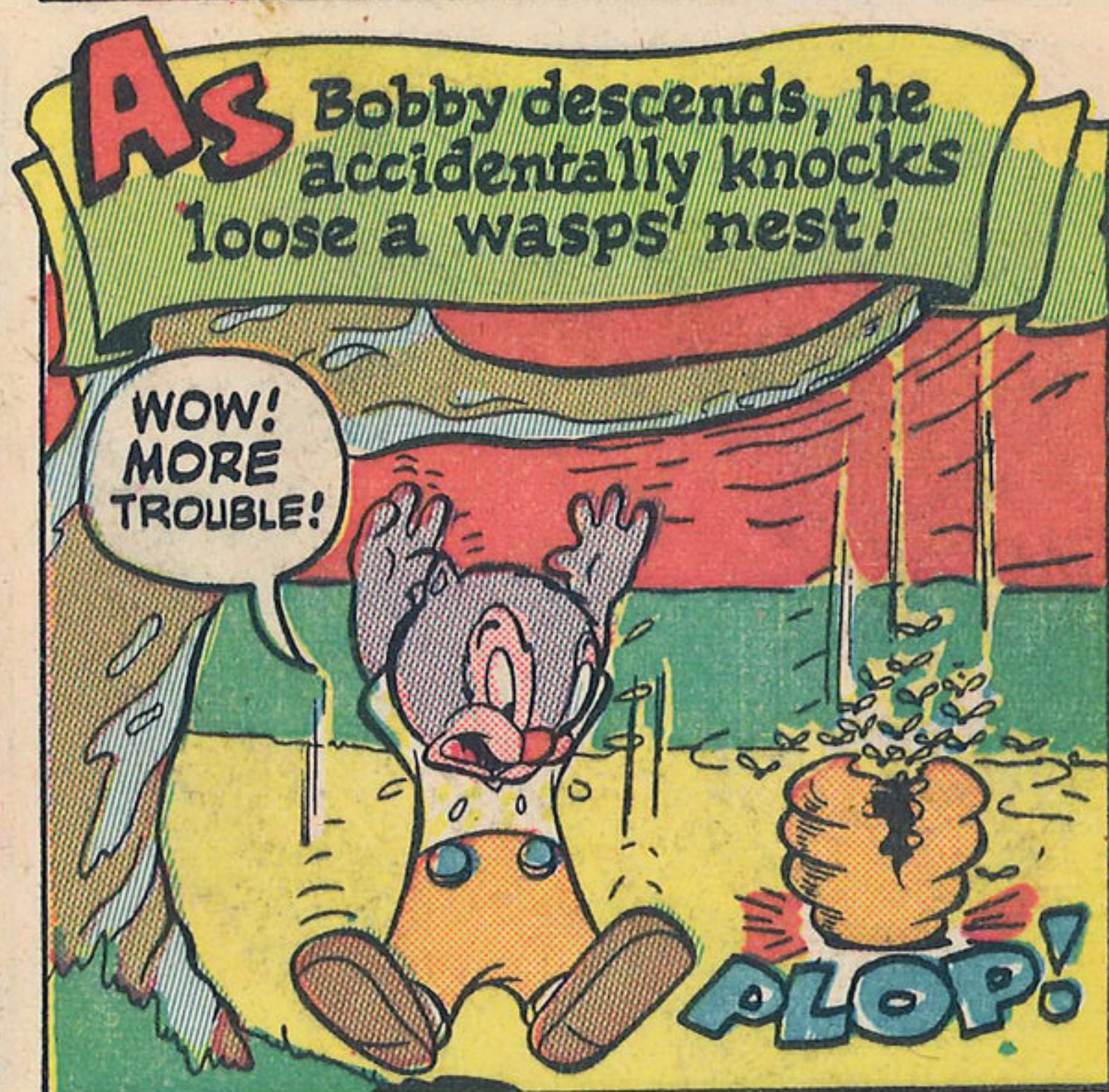
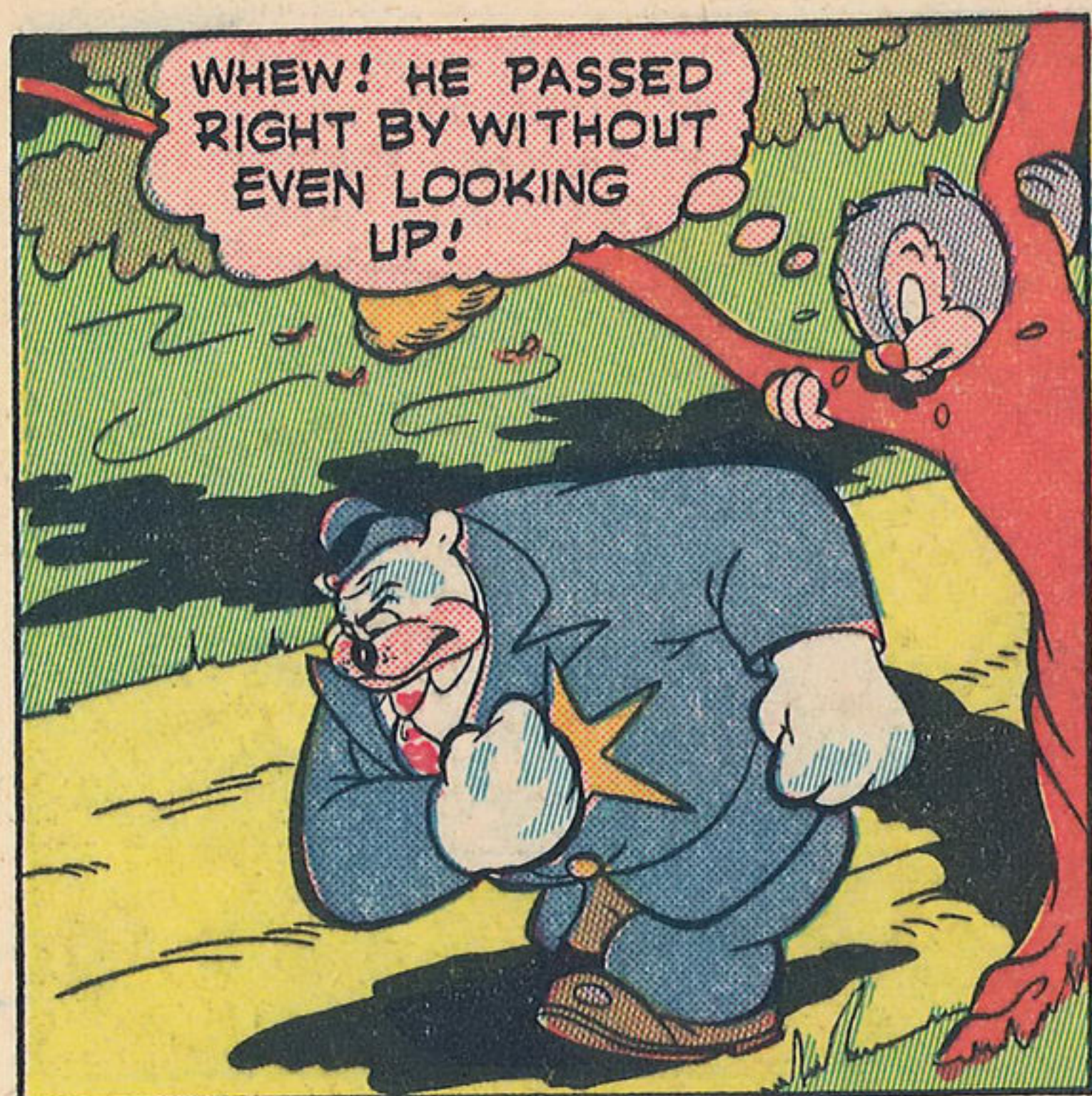
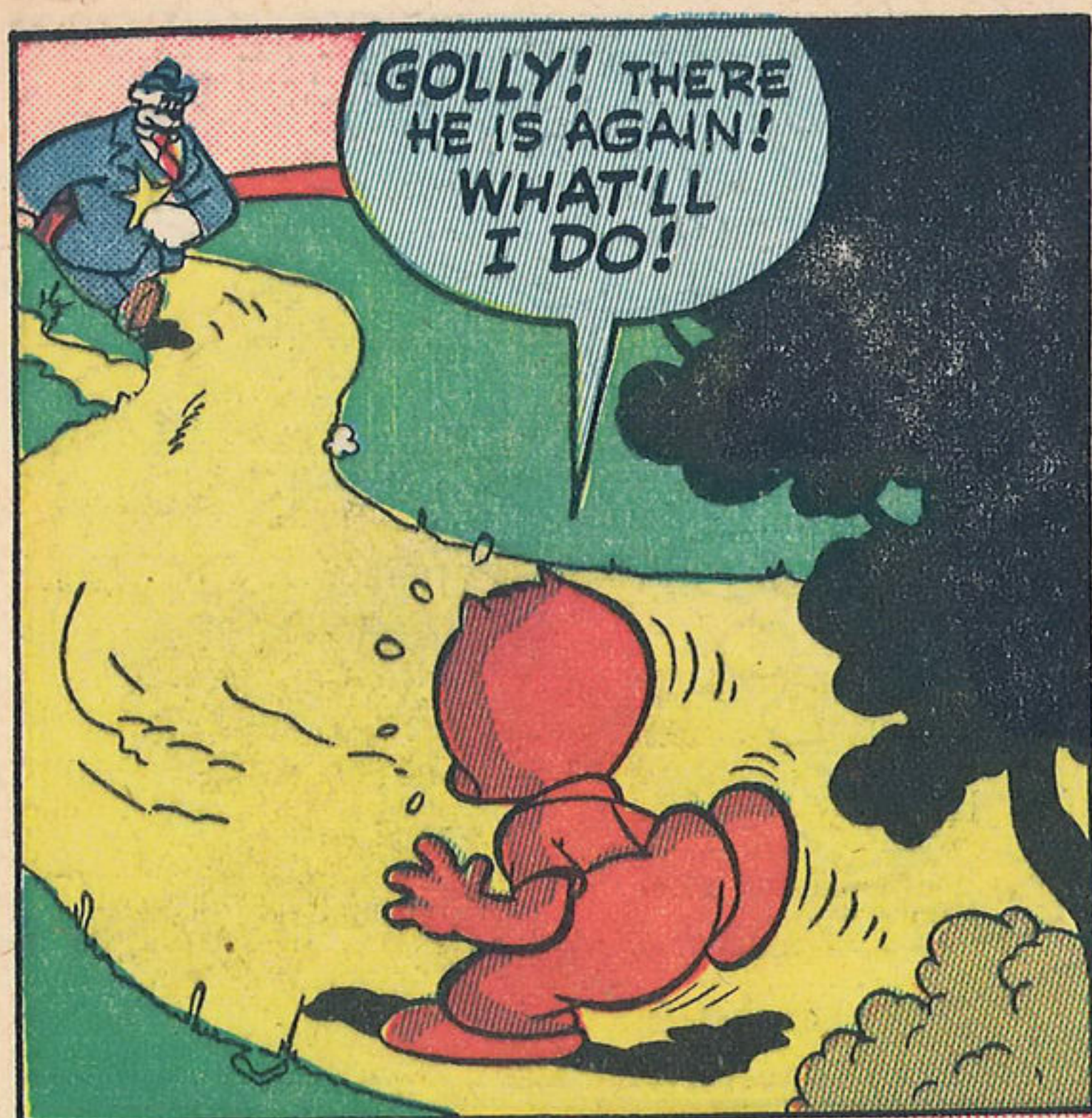
RING-G-G!



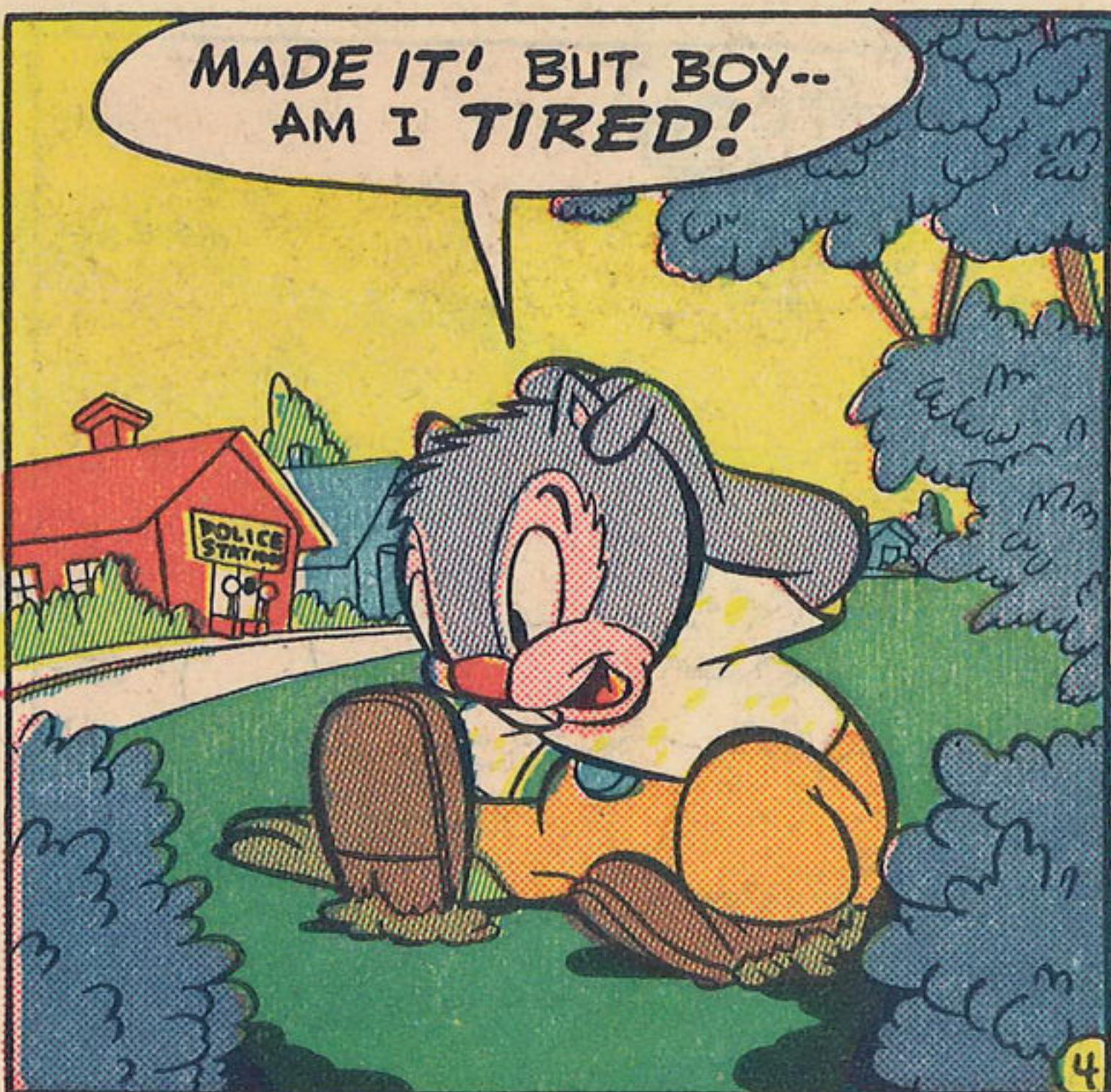
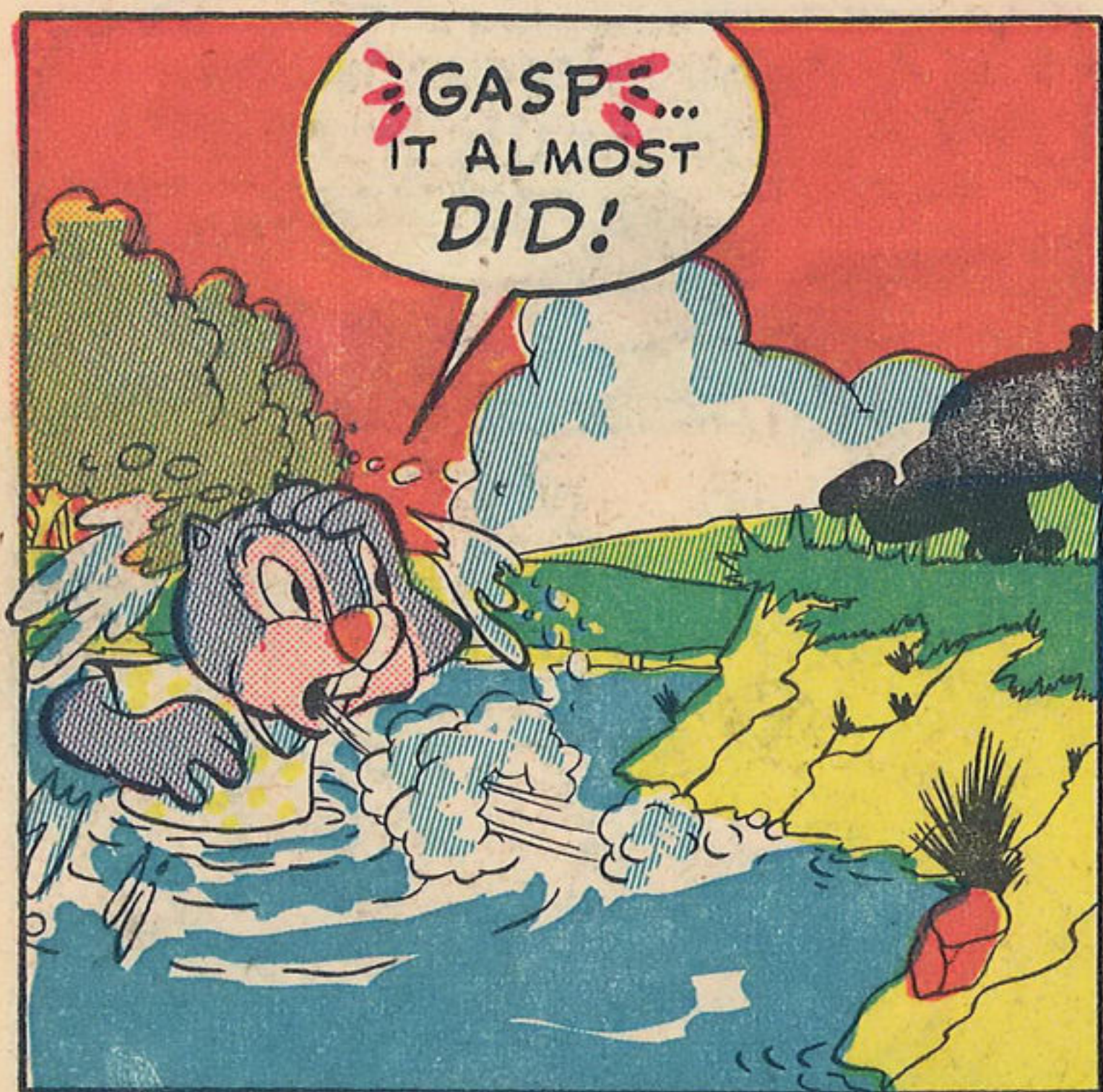
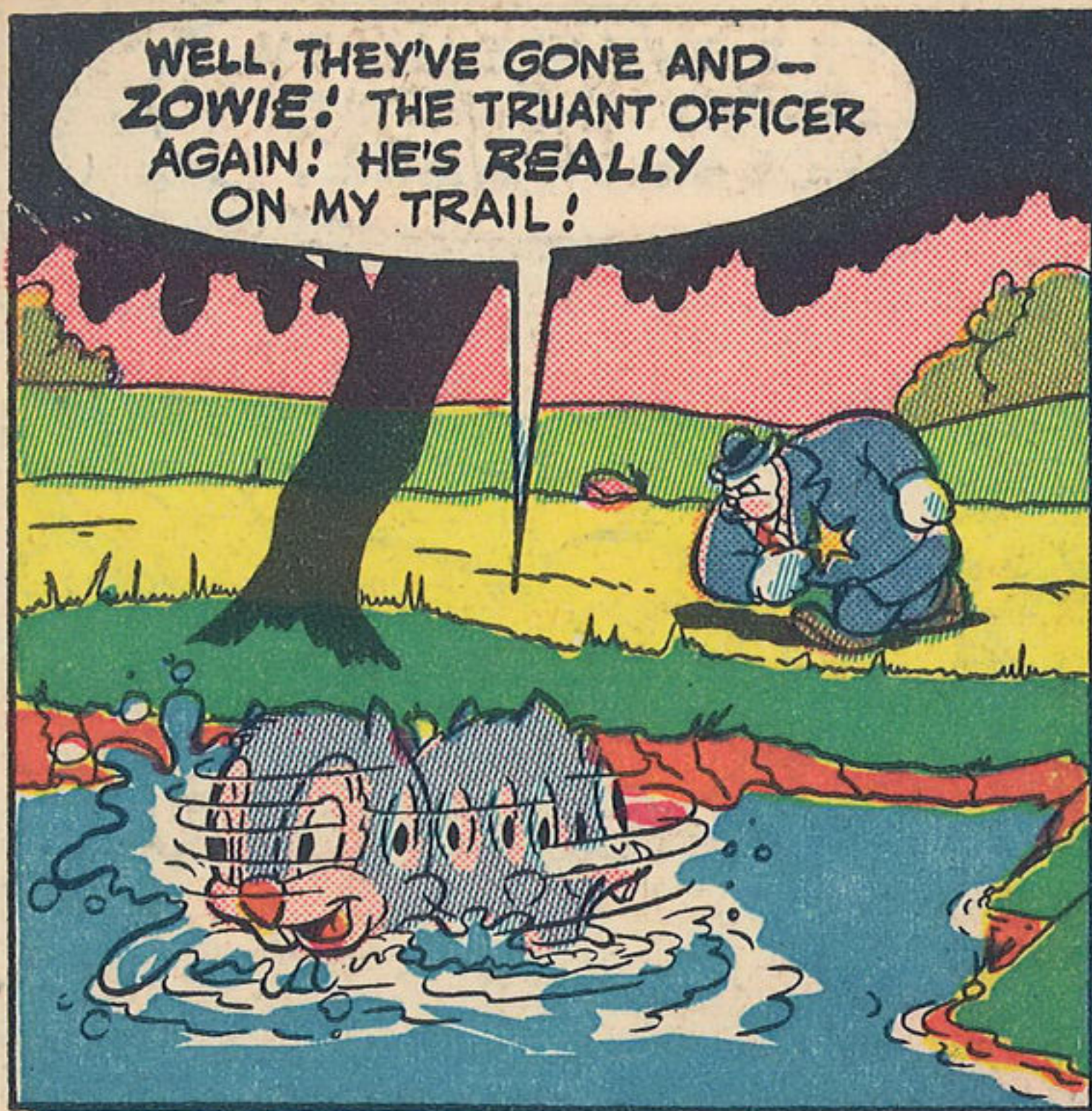




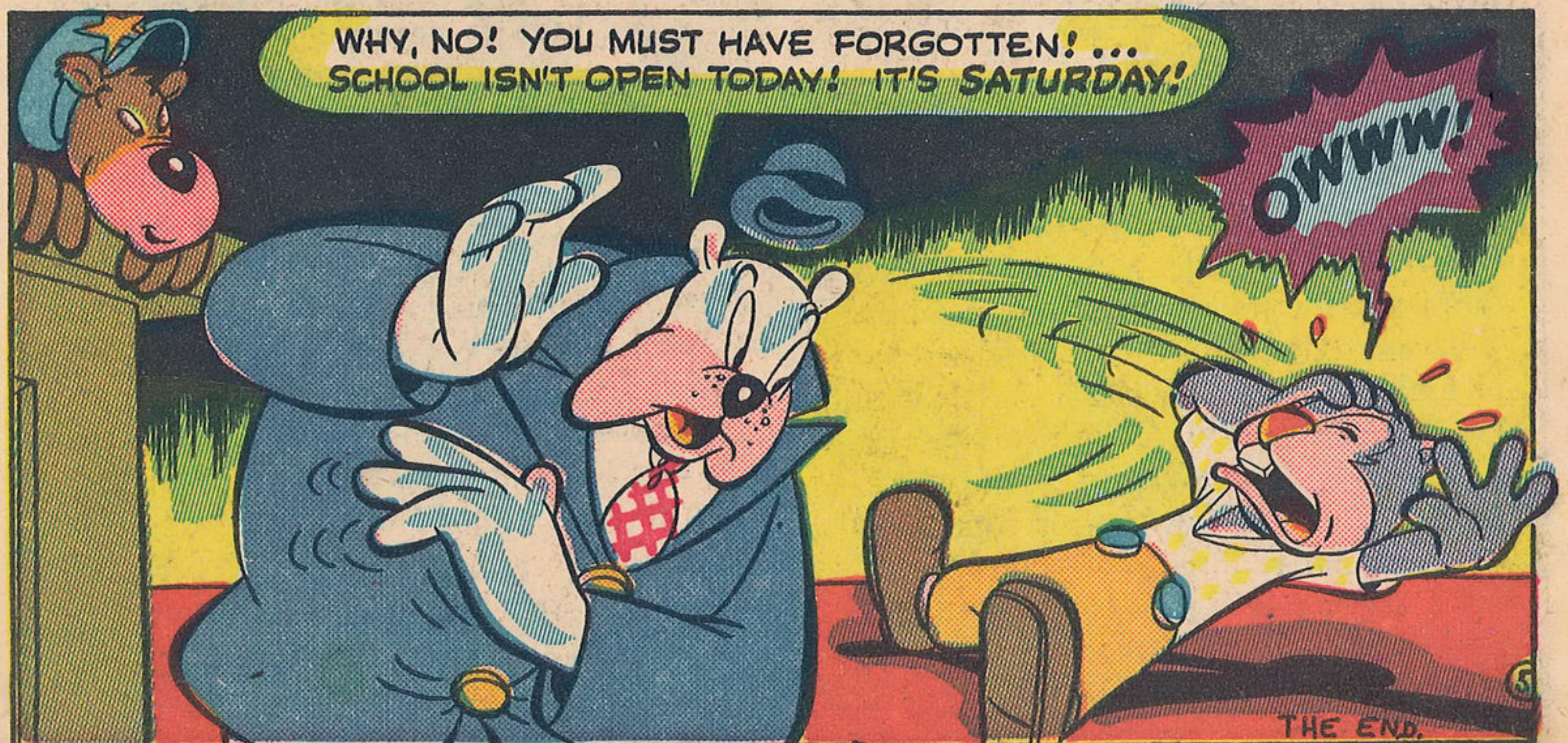
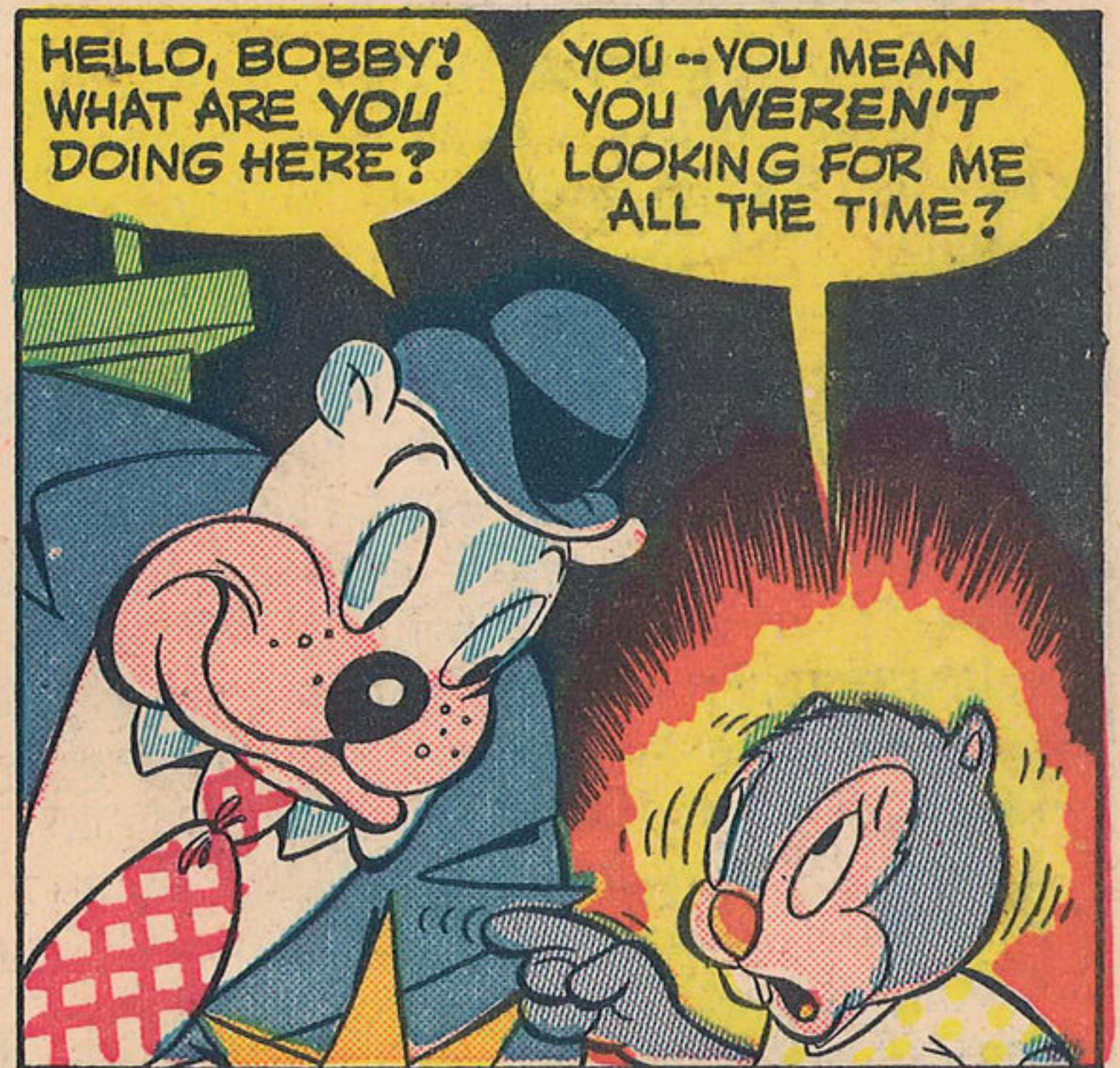
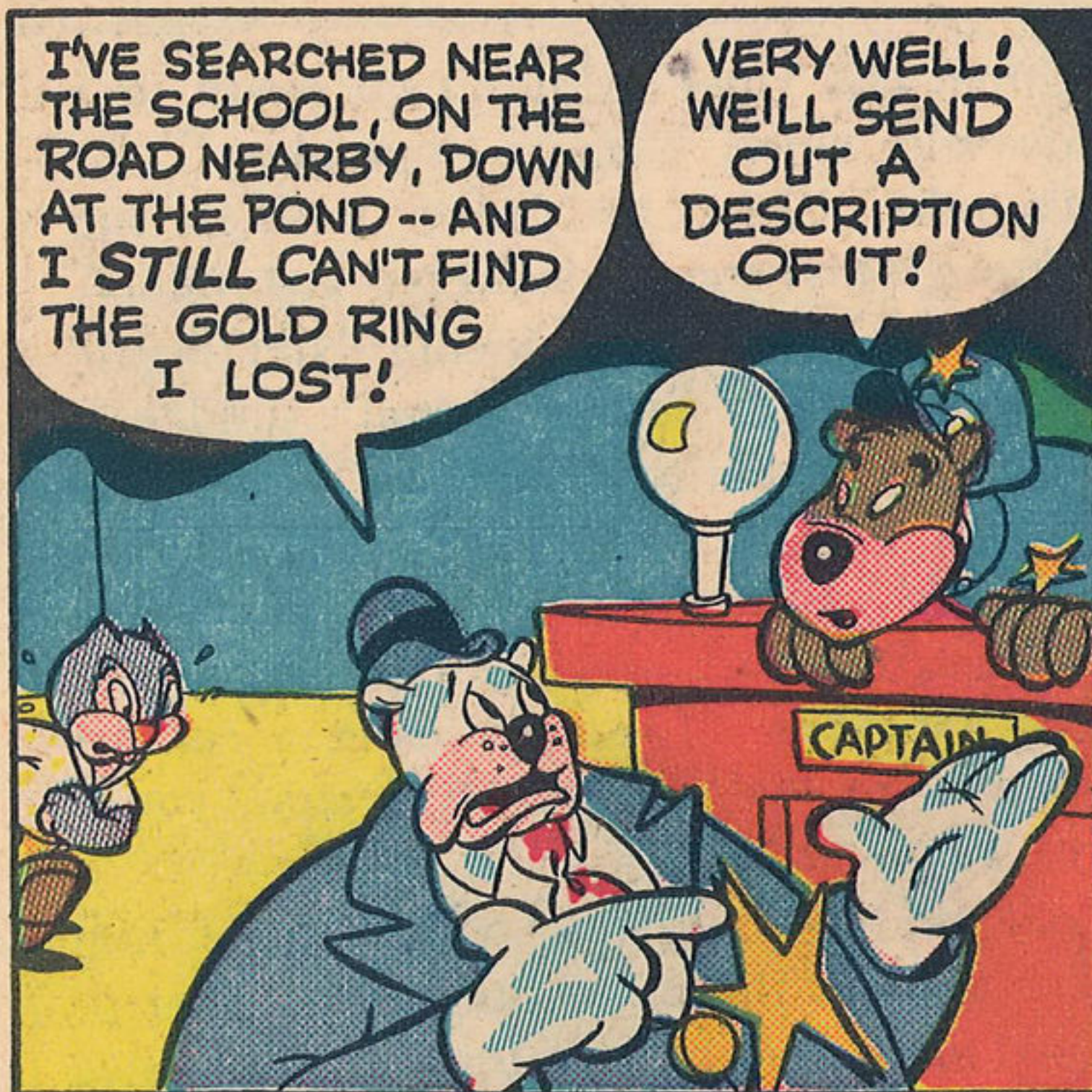
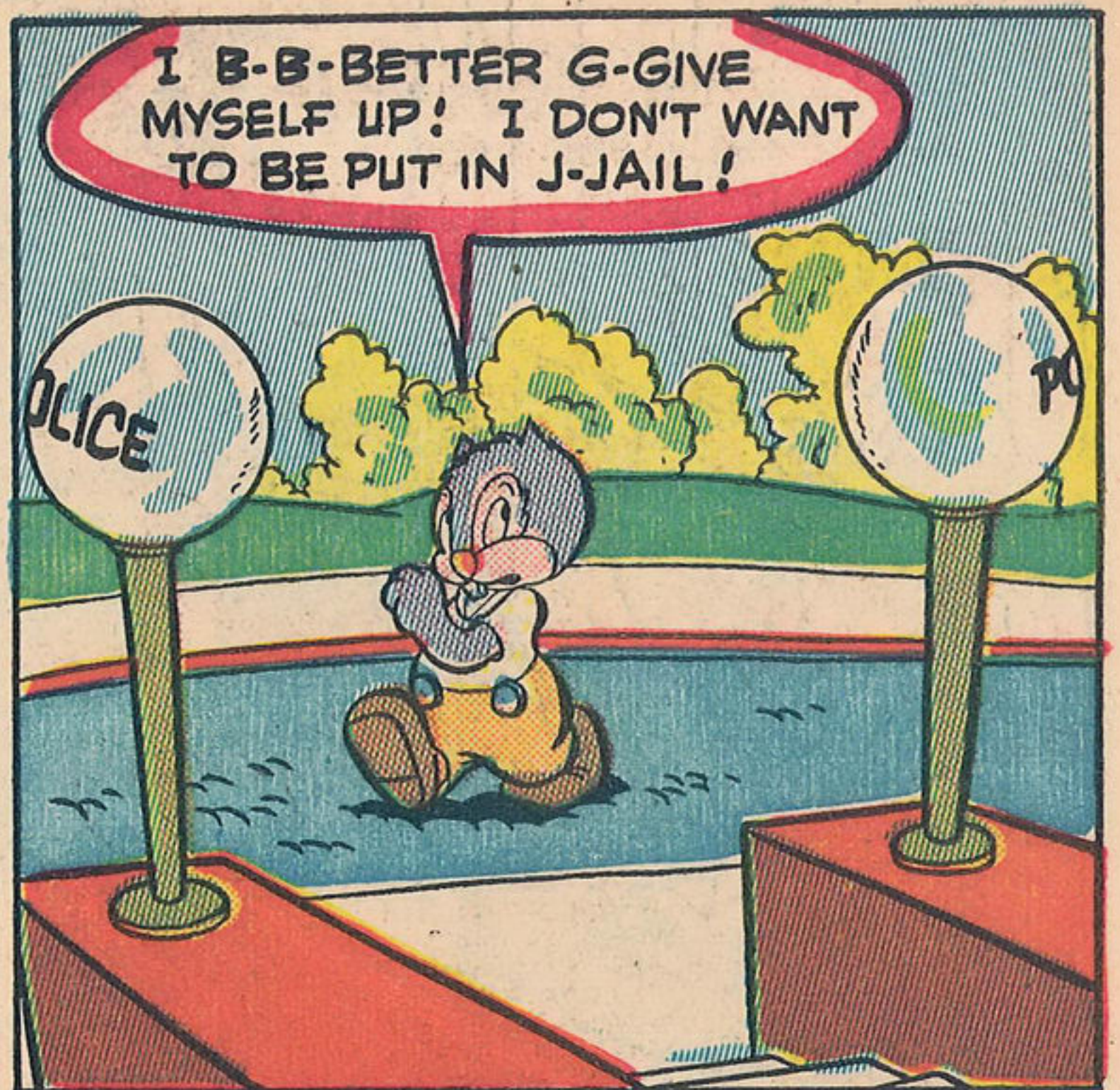




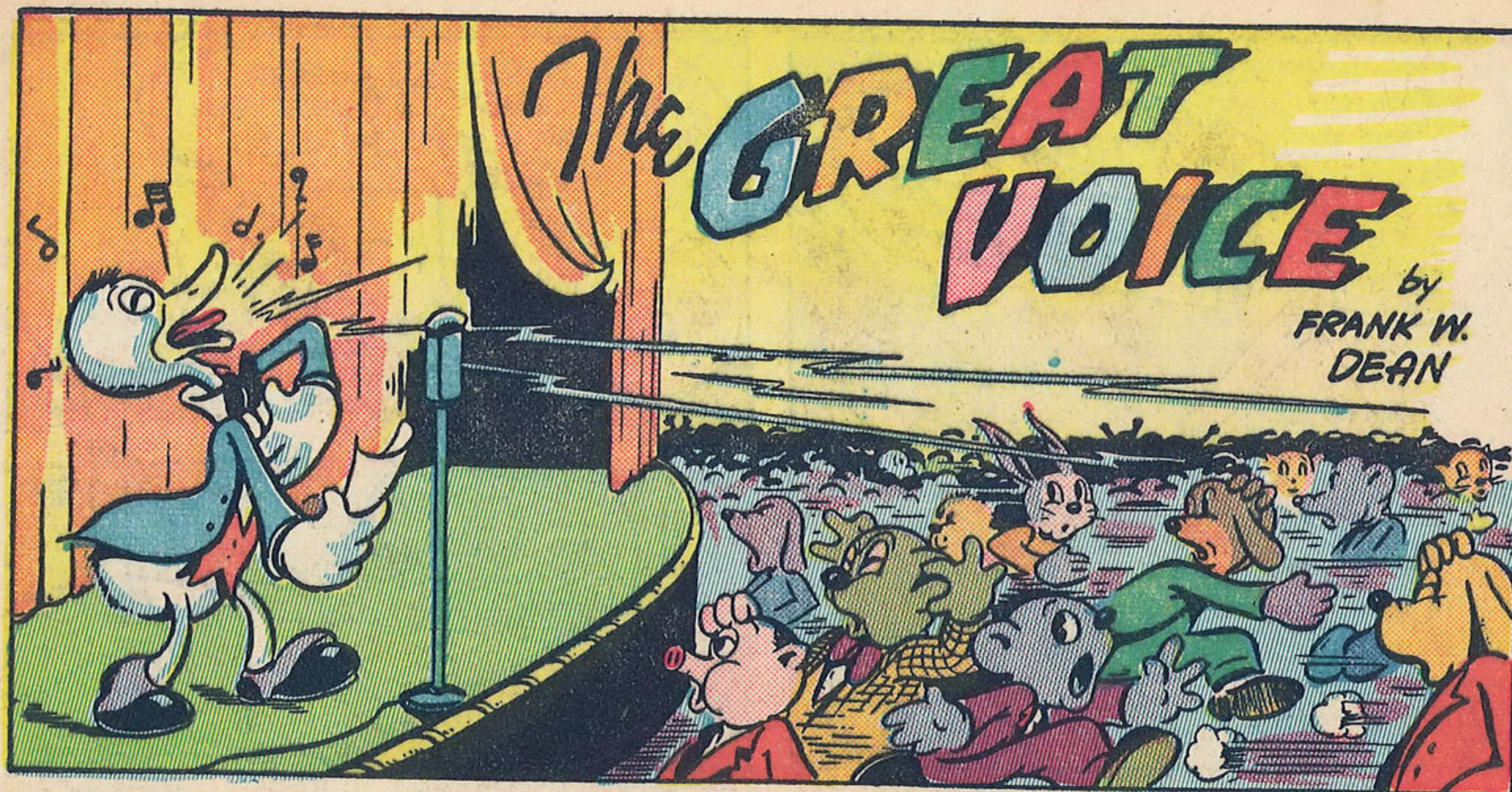












THE first meeting of the Birdtown Choral Society was a huge success. Thurston Thrush and Nicolo Nightingale brought down the house with their solos—and then it was Oswald Ostrich's turn!

With a bashful flutter of his tail feathers, Oswald stepped up—flapped his wings gently—and began. Then panic broke loose! “Air raid!” shrieked Jerry Jay—“Everyone take shelter!” “Wait!” yelled Cuthbert Canary—“That’s not the siren—it’s the fire whistle!” In the confusion, Herbert Hawk took time to look around. “You’re both wrong!” he shouted. “Quiet down, boys—that’s Oswald!”

And it was Oswald—so lost in his soulful solo that he hadn’t noticed the excitement! Then unmistakable noises filled the hall. Stopping short, Oswald blinked. “They’re giving me the raspberry!” he gasped. Which was closely followed by a tomato, a head of cabbage, and several chairs. Dodging, Oswald capered off the stage, with jeers and more unmistakable noises rising behind him!

Dismally heading into the snowy winter night, Oswald found a park bench and sat for hours. Why should he—with all his beauty and brains—sound like a boiler factory every time he opened his beak? Finally, numb clear through, Oswald staggered home and went to bed broken-hearted. Next morning, his throat felt like the inside of a threshing ma-

chine. His voice wouldn’t do credit to a day-old chick. “It’s a nightmare!” he thought. “Just to prove it—I’ll run through that song I delivered last night!”

A moment later, Nicolo Nightingale and Freddy Finch halted suddenly. “Listen!” exclaimed Nicolo. “What coloratura—what utter gorgonzola—what oomph!” Bursting in on Oswald, Nicolo accused him of playing a little joke the night before. “I’m organizing a concert tour!” he exclaimed. “My friend, you’ll be famous!”

Oswald’s first appearance made him the toast of the town. But just as he stepped to the footlights to thank his audience for their ovation—“Awk!” His voice had changed back to normal! Wordlessly, he scampered off the stage and out into the bitter night.

Hours later, Nicolo and a group of admirers found Oswald sitting glumly in the cold—ankle deep in snow! “Good heavens!” whispered one of the admirers. “What’s the idea of that?” Nicolo turned, frowning fiercely. “Can’t you see this is genius—gathering new strength so that he can give out to his public?” Wordlessly, they all tiptoed off.

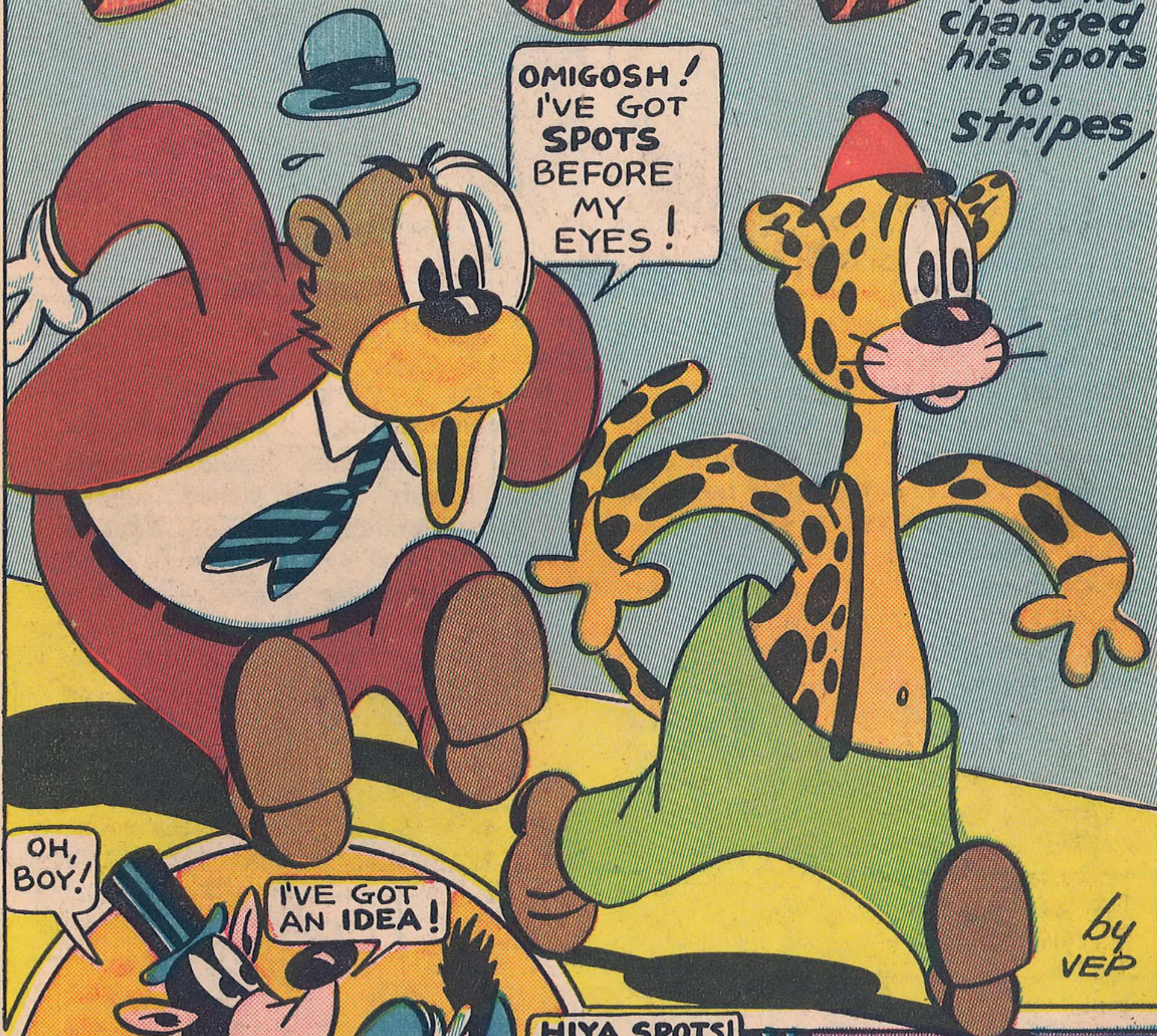
Sniffing, Oswald shifted his feet in the snow. “Wooie!” he muttered. “I sure hope I get another sore throat by tomorrow night!”



# SPOTS

—and  
how he  
changed  
his spots  
to  
Stripes!

OMIGOSH!  
I'VE GOT  
SPOTS  
BEFORE  
MY  
EYES!



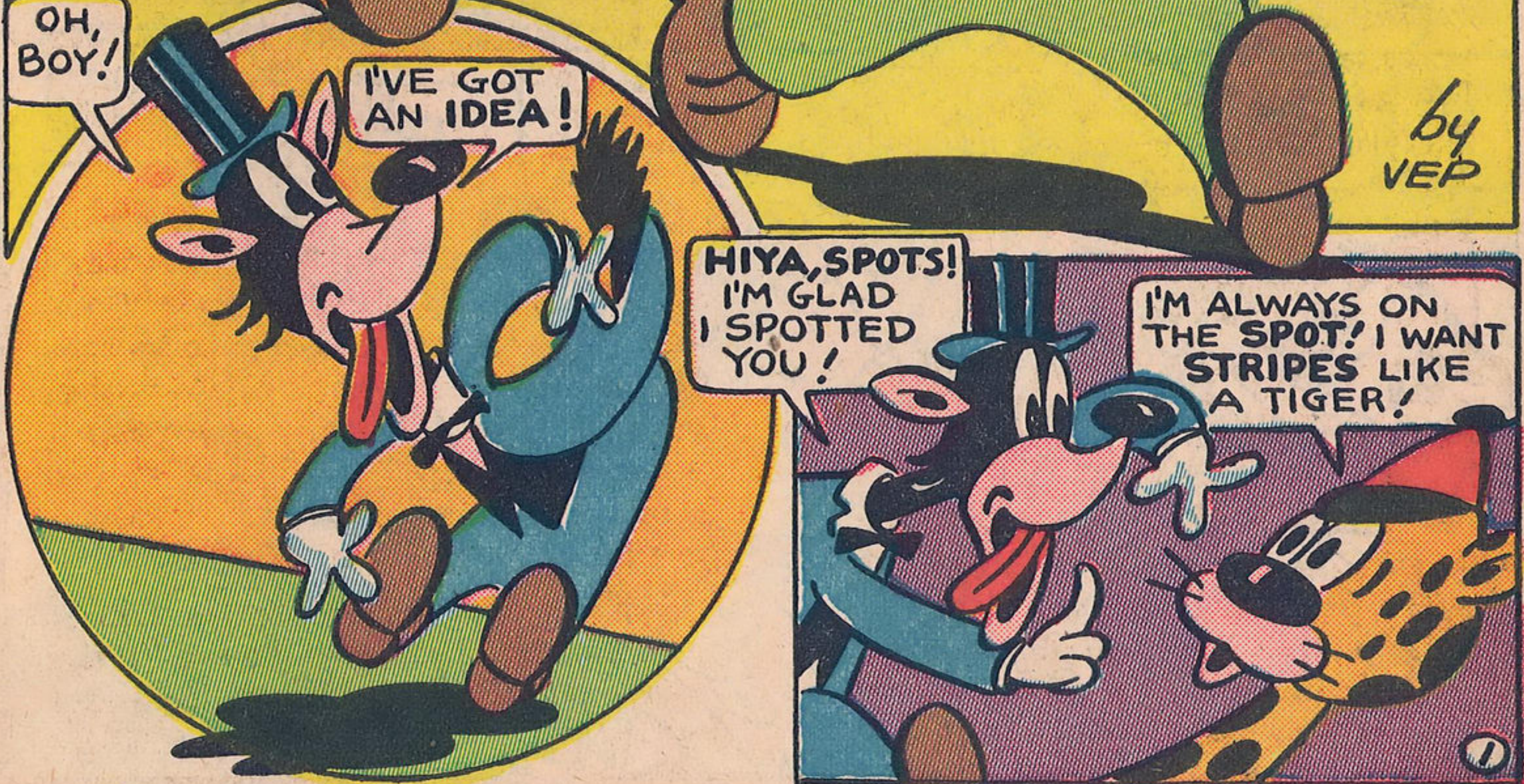
by  
VEP

OH,  
BOY!

I'VE GOT  
AN IDEA!

HIYA, SPOTS!  
I'M GLAD  
I SPOTTED  
YOU!

I'M ALWAYS ON  
THE SPOT! I WANT  
STRIPES LIKE  
A TIGER!

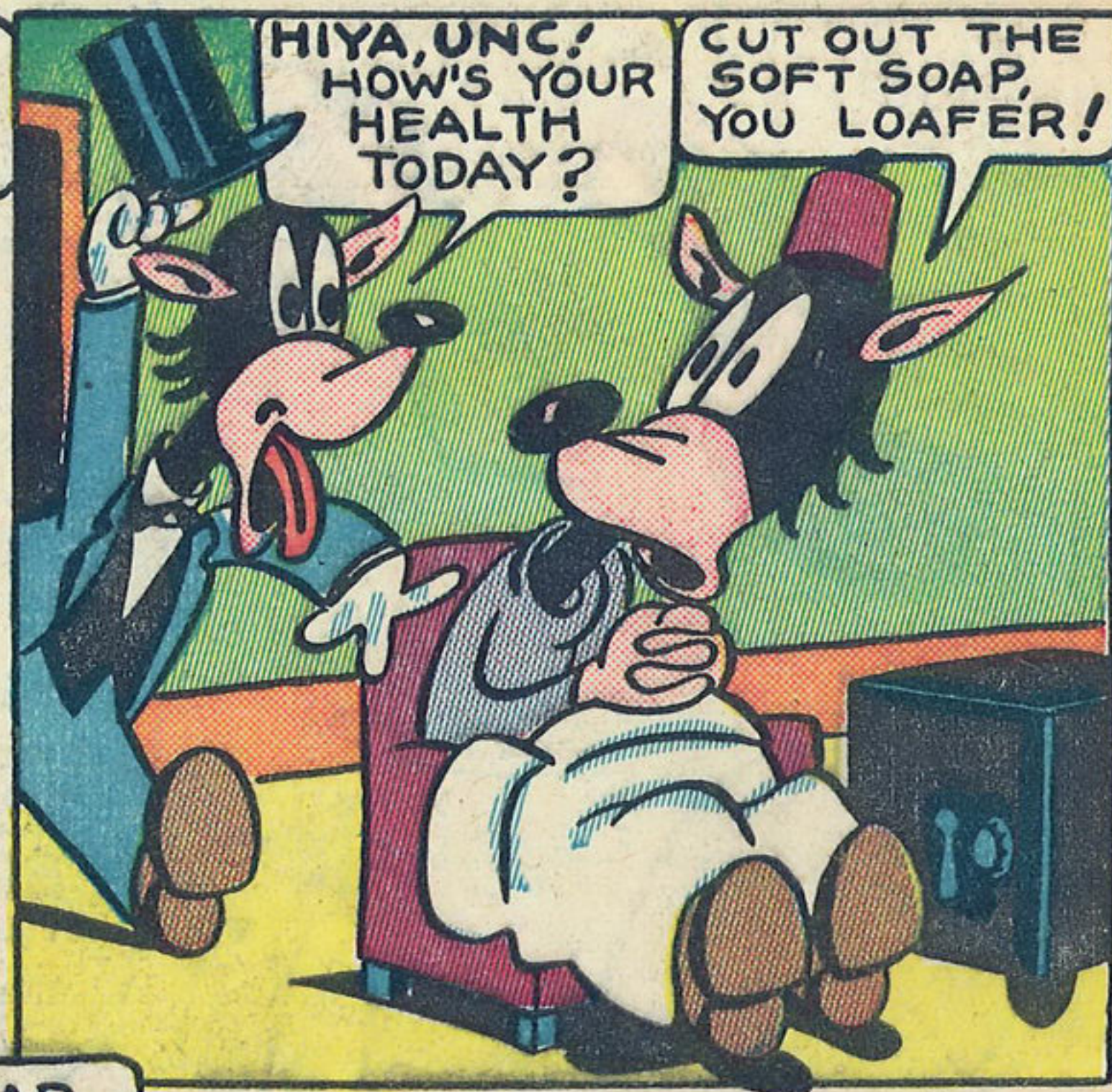






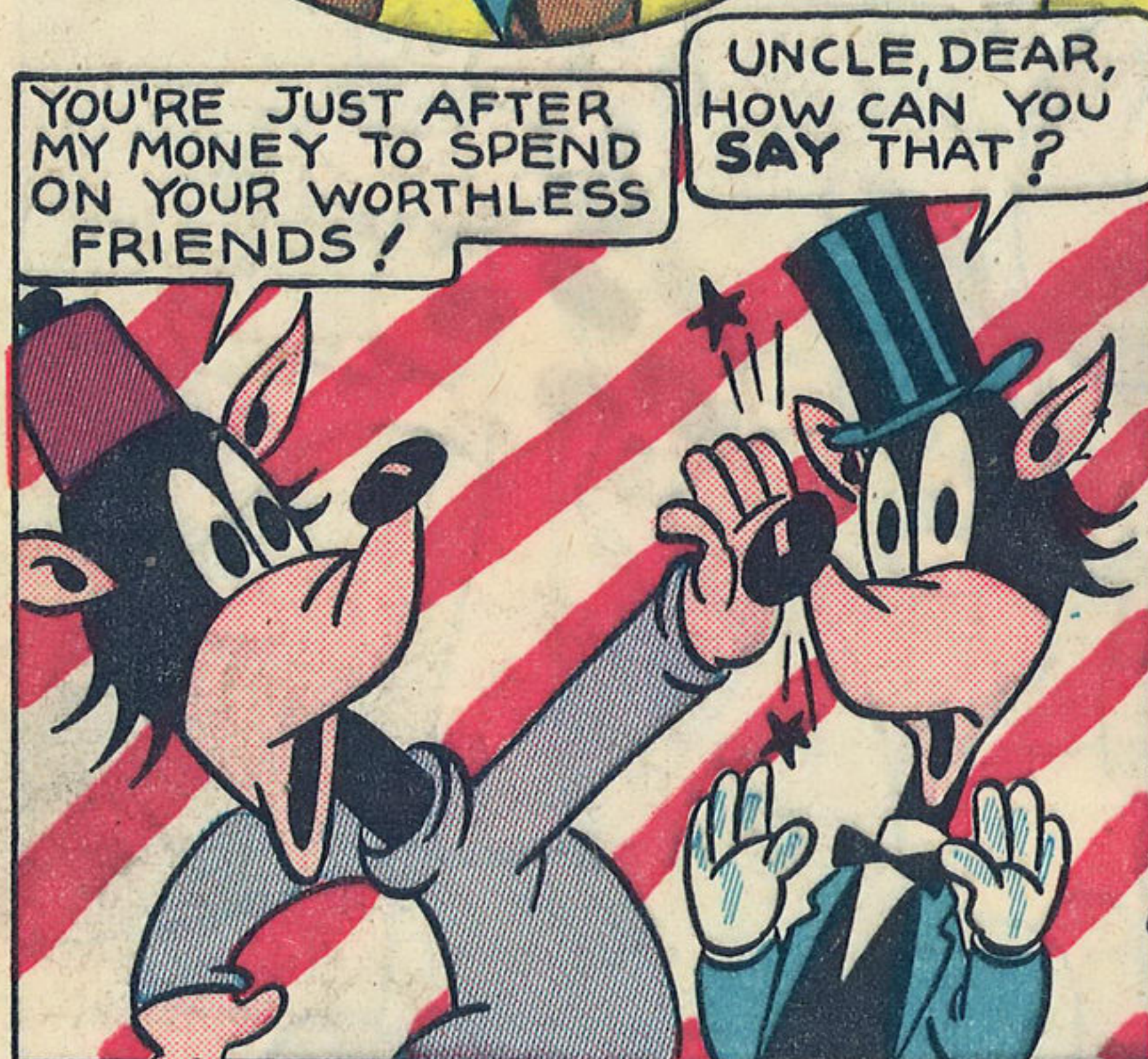
HAVE YOU GOT A JOB FOR ME?

I JUST WANT MY RICH UNCLE TO SEE YOU!



HIYA, UNC! HOW'S YOUR HEALTH TODAY?

CUT OUT THE SOFT SOAP, YOU LOAFER!

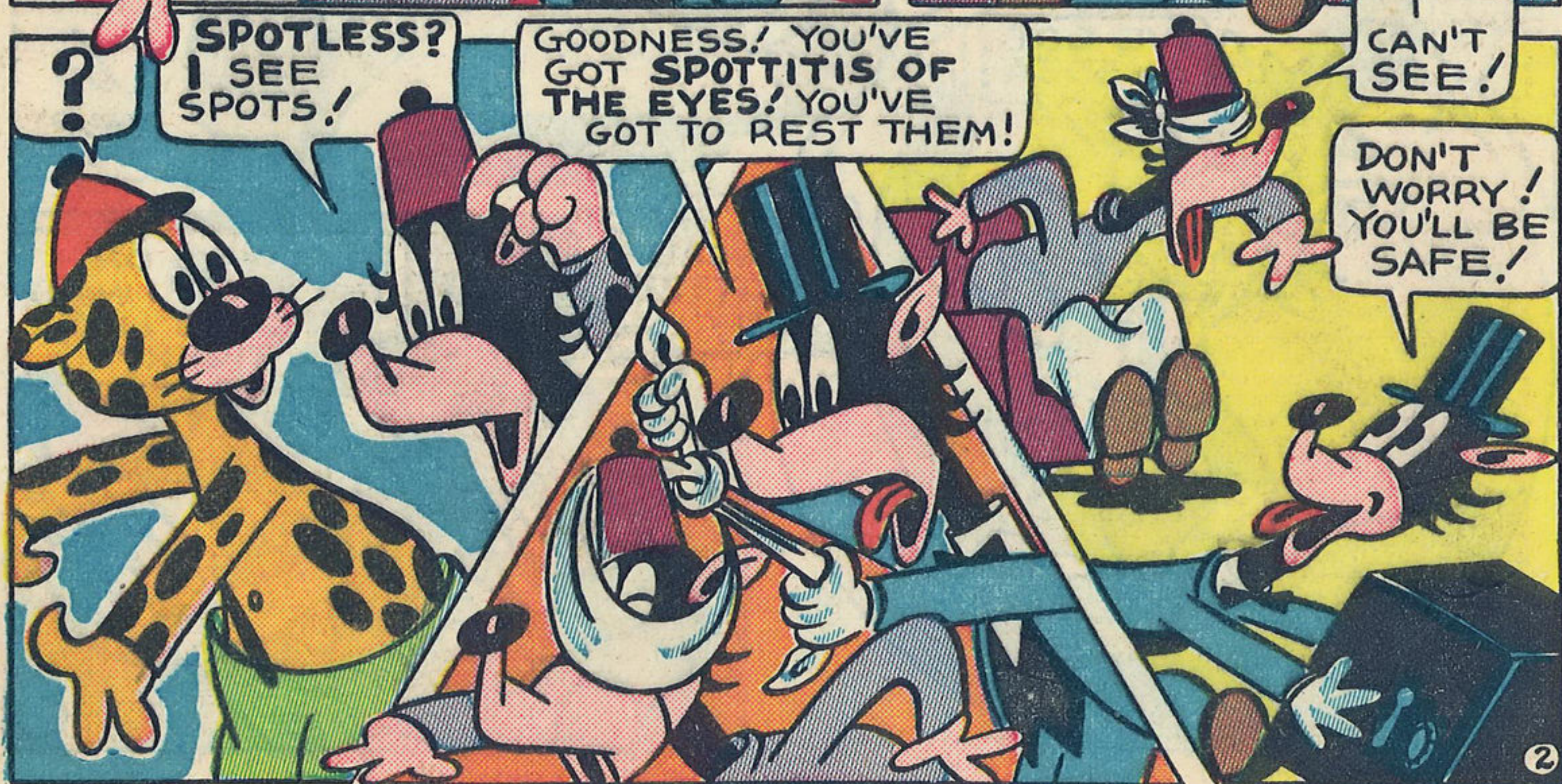


YOU'RE JUST AFTER MY MONEY TO SPEND ON YOUR WORTHLESS FRIENDS!

UNCLE, DEAR, HOW CAN YOU SAY THAT?



I'VE REFORMED! SEE? I'VE GOT A NICE, SPOTLESS FRIEND!



?

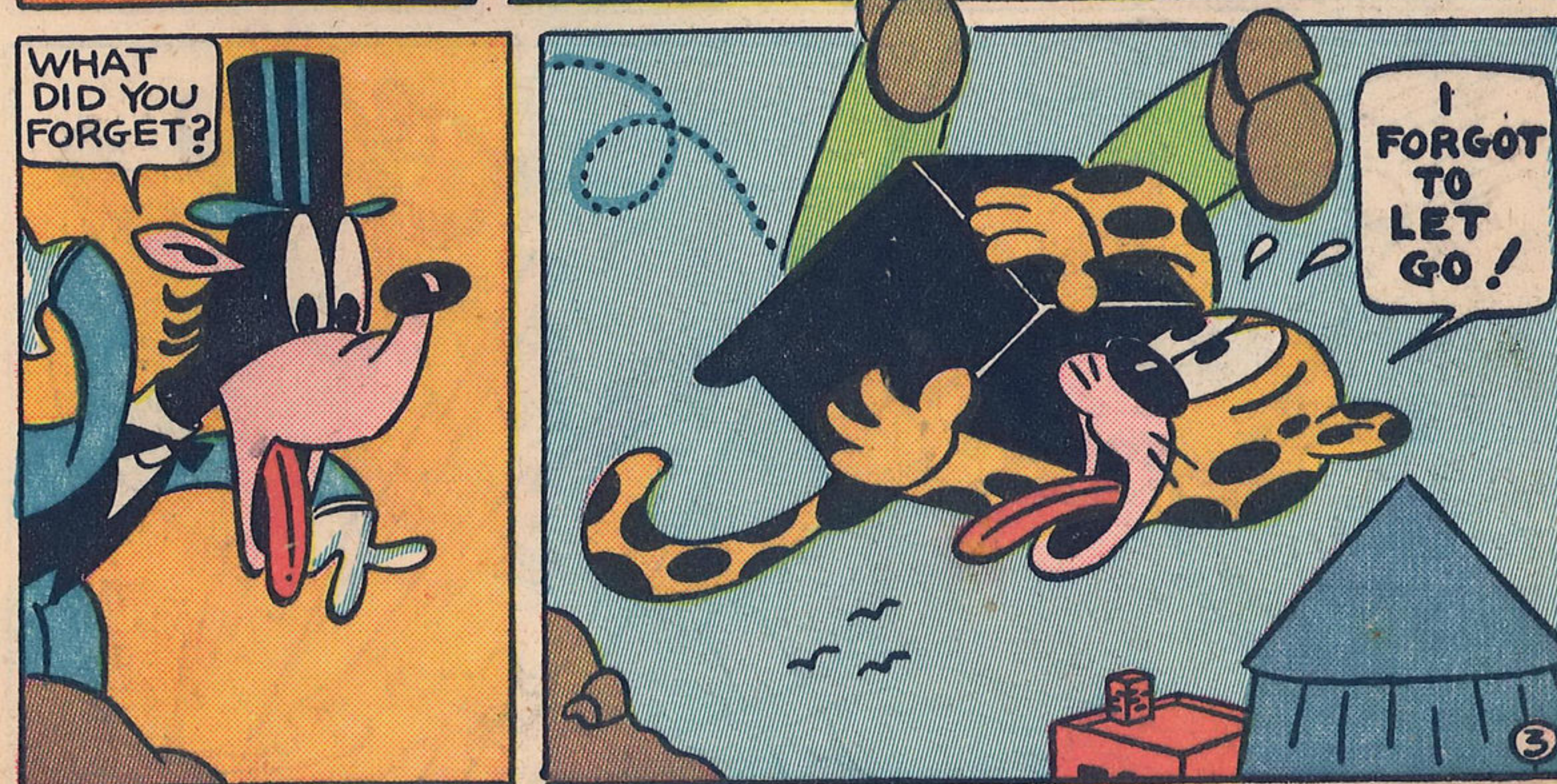
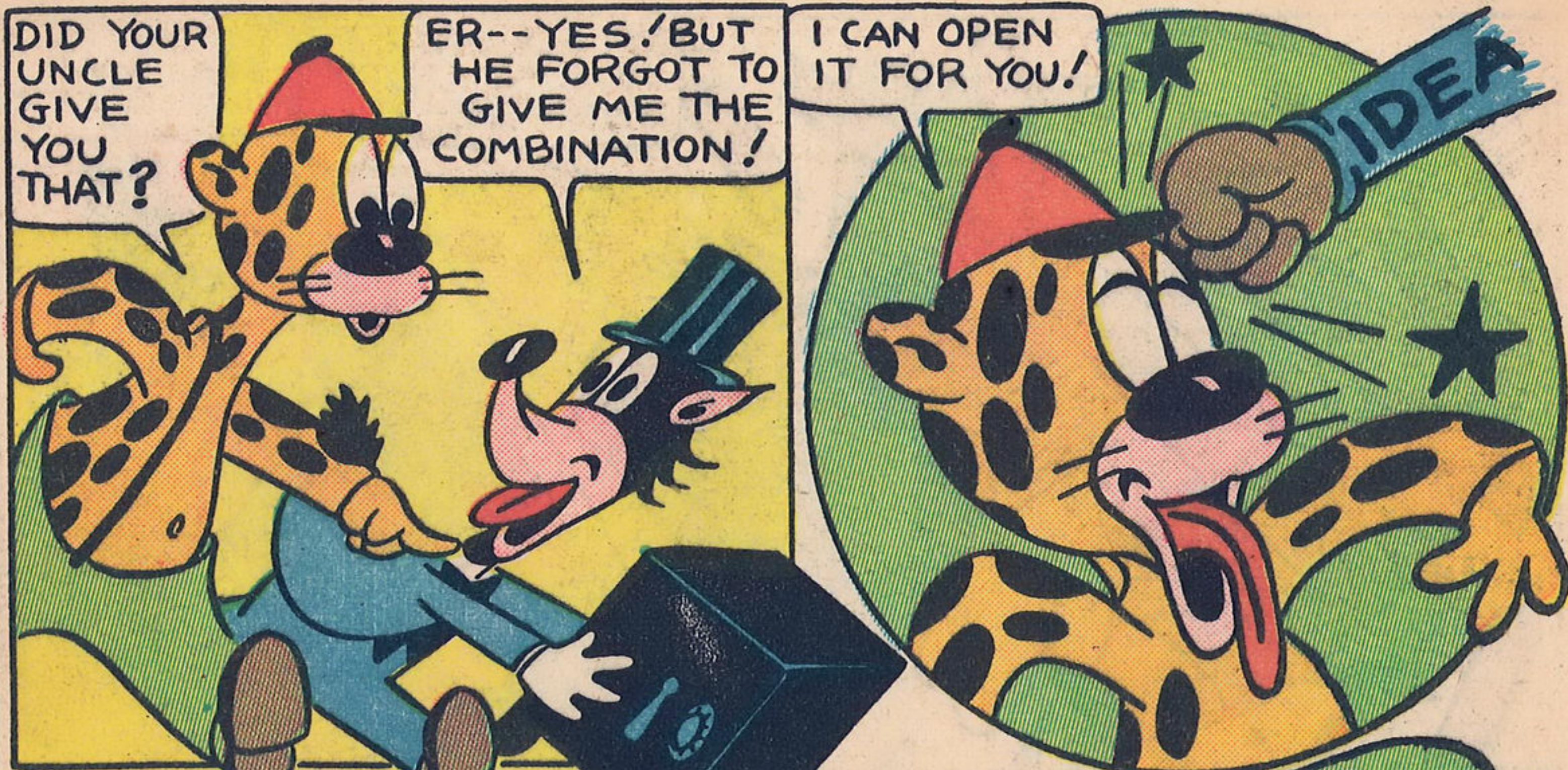
SPOTLESS? I SEE SPOTS!

GOODNESS! YOU'VE GOT SPOTTITIS OF THE EYES! YOU'VE GOT TO REST THEM!

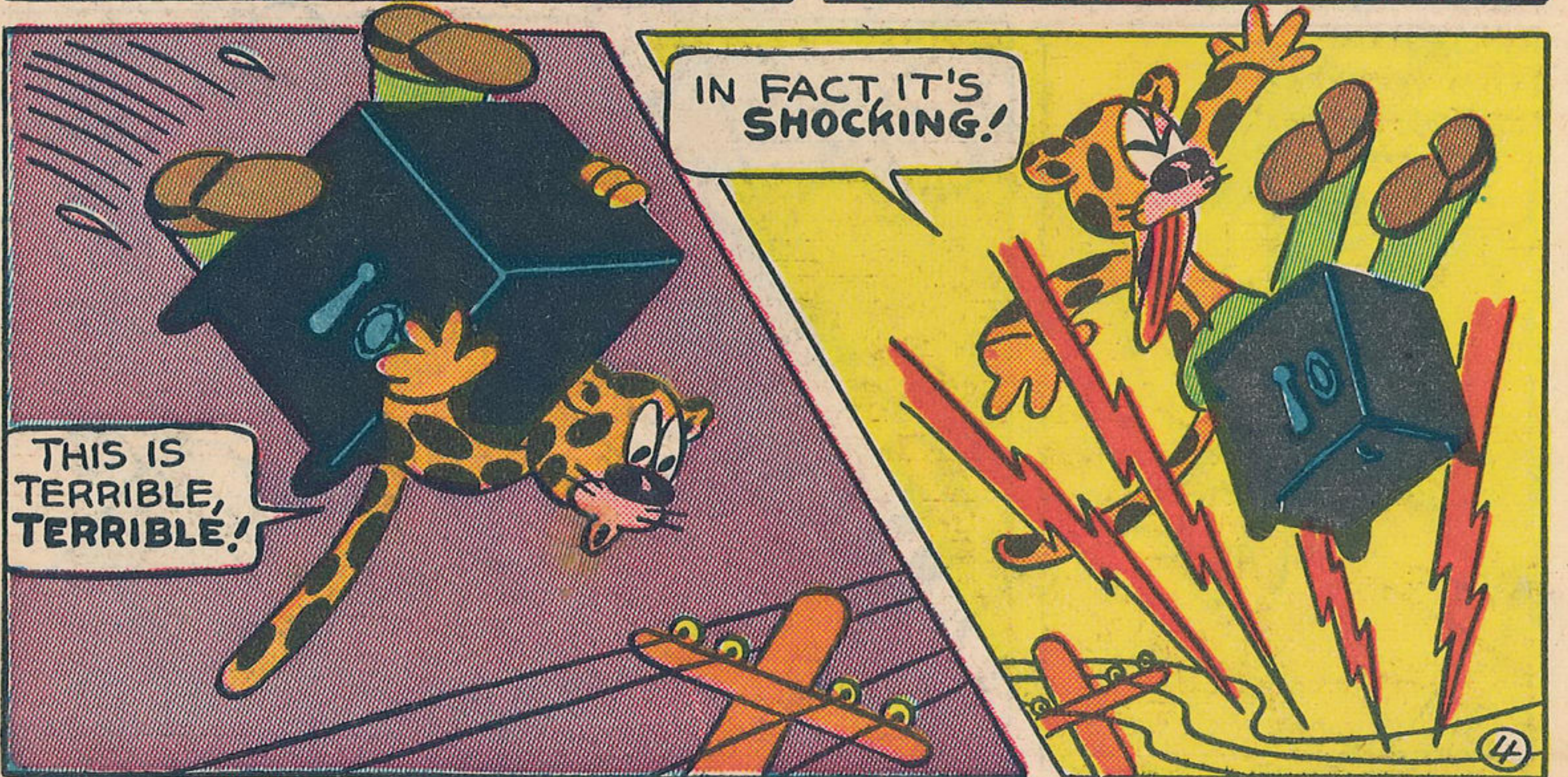
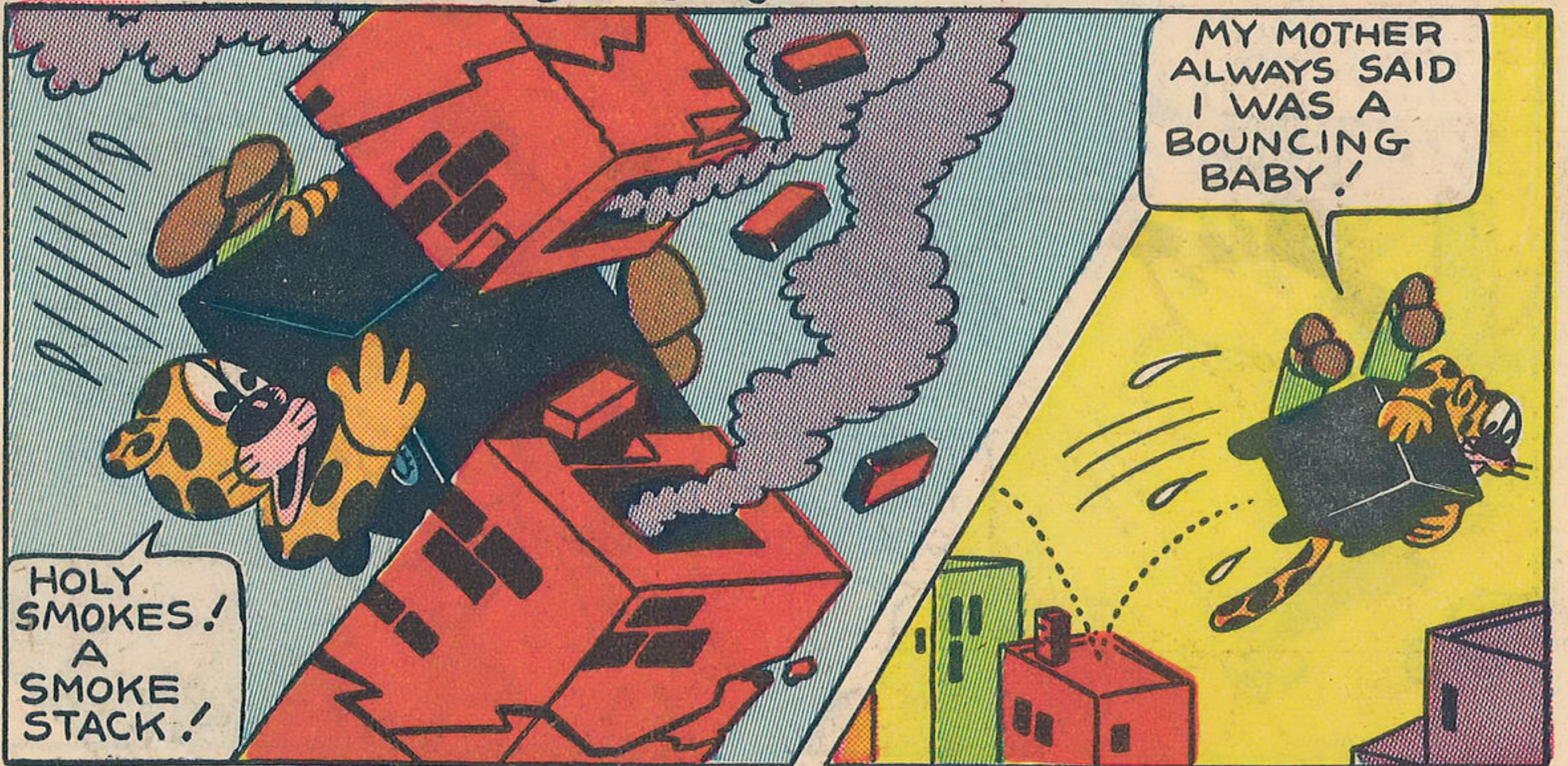
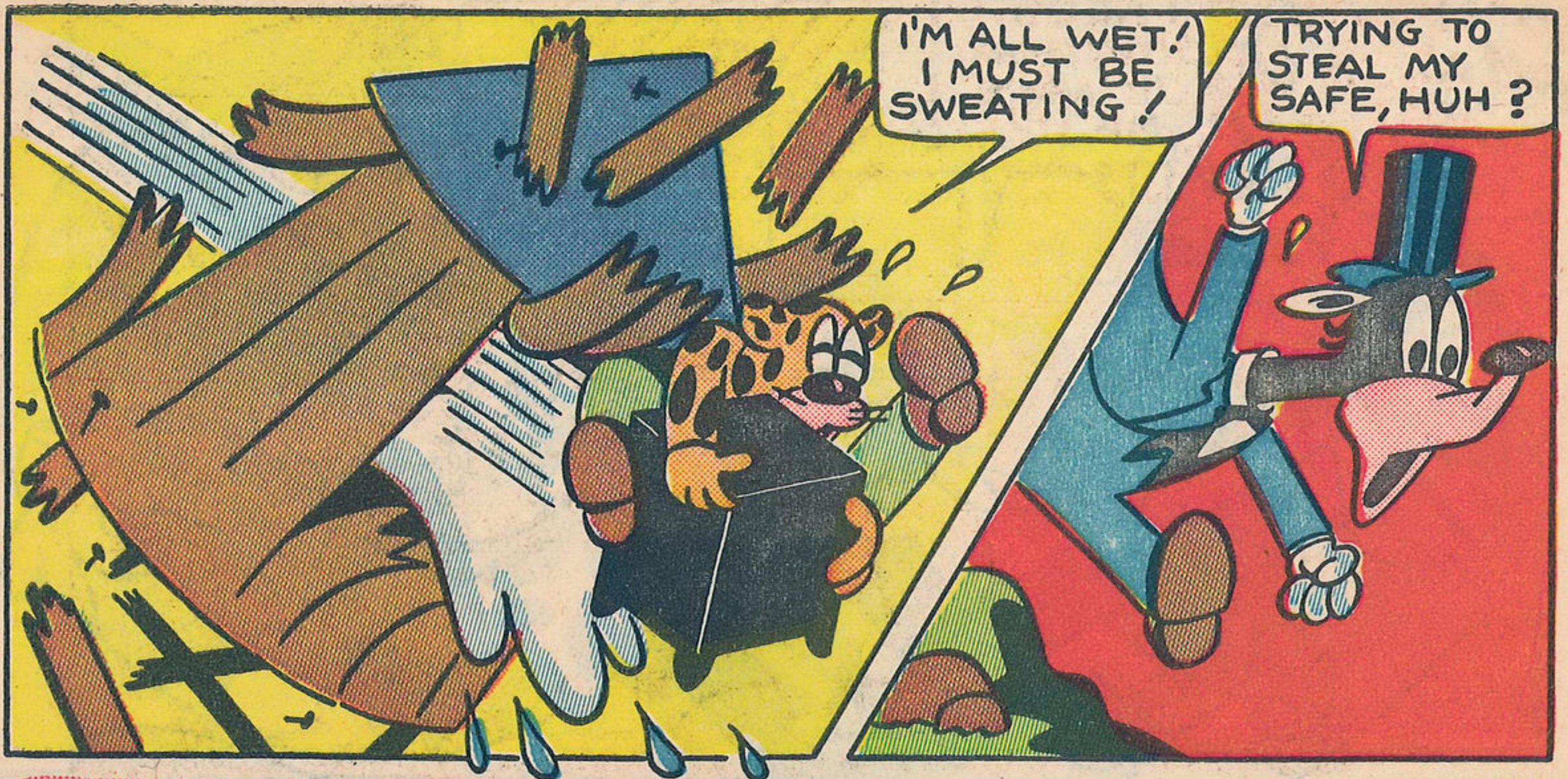
I CAN'T SEE!

DON'T WORRY! YOU'LL BE SAFE!

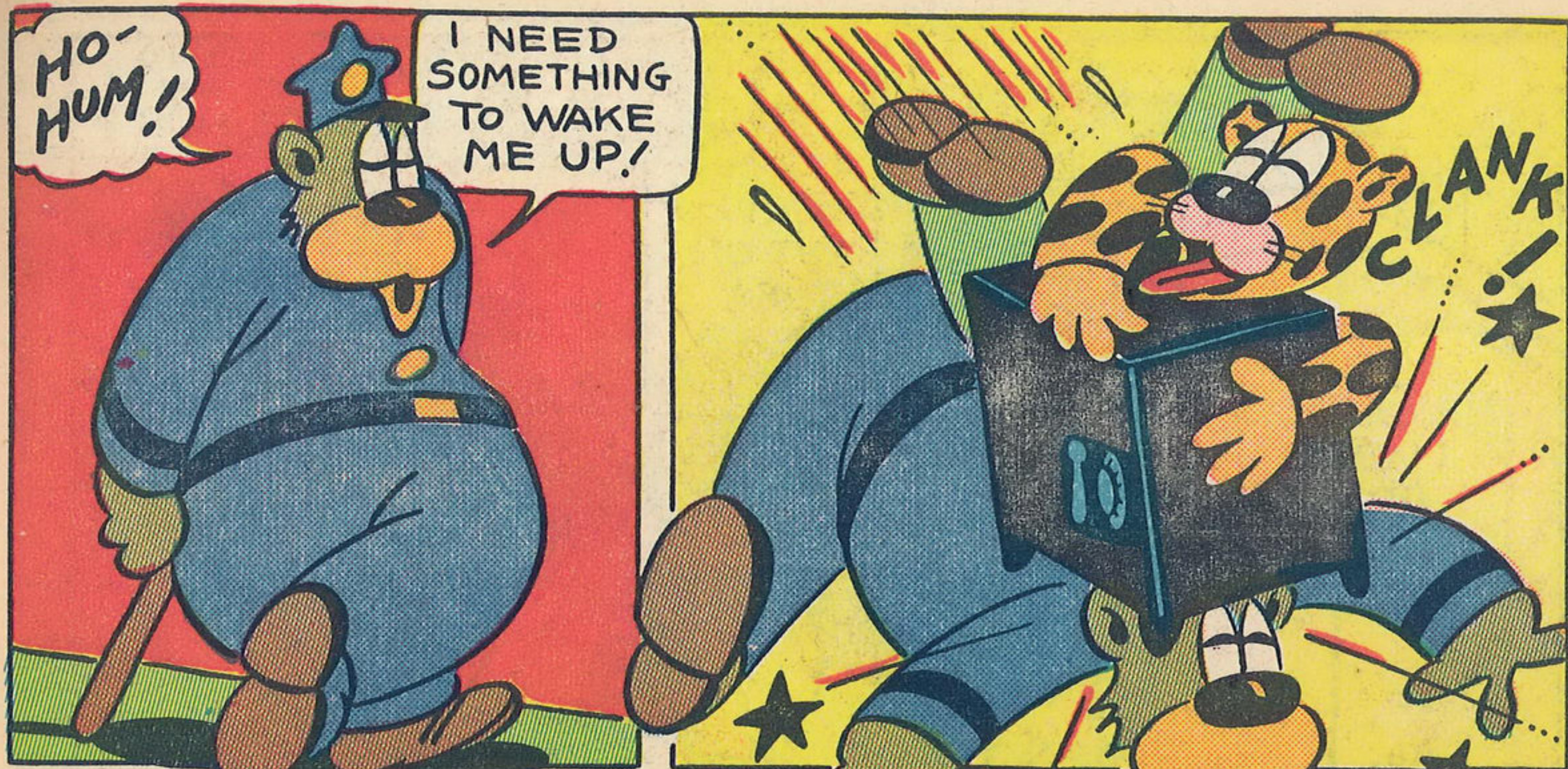








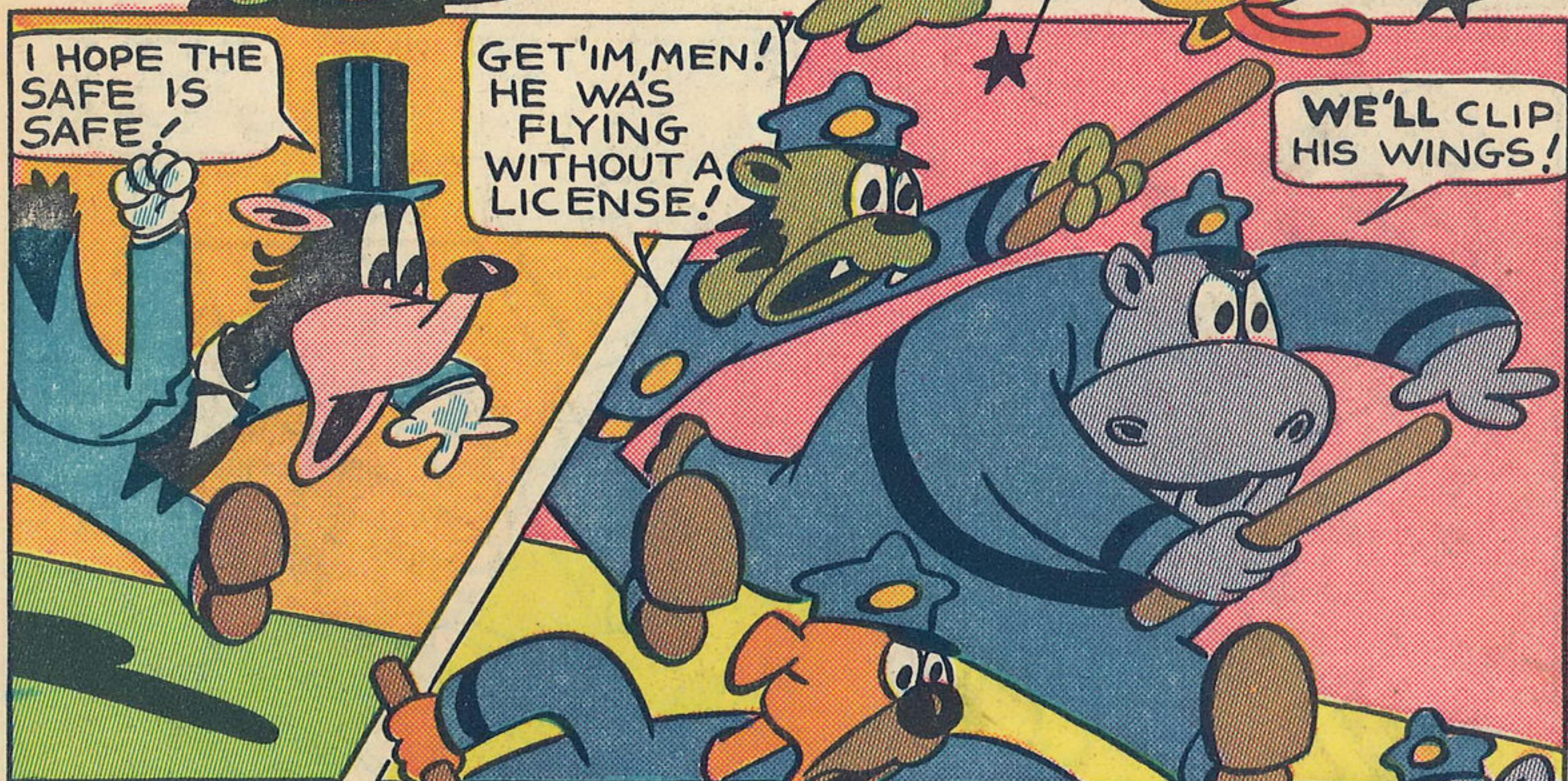




HO-HUM!

I NEED  
SOMETHING  
TO WAKE  
ME UP!

CLANK  
CLANK!



I HOPE THE  
SAFE IS  
SAFE!

GET 'IM, MEN!  
HE WAS  
FLYING  
WITHOUT A  
LICENSE!

WE'LL CLIP  
HIS WINGS!



THINK YOU'RE A  
METEOR, HUH?

WE'LL MAKE  
YOU SEE  
STARS!

YOU,  
TOO!





PLEASE, MR. CAPTAIN, I WON'T DO IT AGAIN!

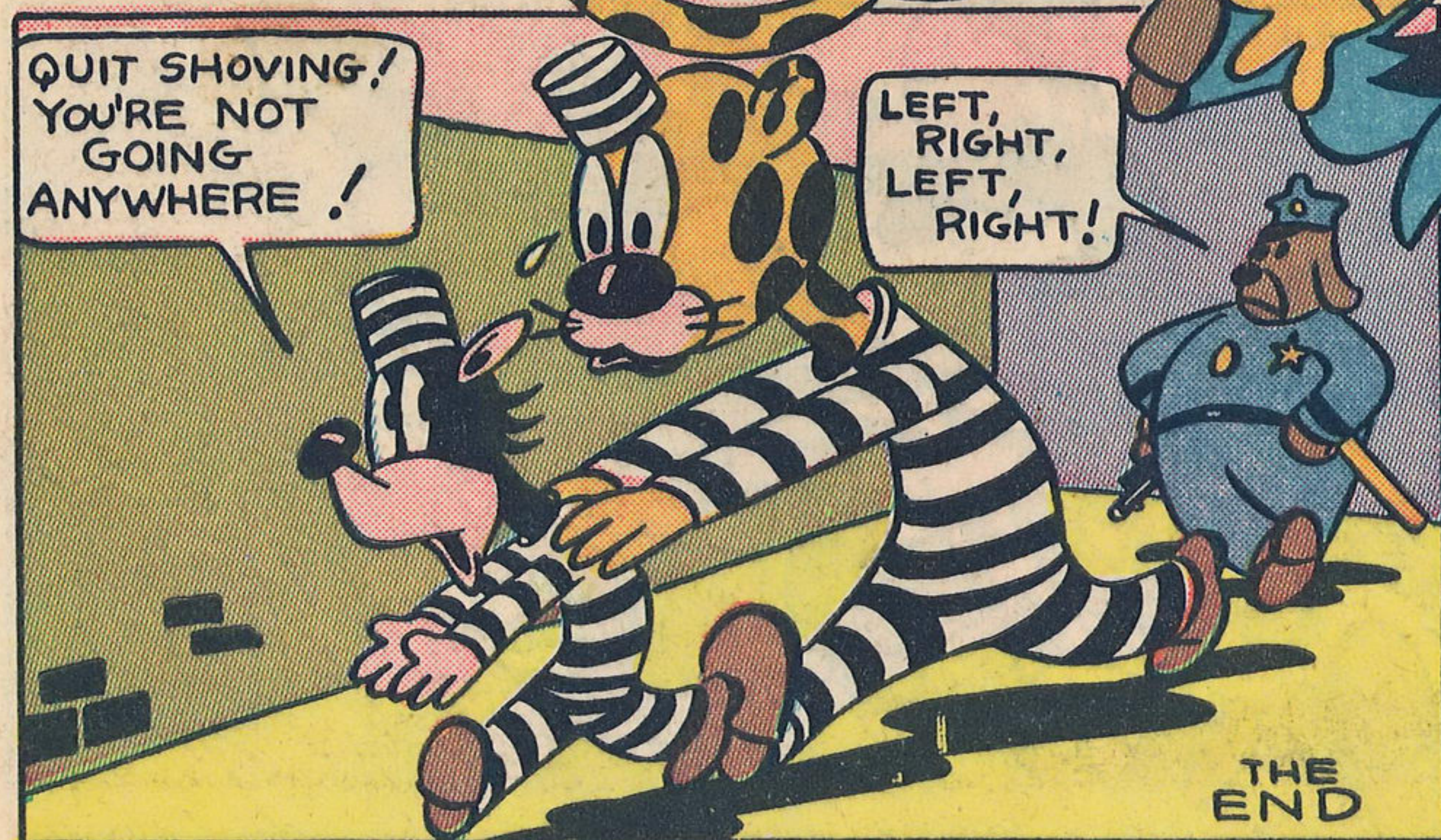
ATTABOY, SPOTS-- PUT ON THE WEEP ACT!

BOO-HOO! IT'S MY SPOTS! I WISH I HAD STRIPES LIKE A TIGER!



HM! I THINK I CAN FIX THAT!

BUT FIRST I HAVE TO GIVE YOU THE WHOLE BOOK!



QUIT SHOVING! YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE!

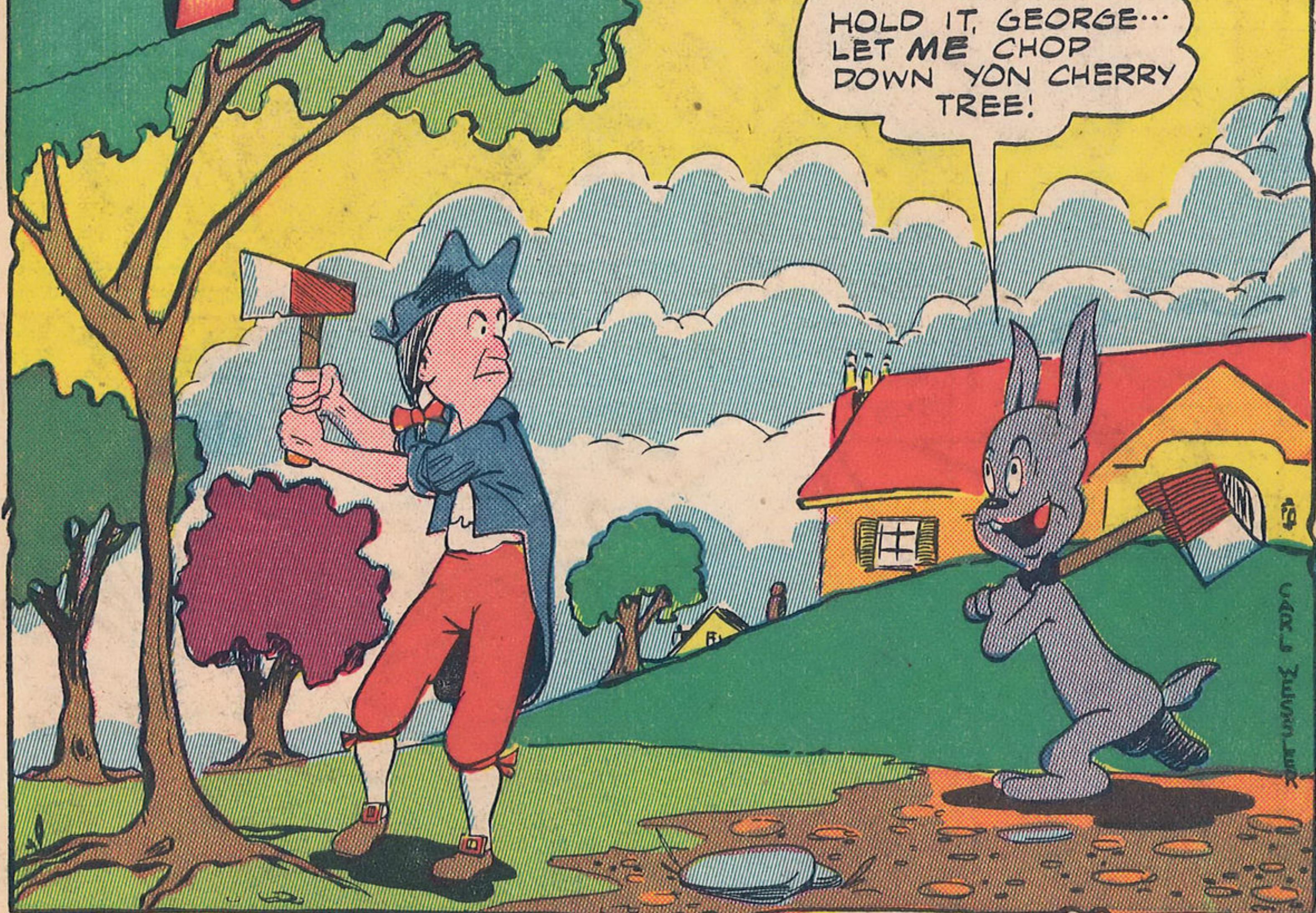
LEFT, RIGHT, LEFT, RIGHT!

— AND THAT, KIDS, IS HOW THE LEOPARD CHANGED HIS SPOTS TO STRIPES!

THE END

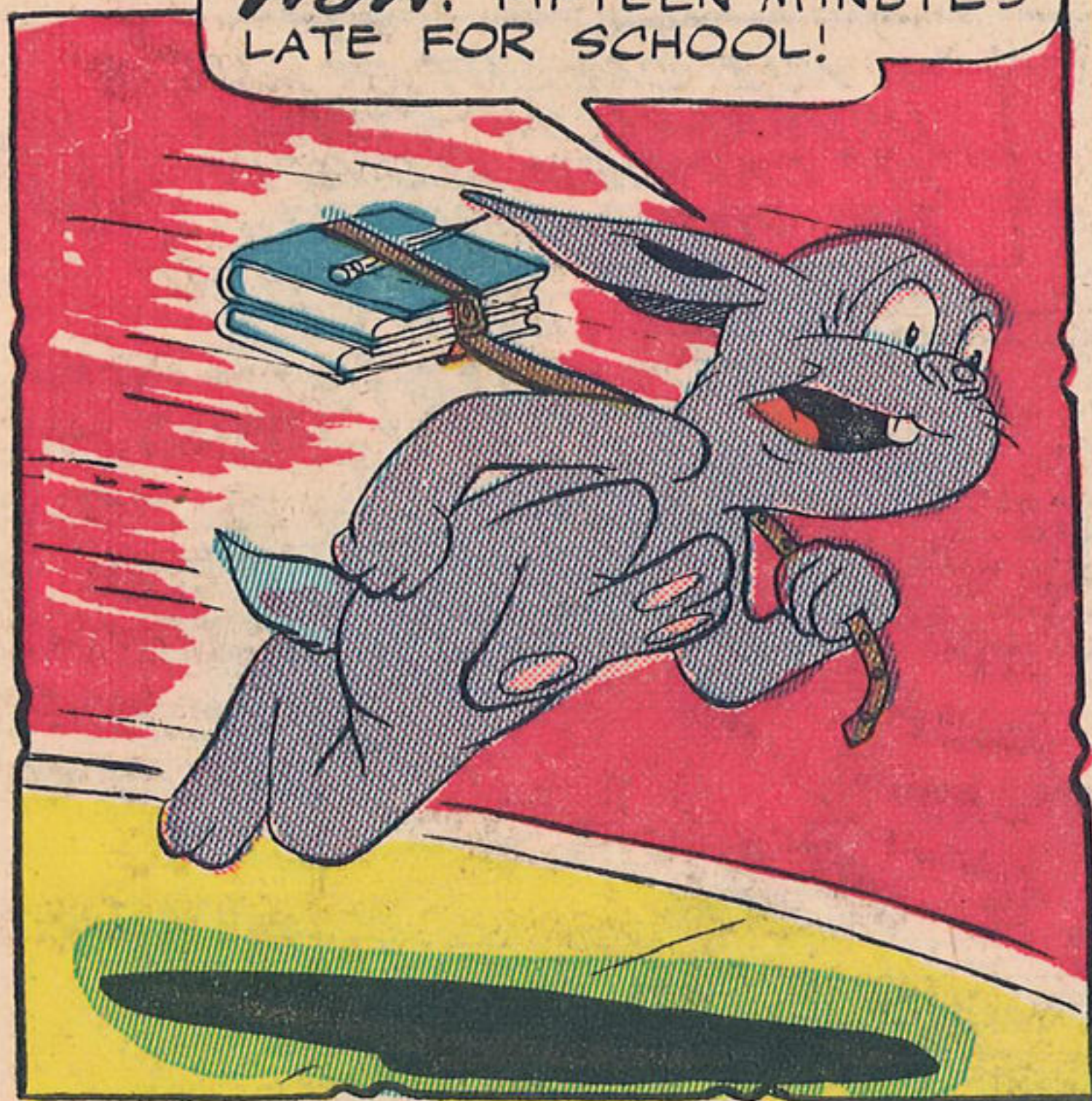


# SNAZZY RABBIT

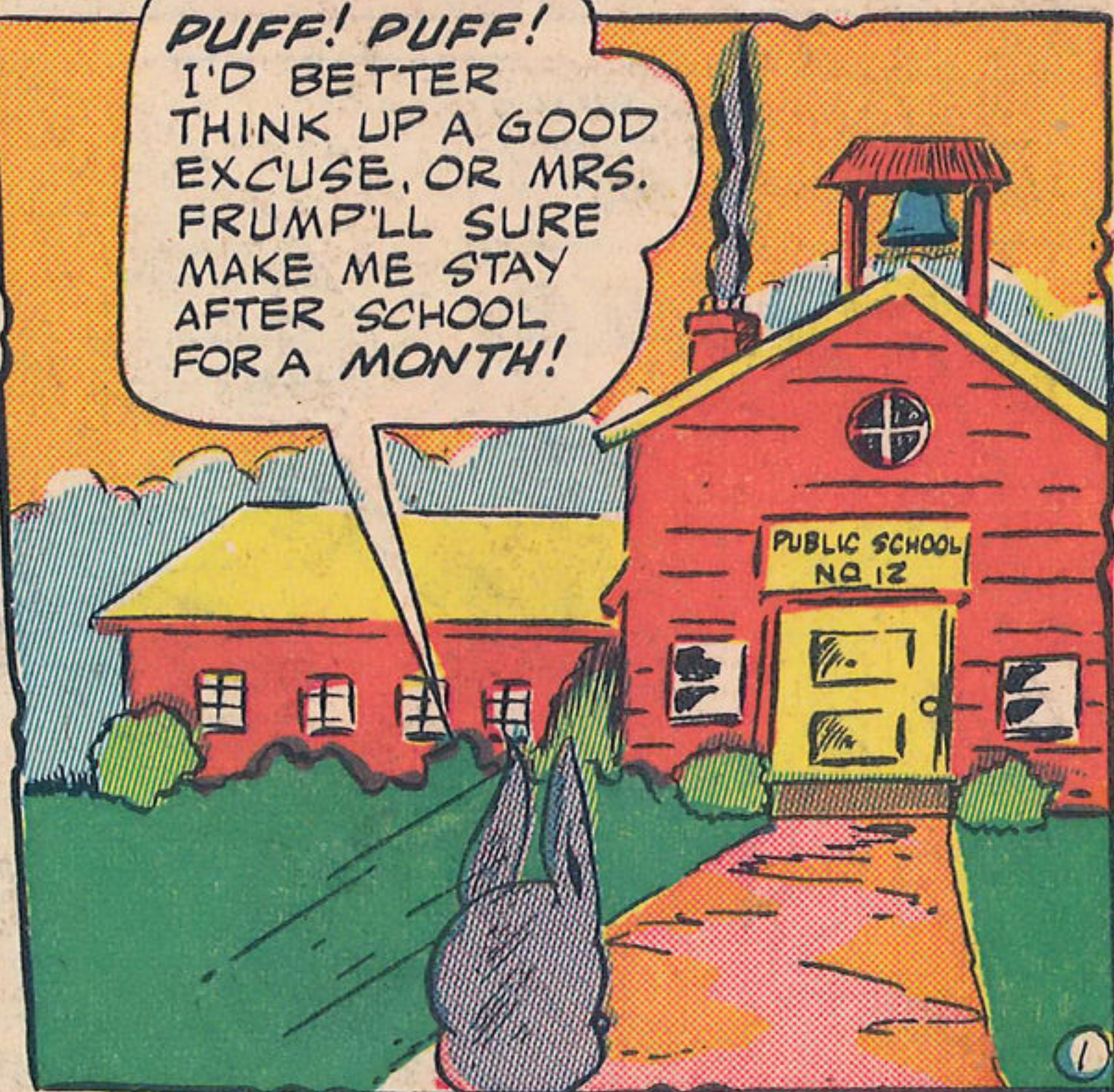


HOLD IT, GEORGE...  
LET ME CHOP  
DOWN YON CHERRY  
TREE!

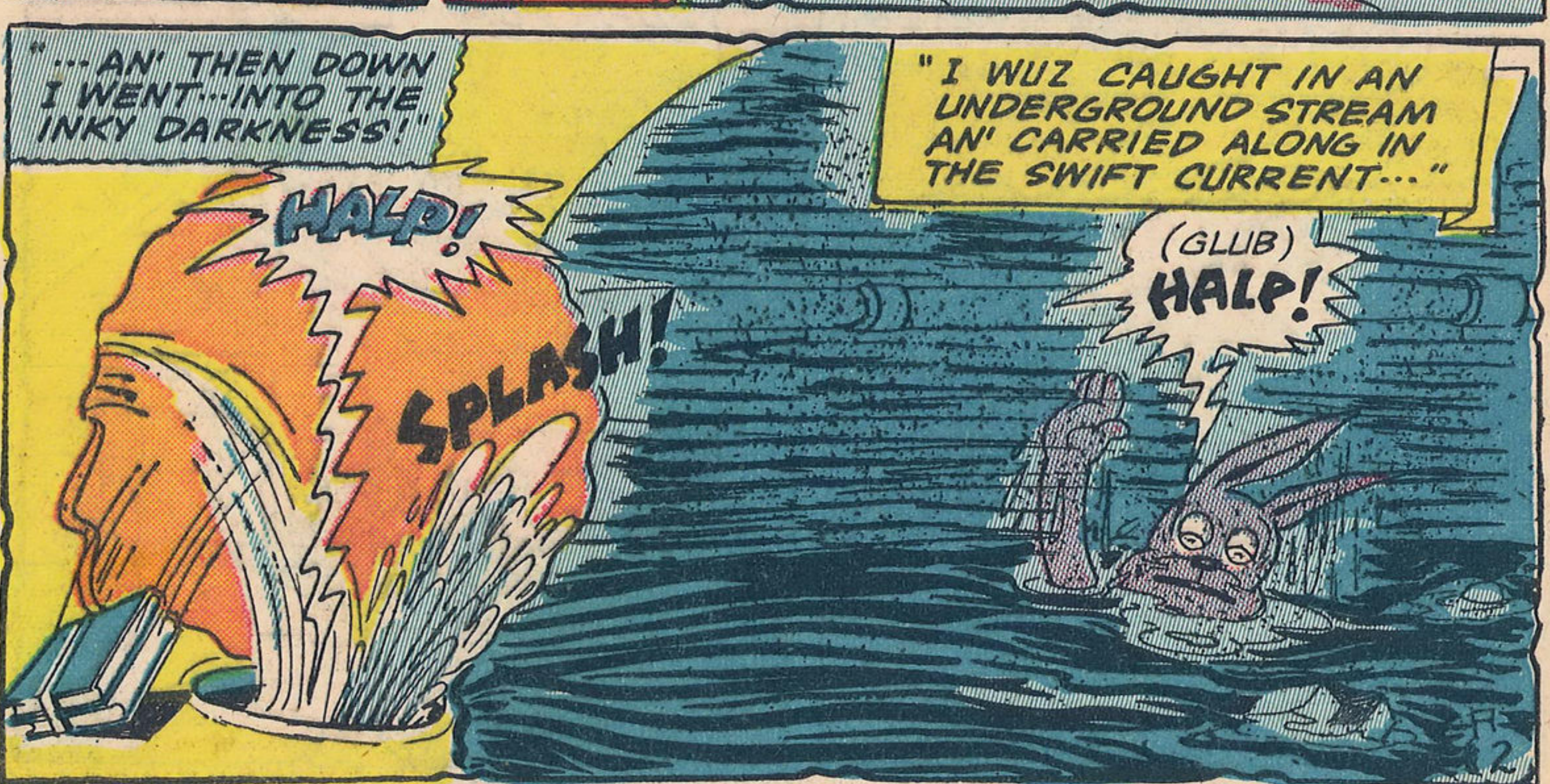
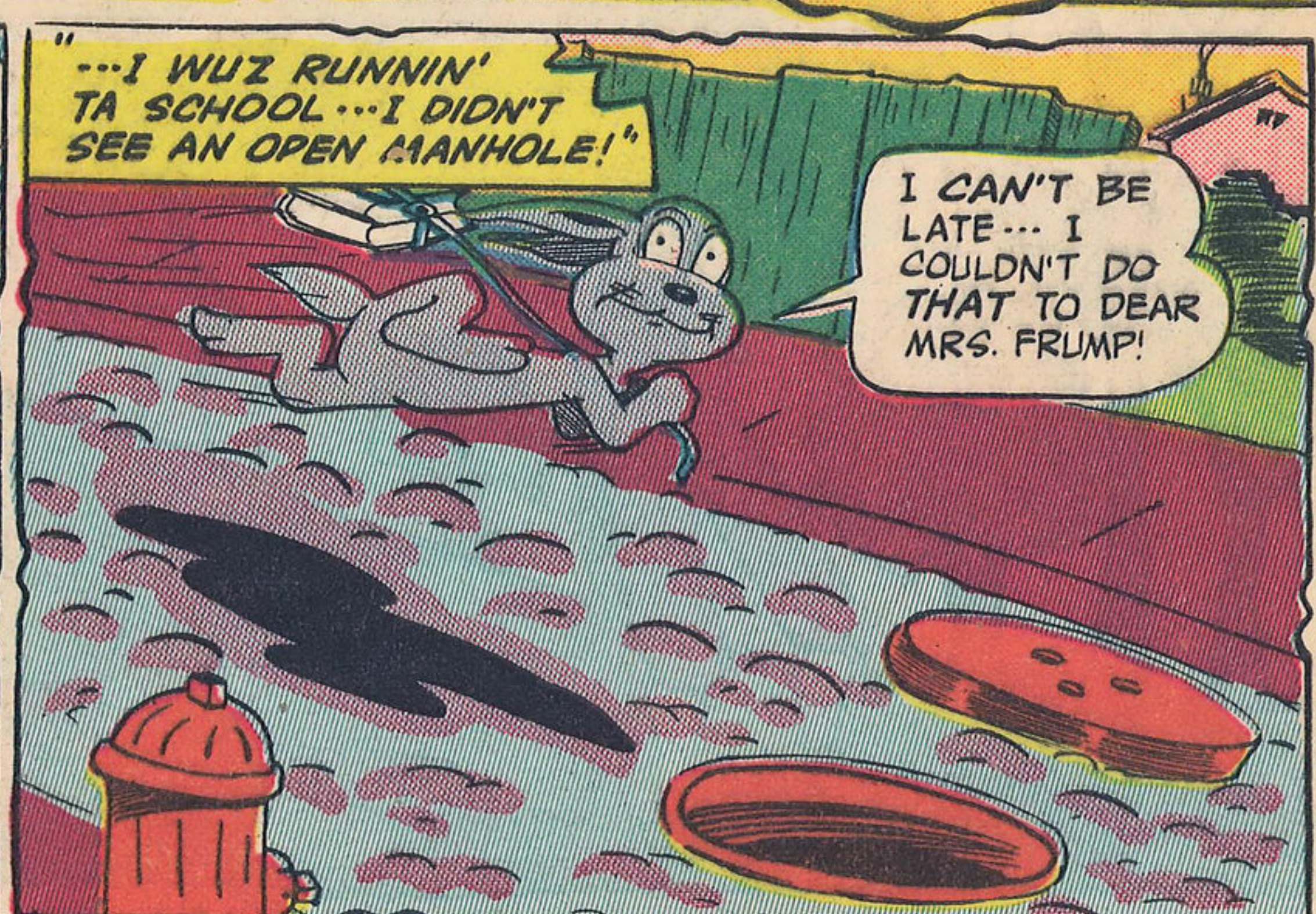
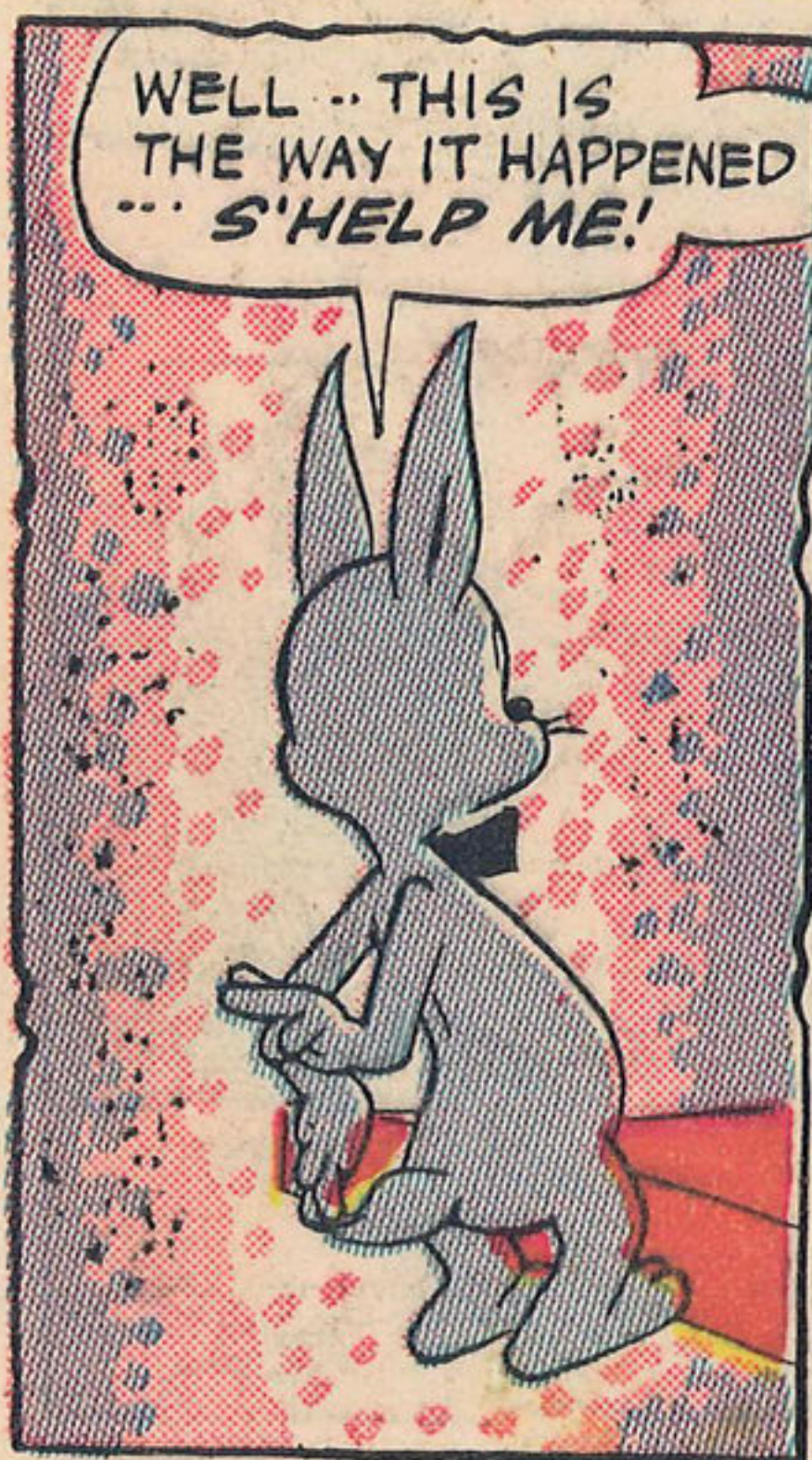
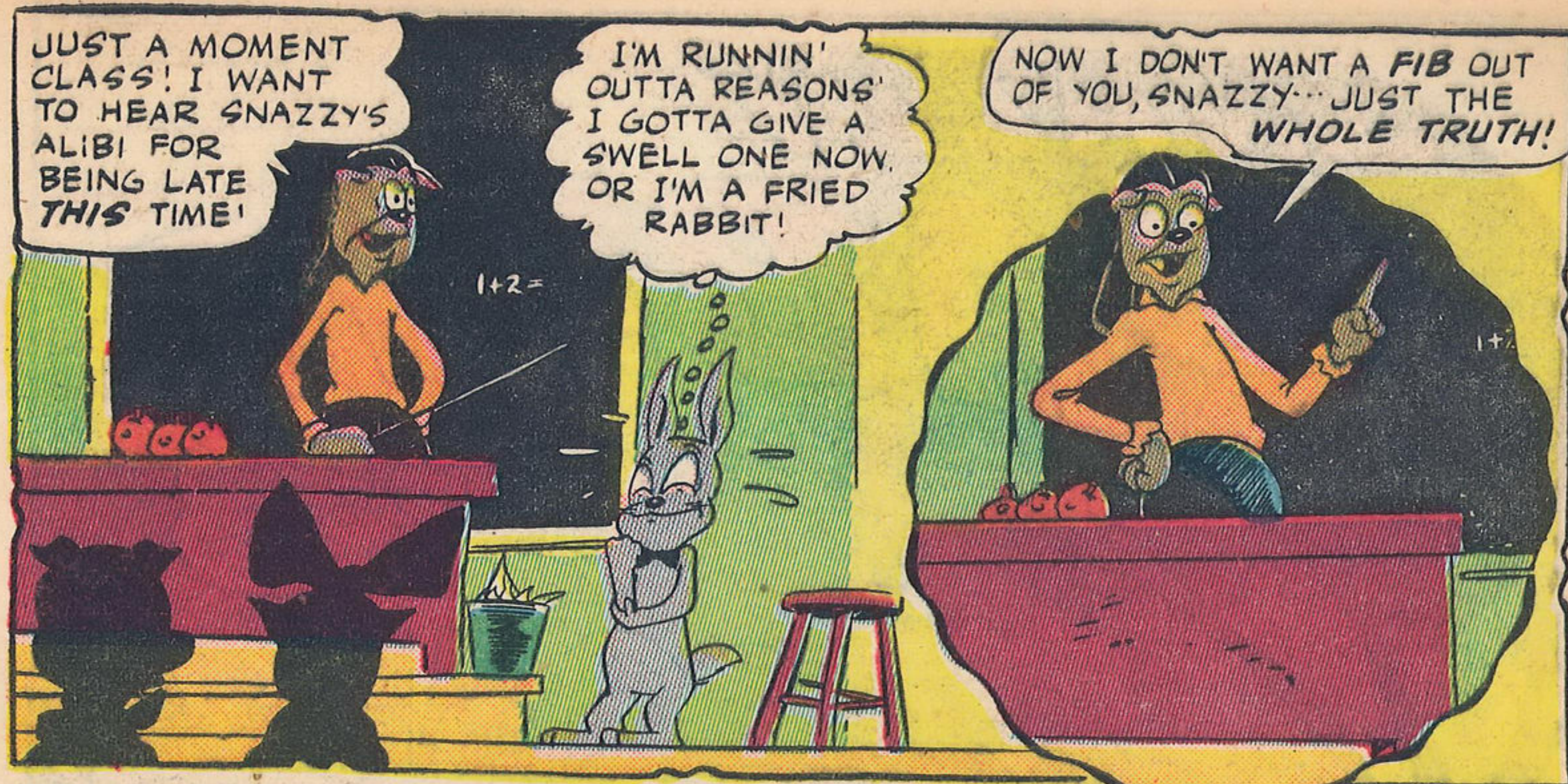
WOW! FIFTEEN MINUTES  
LATE FOR SCHOOL!



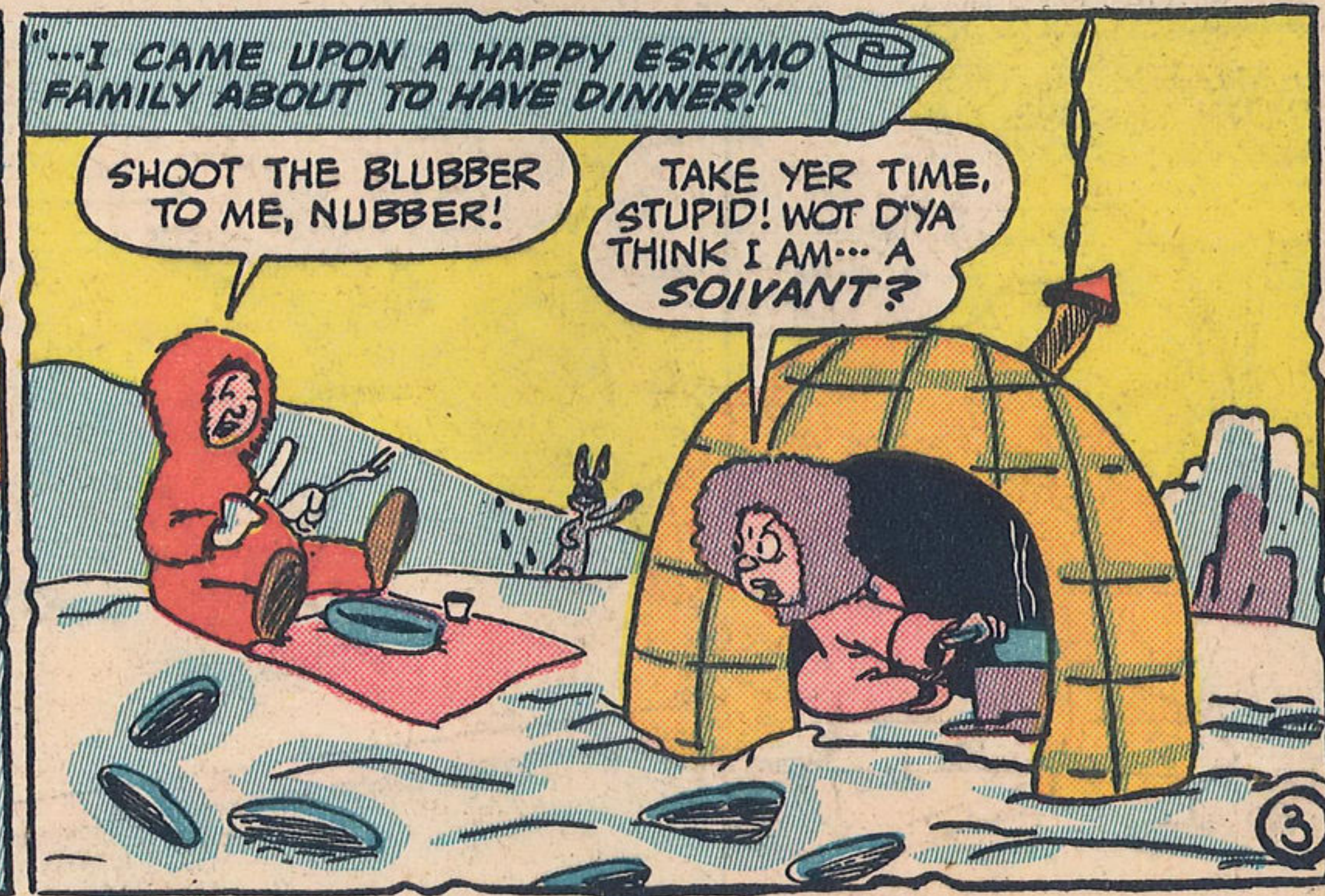
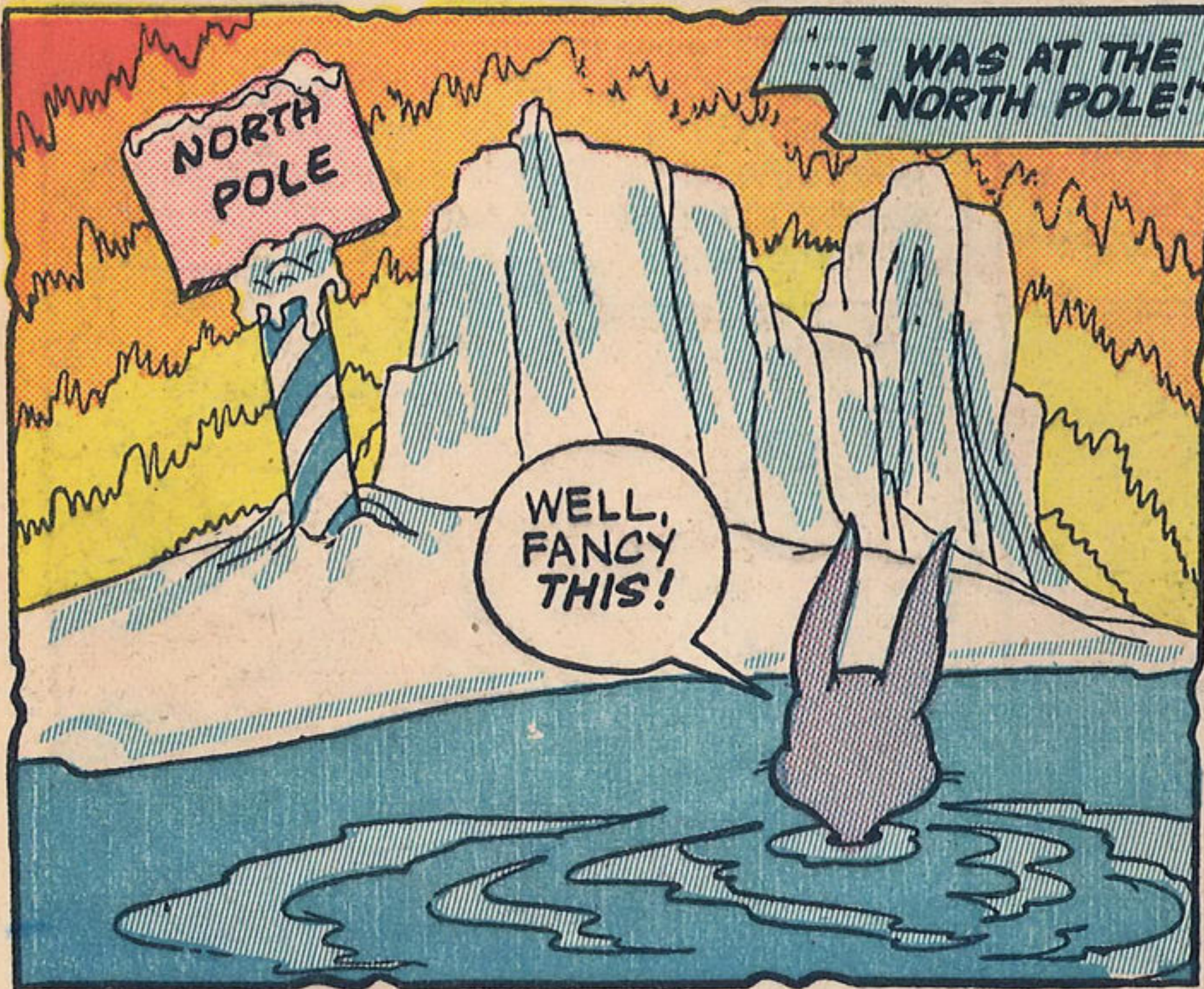
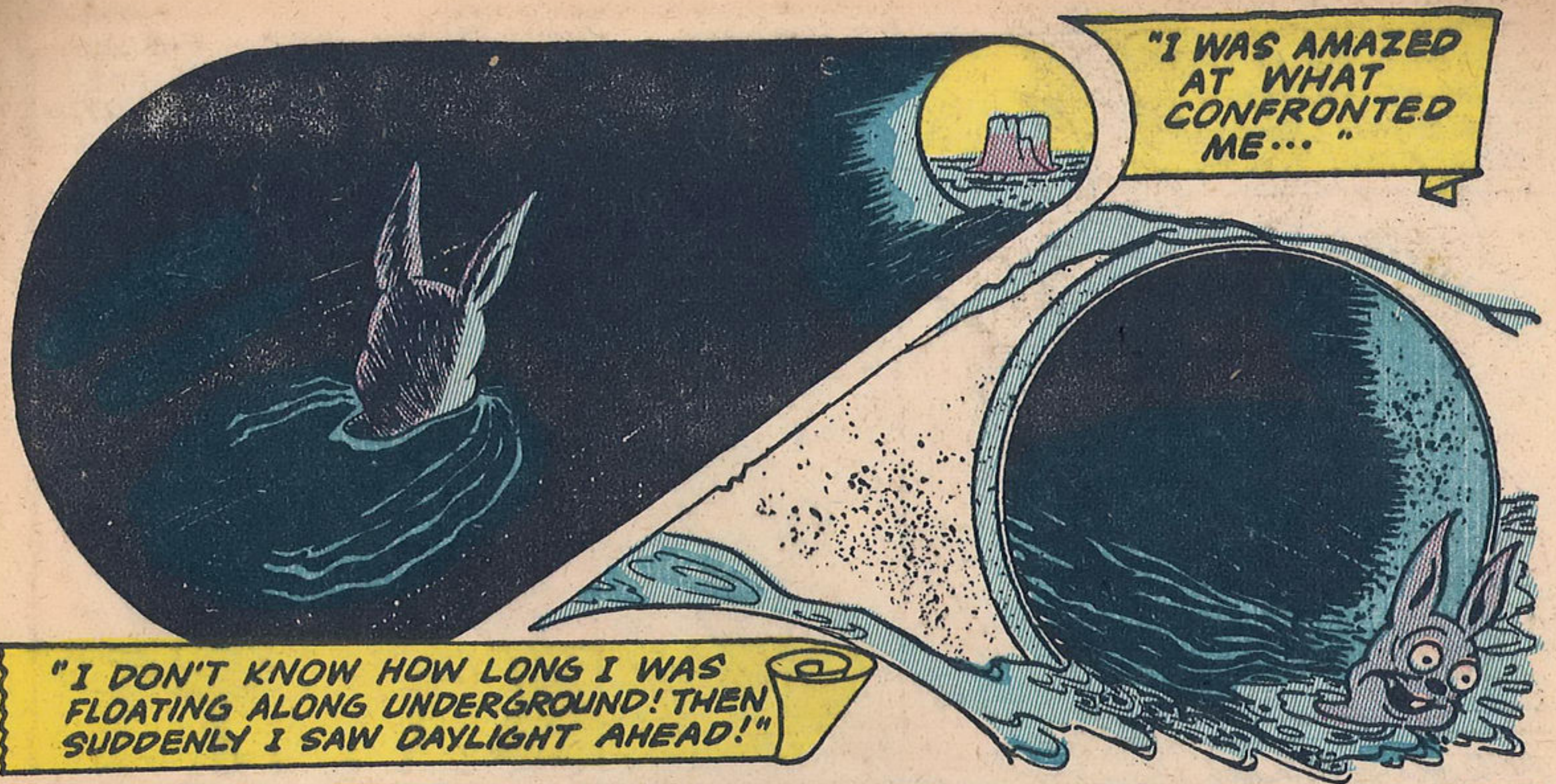
PUFF! PUFF!  
I'D BETTER  
THINK UP A GOOD  
EXCUSE, OR MRS.  
FRUMP'LL SURE  
MAKE ME STAY  
AFTER SCHOOL  
FOR A MONTH!



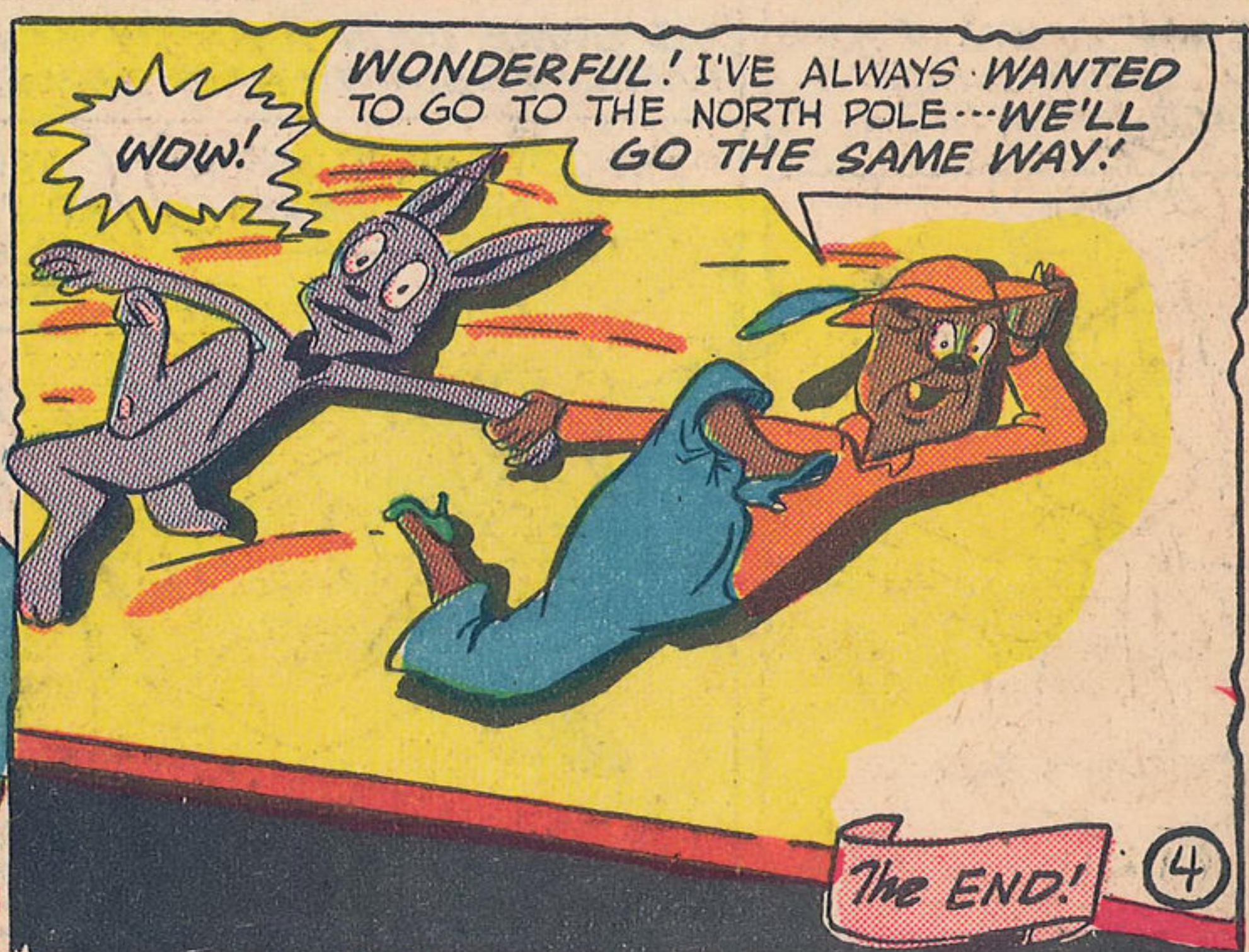
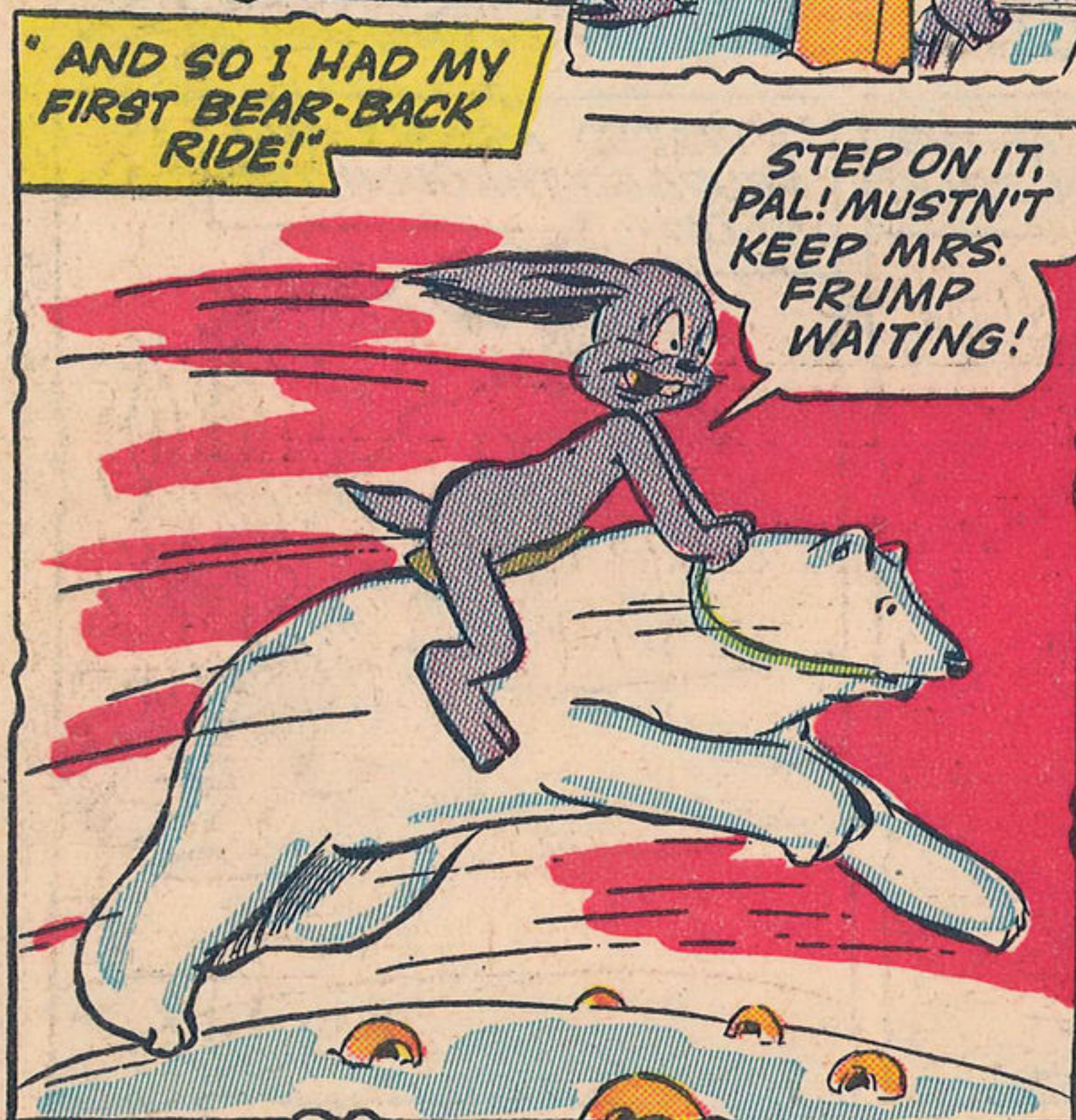
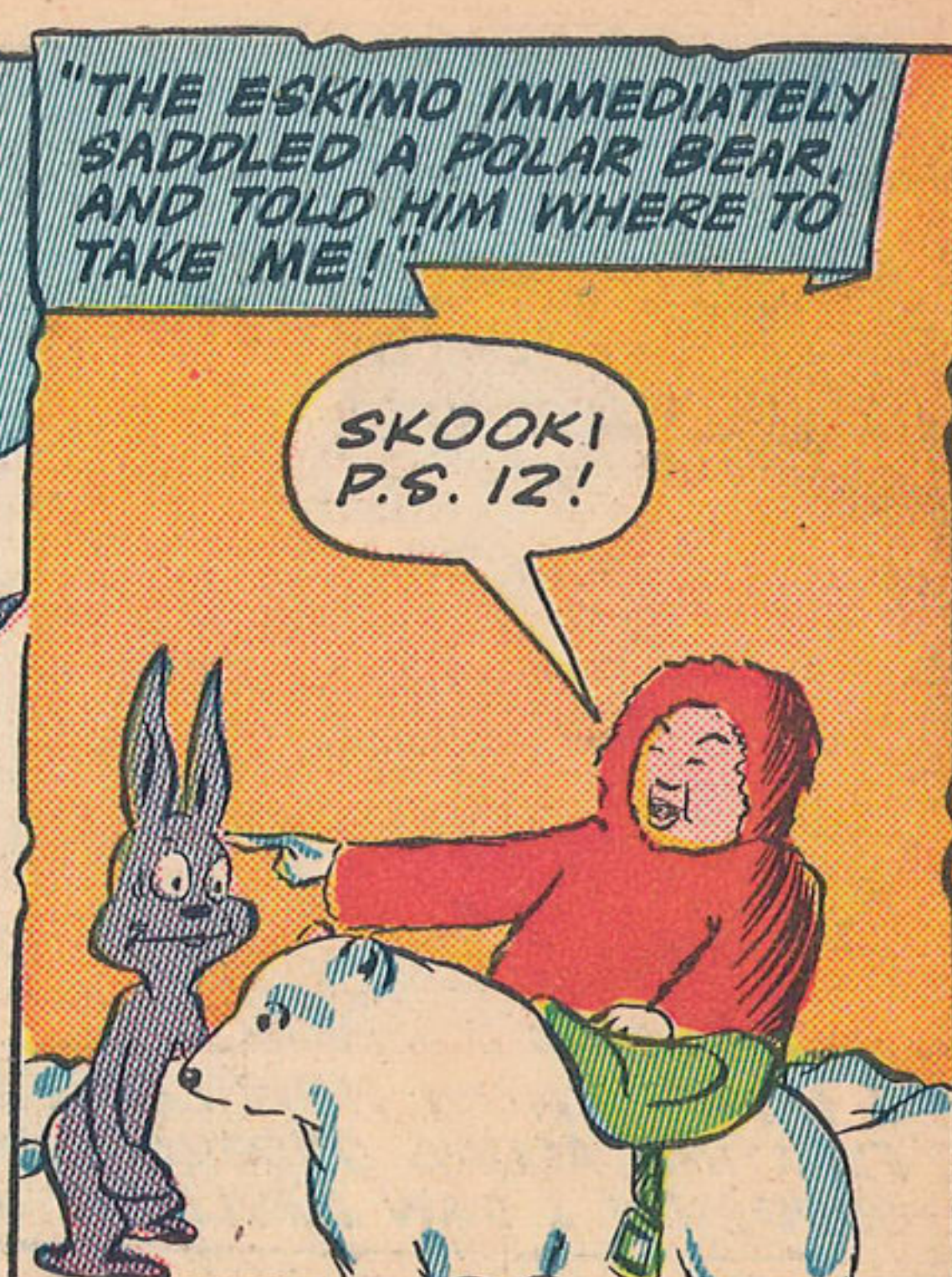
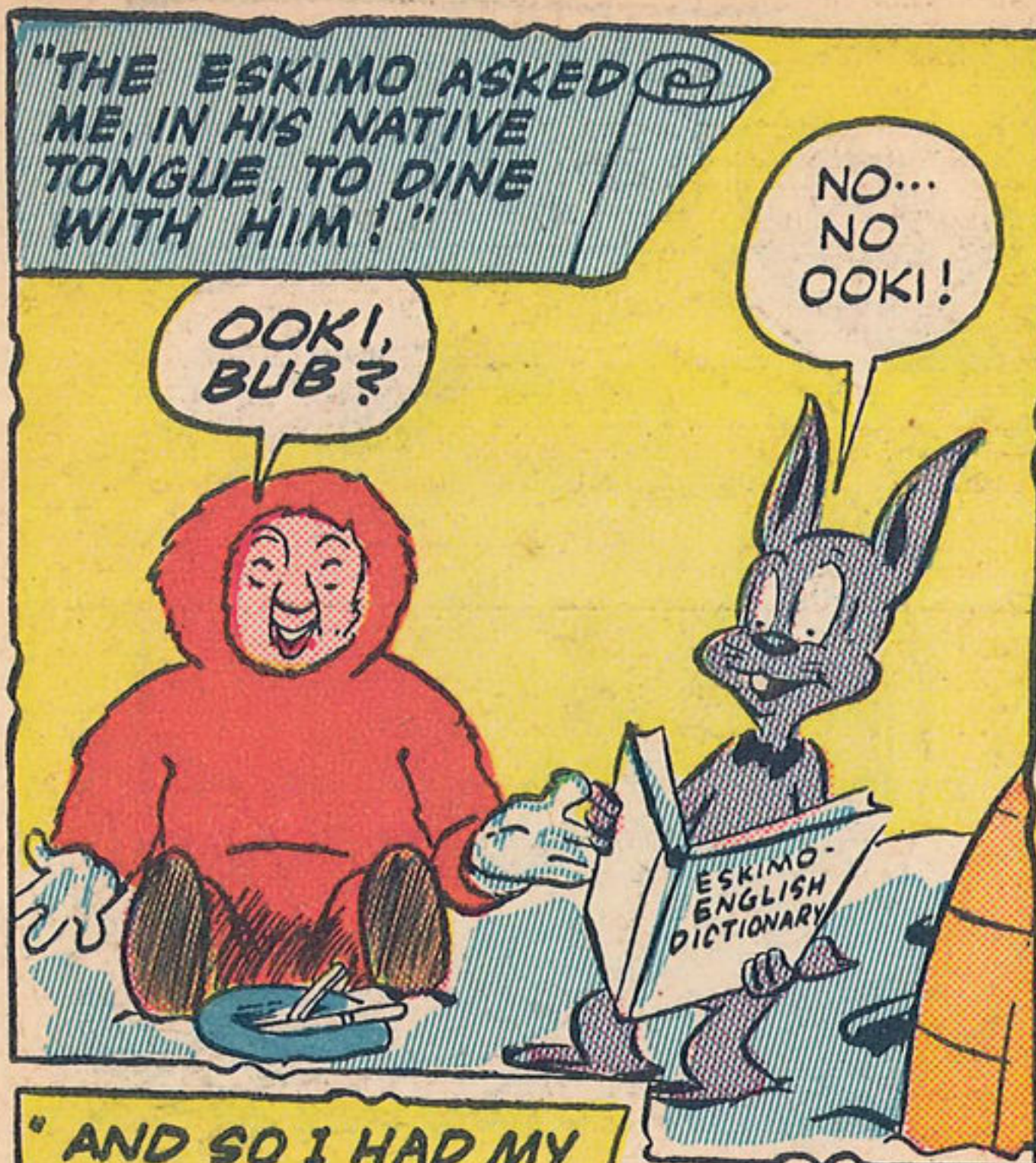














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Smart, new, dainty, Sterling Silver Ring set with sparkling simulated Birthstone correct for your birth date—GIVEN for selling only 5 boxes of Gold Crown Spot Remover and Cleaner at 25c each and returning the money collected. Dozens of other useful and valuable gifts (Hose, Pens, Scissors, Rings, Lockets, Costume Jewelry, etc.) are also offered in our free catalog-circular. Send name and address today for order and catalog to start.

Birthstone Ring Given for Selling 5 boxes.

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**Just Send The Coupon We TRUST You**

Many feel it's lucky to wear their birthstone. Send coupon today.

GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-294 Jefferson, Iowa

Enclose this coupon in an envelope or paste it on a postcard and send it to GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-294 Jefferson, Iowa, for order to start.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY..... STATE.....

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**PENDANT HEART DESIGN**  
What makes both the ring and the matching earrings so unusual and attractive is the twin Sterling Silver Pendant hearts that dangle daintily like sentimental and charming settings. Either the ring or earrings can be worn separately but together they are truly captivating. The precious Sterling Silver ring is extra wide. Both the ring and earrings are beautifully embossed with the very newest "Forget-Me-Not" design with two pendant hearts suitable for engraving initials of loved ones. Both the ring and earrings become more attractive and sentimental the longer they are worn.

**1.95 EACH**  
**10 DAYS TRIAL**

**SEND NO MONEY**

Mail the coupon today. Your package sent immediately and you pay postman only \$1.95 each plus a few cents mailing cost and 20% Federal Tax for either the ring or earrings, on arrival. **SEND NO MONEY** with order. Wear 10 days on money-back guarantee.

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 106-EP Jefferson, Iowa

I want to take advantage of your special bargain offer. Please send me the following:

☐ Extra Wide Band Sterling Silver "Forget-Me-Not" Ring ☐ Matching Sterling Silver Pendant Heart Earrings

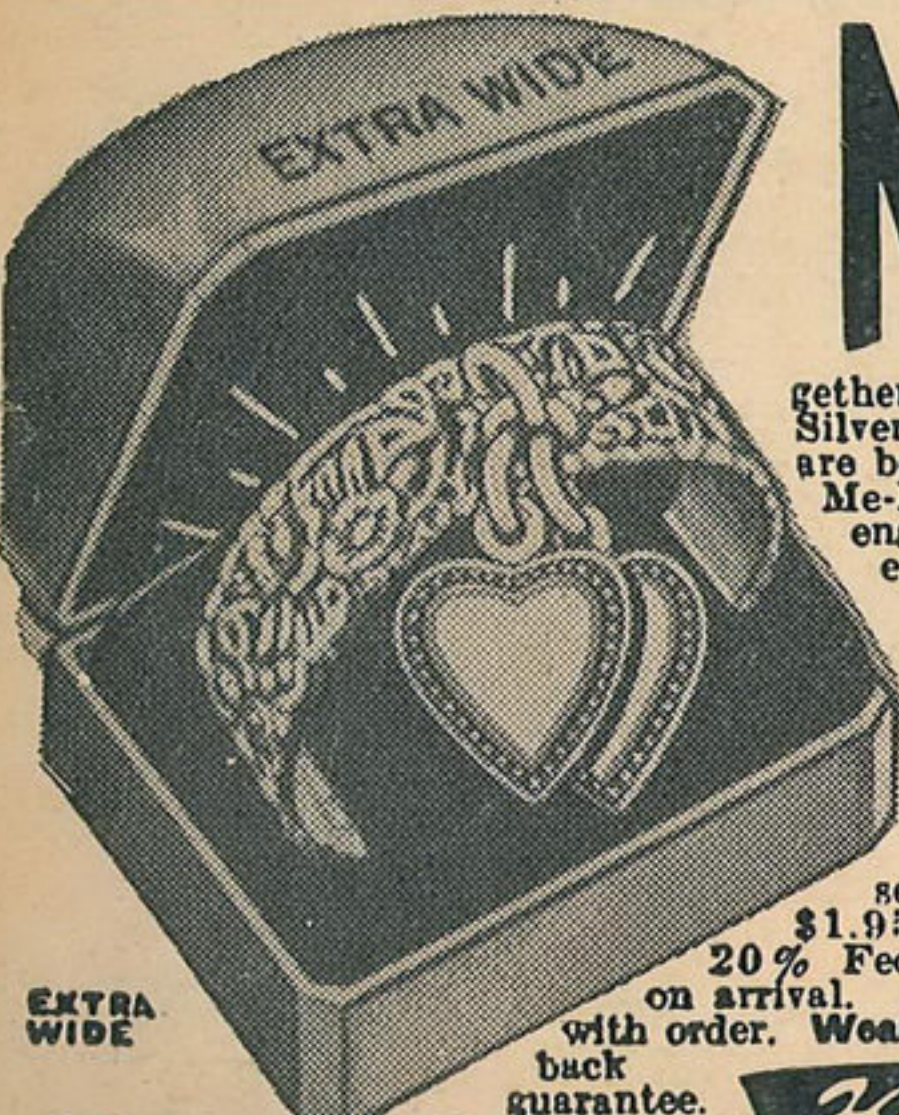
I understand I can return my order within 10 days for any reason and you will refund promptly.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

State..... Ring Size.....



**SEND TODAY GIVEN**

if you order BOTH the Ring AND Earrings and send your order PROMPTLY. Beautiful, genuine leather photo folder. (Comes with pictures of two popular Movie Stars.)

Hollywood Photo Folder



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Enclose this coupon with your favorite snapshot, picture or negative and send to DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 1145 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa.

Name .....

Address .....

City..... State.....

Color of Hair .....

Color of Eyes .....



**BILL, YOU SURE HAVE A SWELL BUILD! DID YOU TRAIN FOR A LONG TIME?**

**ABSOLUTELY NOT! THE ATLAS DYNAMIC TENSION SYSTEM MAKES MUSCLES GROW FAST!**

# Here's the Kind of MEN I Build!

*Charles Atlas*

An actual, untouched photo of Charles Atlas, holder of the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."



**J. G. O'BRIEN**  
Atlas Champion Cup Winner  
This is an ordinary snapshot of one of Charles Atlas' California pupils.

## Will You Let Me PROVE I Can Make YOU a New Man?

**I** DON'T care how old or young you are, or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add **SOLID MUSCLE** to your biceps—yes, on each arm—in double-quick time! Only 15 minutes a day—right in your own home—is all the time I ask of you! And there's no cost if I fail.

I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back, develop your whole muscular system **IN-SIDE and OUTSIDE!** I can add inches to your chest, give you a vise-like grip, make those legs of yours lithe and powerful. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs, help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling! Before I get through with you I'll have your whole frame "measured" to a nice, new beautiful suit of muscle!

### What's My Secret?

"Dynamic Tension!" That's the ticket! The very same natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny, skinny-chested weakling I was at 17 to my present super-man physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. When you have learned to develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension" you can laugh at artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the **DORMANT** muscle-power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real, solid **LIVE MUSCLE**.

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My method — "Dynamic Tension" — will turn the trick for you. No theory—every exercise is practical. And, man, so easy! Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using my method of "Dynamic Tension" almost unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, bending over, etc.—to **BUILD MUSCLE and VITALITY**.

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In it I talk to you in straight-from-the-shoulder language. Packed with inspirational pictures of myself and pupils—fellows who became **NEW MEN** in strength, my way. Let me show you what I helped **THEM** do. See what I can do for **YOU!** For a real thrill, send for this book **today**. **AT ONCE.** **CHARLES ATLAS**, Dept. 1633, 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.



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I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

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